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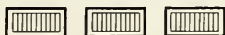
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HON. CALEB ATWATER

FAMILY MEMOIRS



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Atwater Butler Brown

“Family permanence is promoted by the careful training of successive generations in truth, gentleness, purity and honor. It is a delightful fact that these noble qualities are in the highest degree hereditary and just as much so in a democratic as in an aristocratic society. They are to be acquired also by imitation and association; so that a good family stock almost invariably possesses and transmits some of these.”—*Eliot*.



COMPILED BY

BELINDA ATWATER FOSTER
LUCY ATWATER BROWN
MARCIA PARRISH RHODES
LEWIS BROWN

INDIANAPOLIS—1915



BELINDA ATWATER FOSTER

THE ATWATER FAMILY

OR

“Truth Stranger Than Fiction”

BY

BELINDA A. FOSTER

EDITED BY

LUCY ATWATER BROWN

PREFACE TO "PERSONAL REMINISCENCES, OR TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

This work now presented to the public is a tale of truth. The writer has herself witnessed most of these scenes in the course of a long and eventful life. When the young shall read these serious truths they may, perhaps, be led to ponder deeply and consider well how frequently our actions, even here, are either rewarded or punished. There could have been no earthly inducement for the writer to present these facts and sad realities, concerning some who were as dear to her as earthly ties could make them, save the hope that they might prove as a beacon from the lighthouse of truth to warn others of the dangerous reefs and quicksands in this brief life of ours. The virtuous examples mentioned here are true. The lives of those whose actions are here delineated mere words are inadequate to picture except in faint outline. That they really lived and walked amid their fellow men, setting an example for good or evil, may perchance influence some who are now preparing to enter upon the stage of action. While therefore fully sensible of the imperfections of this little work, she nevertheless intrusts it to your kindly notice, praying always for His blessing who is "the Life, the Truth and the Way."

BELINDA A. FOSTER.

“I pause and turn my eyes, and looking back
I see
The silent ocean of the past—
There shall be
A present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie be broken.”
—Bryant.

My grandfather, Ebenezer Butler, was born in the State of Connecticut. The family were originally from Ireland, and as a race were marked with that quick perception and energy which characterized their forefathers. When the Revolution of '76 broke out, my grandfather was but eighteen years of age. The call was made, after the method of that time, by sending out runners from the city of Boston. The messenger went in hot haste and found my grandfather in the field, plowing, with a yoke of oxen. He immediately left his plow standing in the furrow, drove his oxen to the house, and told his mother the startling news. She went into the house, brought his gun, and said, “Take this, mount your horse, and, if need be, die for your country. Think not of your father or of me—we can work the little farm without your help—though you are our first-born son and have been our great dependence.”

Away he sped for Boston, and was among the earliest volunteers to reach Bunker Hill. General Putnam was already there. He ordered the boys to defend the hill until the last cartridge in their boxes was spent, “and then,” said he, “retire in good order. Remember not to fire until I give the word of command, that you may not waste your powder.”

My grandfather said his knees trembled so much that he could scarcely stand. He stole a hasty glance about him to observe the appearance of his fellow soldiers. Every man was white as a ghost. General Putnam reverently lifted his sword and implored help from the God of battles. Then came the word of command, “Fire!” and the memorable battle was begun.

The man who stood by my grandfather's side was shot dead instantly, his brains falling on his hat. When the ammunition was spent, their brave commander led them from the hill, amid shouts of victory.

Grandfather remained with the army until stricken down with camp fever. Washington afterward changed his headquarters, leaving his sick and wounded, however, well cared for. As soon as able, grandfather went home. In the recklessness of army life Ebenezer had learned to swear. His good mother thought this the very climax of wickedness and was greatly troubled. He was their eldest son and so an example for the rest of the family. Well did she know that unless he abandoned this dreadful habit he could never inherit a blessing. What could be done? She talked the matter over with his father and they decided to seek advice from an aged aunt who was known for miles around and most highly respected.

I well remember hearing my grandfather tell this circumstance to my mother when I was a child. He said it was a bright moonlight night and he was lying awake on his pillow, gazing intently at the moon. About twelve o'clock he saw a tall figure dressed in long, flowing white garments gliding slowly into his room. In relating it to my mother he said: "I was not afraid of old Nick himself, and never did believe in ghosts. So suddenly it occurred to me that my mother must have told my aunt to make her appearance in this garb. The form, like hers, was tall and graceful, and very dignified. I watched until satisfied that it must be really her, but concluded to feign sound sleep. She then called me in a solemn tone, 'Ebenezer,' but the only answer she received was loud and continued snoring. After repeated calls she said: 'Nezer, you are not asleep; you may as well hear what I have to say, and I shall say it whether you hear or forbear.' Then I burst out laughing and told her, 'If I had been a believer in ghosts I should certainly have thought you were one.' 'Well,' said she, 'I have come to tell you that you can not know how grieved I have been to hear from your mother that you take God's name in vain. Because you fear not man, will you have no fear of your Maker, who has said, 'Thou shalt not

take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for he will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain'? His threatenings are indeed fearful, and not to be despised. Now I want you to promise me solemnly, before I leave this bedside, that with God's help you will forever renounce this terrible sin. Remember, my dear boy, that trusting in your own strength you can do no good thing. Be not too proud to humble yourself before the Almighty King of Kings and ask His pardon and grace for the future.' I was fully convinced that she was right and then and there gave her the desired promise, and never from that day have I even wished to break my vow. I feel truly thankful that throughout my life, whenever my judgment has been convinced of error, I have had strength given me from above to turn away from the evil."

After the war was over my grandfather married a Miss Rebecca Davis. This family came originally from Wales and made their home near one of the small lakes in western New York. In after years, when speaking of his wife, he always called her his "angel Rebecca." When a child I saw a picture of her profile. This is said to be the most trying view of "the human face divine." Indeed, it indicates the true character far more plainly than any other view. The outlines of her mouth were faultless. The eyelashes were long and you could almost picture the mild blue eye they shaded. My mother said that she never remembered seeing her even ruffled in temper or spirit. She had a large family, six daughters and two sons. Slavery was at that period permitted in the State of New York. And slaves are always the most trying help even when they do their best. Grandfather was never obliged to correct his slaves, for his uniform sternness of voice, look and manner held them in awe. Mother said she once heard one of the house slaves called Tony say to her father, "Strike me, massa, but don't look at me." At one time when my grandfather came home from a journey he found that some special order had been neglected. Calling his wife, he said to her in haste, "My dear, why have you not attended to this as I requested?" She made no answer. Immediately he went out and upon further inquiry found that

she had made every effort toward it, but had failed owing to the faults of others. Quickly he returned, sought his wife and, folding her in his arms, begged her forgiveness. As he turned away my mother said that she noticed the tears falling upon her cheek, but the same sweet smile illumined her countenance as she calmly resumed her accustomed duties.

The sick and afflicted were by her never forgotten. Many a delicacy did she prepare for them with her own busy hands.

The eldest daughter was shortly after attacked with a disease prevalent at that day, affecting the tonsils and palate, and to many it proved fatal. My aunt finally recovered, but lost the use of her natural speech, owing to the decay of some organs of the throat. Not being able to pronounce words, she made peculiar sounds and talked mostly by signs. My grandfather's farm lay just between two tribes of Indians, the Oneidas and the Onondagas. As she was remarkably bright, they at first thought she was trying to imitate their language. Then my grandfather, becoming alarmed, called in the family physician. He examined her and told them the true state of the case. They then thought perhaps a teacher in the house might be able to instruct her in the language. For two years he labored faithfully, but mostly in vain. He taught her to write her own name, the meaning of a few words in the Bible, and some other little things, of which she was always very proud. The name of "Jesus" she knew wherever she saw it, and even in her old age would kiss it with the greatest veneration. Both parents naturally regarded her very tenderly on account of her infirmity. If her sisters ever ventured to complain of her, or treat her with harshness, they were always reminded that she was their unfortunate sister and so deserving of their forbearance and tenderest care.

Grandfather was at one time appointed land agent for that portion of the State. This called him often away from home, frequently to the large cities. When he returned he uniformly brought the family handsome presents. Once when in New York city he met a cousin who had just returned from China, bringing with him many choice and costly silks. Grandfather purchased superb patterns for each of his

daughters. He allowed the deaf sister to make the first choice, and, although deaf, she had an exquisite taste for the beautiful. She chose the loveliest, a pale blue silk, very heavy, elegant and chaste. After her each sister took her turn according to age.

He brought up all his children in the strictest sense of what he considered right—insisting upon a thorough knowledge of the Catechism and daily reading of the Bible. His house, indeed, was always called “the Clergyman’s Home.” I loved to hear him tell, in his old age, with great pride how he used to have the minister examine his daughters in order concerning the Catechism, and the one who excelled the rest was always praised most highly. At one time the clergyman was giving them a lecture on pride, greatly condemning it, when my grandfather spoke out in his abrupt way and said, “No, no; I want my daughters to have pride, but it must be that laudable pride which will lead them to do their best at all times.”

Grandmother, by her own method of signs and sounds, told my deaf Aunt Martha all the most interesting stories of the Bible, and after we removed to Ohio she would endeavor to repeat them to us children. Above all, she delighted to tell us about the death and resurrection of our blessed Lord and Saviour. Whether she fully understood its exact import I know not.

They were also required on going home from church to tell the text of the minister and something of the sermon. Grandfather never tired of descanting upon the matchless beauty of the Bible, and as each one grew old enough she was encouraged to read it daily, and when it was finished some valuable present was given.

My grandmother’s health was always frail, and to lessen her cares grandfather begged his own mother to take charge of my mother, Belinda Butler. She was too young to send away to school and his mother was rejoiced to take charge of her. She was then about seven, and she remained there until nine years of age. It was of great advantage to her, as her grandmother gave her special care and delighted in teaching her in every way possible. She taught her to repeat

the one hundred and third Psalm, "Bless the Lord, Oh, My Soul," and even when my mother was nearly seventy she could repeat it perfectly. When seven years of age a very dear uncle made a little chest with his own hands. On the outside he had placed the English coat of arms in gold leaf, "the lion and the unicorn, fighting for the crown." He promised her that when she had completed the reading of both Old and New Testaments this chest should be her's. She accordingly did so and became the proud owner of the chest. She always preserved it as a choice memento, but told me she would give it to me on the same conditions upon which she had received it. I did not rest after this promise, and when about seven years old I claimed it as my own. It has now passed into other hands, but is still a precious memento of those olden times.

Mother, in speaking of her grandmother, said that she had always thought her handsome until one day some one remarked to another friend in her hearing, "What a pity Grandma Butler is such an uncommon humbly woman, for she is so good." When she went home she took a good look at her grandmother and found it was indeed the truth.

One excellent rule her grandmother always practiced. After her regular morning work was done she always dressed herself neatly and then, before commencing any undertaking for the day, she sat down with the Bible and read a chapter reverently. Sometimes a maiden daughter, Dessie, would say to her, "Now, mother, don't you think we have too much to do today to take the time to read?" "Dessie, my dear," she would say, "there will be work enough for us to do every day as long as we live, but I shall never fail to do this work, for it is to me by far the most important."

At another time when grandfather returned from the city he brought my mother a beautiful little book bound in red morocco, with gilded leaves. It was "Dr. Gregory's Advice to his Daughters," and had been printed in England, gotten up in a style then unknown in this country, as art was in those days only in its infancy here. The print was that of those early times, having the old-fashioned "f" for "s" and the last word at the bottom of the page reprinted underneath.

It was some time before I learned to read it intelligently, the meaning being in some parts beyond my childish comprehension. Mother was often puzzled to convey it to my mind. But the modesty he recommends to the young, and especially to the female sex, I shall never forget. Then, too, grandfather gave my mother a large locket set in a gold case, with a ring at the top on purpose for a chain or ribbon to pass through in order to wear around the neck. On one side was a painting most exquisitely finished. It represented a beautiful young girl dressed in the fashion of those days, with her hat and plumes resting partly on one side of her head, a short cloak hanging loosely about her delicate form, thus adding to its sylph-like grace. In the background was a farmhouse on a little rise, while at the foot of the hill flowed a silvery brook. Woods and sky alike lent their charms to this inimitable little picture. As a great treat mother would occasionally permit me to wear this locket suspended from my neck by a blue ribbon.

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

I would here like to describe one of my mother's loveliest youthful friends as she often pictured her to my imagination in the days of my childhood.

Electa Jerome was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. My mother often said that when she thought of her she was half inclined to believe in the doctrine of perfection. As she was nearly the same age as Electa, she saw much of her in every situation of her busy life. She inherited her grandmother's almost matchless beauty, form and figure combined. But the chief beauty, after all, lay in Electa's character. She possessed an intuitive sense of propriety under all circumstances. As she was the eldest of a large family, and the daughter of a clergyman, she of course had to contend with straitened circumstances. To her the parents looked for constant help and comfort, and also sympathy. When her mother was sick Electa moved about ever lovingly amid the younger children, and her commands seemed always joyfully obeyed. No matter where she was called, or what was to be done, Electa was ever ready—not in the least affected

with that sickly timidity, which often in the most trifling emergency says in pretended delicacy, "Oh, I can not." And yet she was the antipodes of that bold and forward spirit which asks no advice from age and experience. Mother said it mattered not what she wore, for the very moment she attired herself therein it became invested with a surpassing charm. Her father, being a clergyman, never of course permitted Electa to go to public balls, but to all the little home circles of private dancing he allowed her not only to go, but often attended her himself. It was the fashion of those days to wear the hair combed back from the forehead and turned over a high roll, then powdered to look like snow. In the middle of this roll was placed a black velvet band covered with spangles of silver. At one of the last parties my mother ever met her, Electa wore her hair dressed in this way. She wore in addition three snowy white ostrich plumes set daintily on one side of her beautiful head, the spangles glittering like silver on the black velvet band. Her dress was of faultless white, with short sleeves, displaying an arm and hand which were fit models for a sculptor. Added to this she wore a train in the fashion of that day. She was indeed crowned the peerless queen of the evening. And moving gracefully along in the mazy dance, she seemed like some fairy being sent down from other skies. When the feathery plumes nodded in graceful dignity it was as though Electa was indeed doing homage to her youthful friends. Yet in the midst of all the admiration she excited, she never appeared in the least elated, or unduly conscious of her charms. She shortly after engaged herself to a gentleman of the neighborhood; one, however, far from being her equal in mind or person. But after some months had passed she was stricken down with a fatal disease. The physician soon pronounced her case hopeless. All their skill was exerted to save her, but without avail. They then informed her of her true condition. She heard the news with wonderful composure, said adieu to those she so fondly loved, sent for the gentleman to whom she had plighted herself, placed their engagement ring on his finger, and bade him when he looked upon that token of her love to remember her, and, placing his trust in Him who

said "I am the resurrection and the life," endeavor so to live that he might meet her in the far world of bliss. Some years after this gentleman met a lady whom he thought resembled Electa, and asked my mother if she did not agree with him. She told him she could perhaps trace a faint outline of resemblance, although as she thought far inferior in point of beauty or grace of manner. He, however, was so impressed with the fancied resemblance that he married her. The union proved a most unhappy one.

Soon after this my grandfather went into the milling business and also bought a store. He was shortly after elected a member of the Legislature and then made Judge—quite a distinguished honor in those early days. He employed in his business a number of clerks. Among these was a young man who fell in love with my deaf Aunt Martha. She had now reached womanhood and though she conversed in her own peculiar way, mostly by signs, she was quite graceful, pretty, and apt to learn. She returned the affection of her lover and they asked the parents' consent to their marriage. But they for some reason were deeply opposed to the union. My aunt, however, had been indulged too much all her life to brook opposition now. It finally preyed upon her health to that extent that the family physician told her parents they must either lose their daughter or give their consent. When this was given she rapidly recovered her health and they were married. My grandfather owned a small farm and he placed them on this. My aunt took great delight in the occupations it afforded—making butter and cheese and raising poultry. An active nature found full employment, and being of an affectionate disposition she was now very happy. Upon the advent of a daughter, my mother was called upon to furnish it a name, and being an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, she chose the name of Juliet. She was a bright and beautiful child and their cup of happiness seemed full to running over.

My grandparents had in the meantime formed an intimate acquaintance with a minister's family living in Connecticut whose name was Gilbert. About this time Mr. Gilbert wrote them, telling them he would be glad to have his daughter pay them a visit. Receiving a cordial invitation, she accord-

ingly came, full of life and innocent gaiety. After making a lengthy visit she returned to her home, where her parents almost idolized her. Some months after they wrote the sad news of her melancholy death, with all the particulars. Lydia (for that was her name) had retired to her chamber one night apparently in her accustomed health. About one o'clock they were startled from a sound sleep by hearing some one singing loudly. They listened intently and were convinced that the sound came from their daughter's chamber. The father struck a light and hurried up to the room. It was indeed her voice, but she was a hopeless maniac. Without cessation she continued to dance and sing until entirely exhausted. The physician came and administered his most powerful opiates, but without avail. Everything that science could suggest, or the most devoted care could supply, was resorted to, but all in vain. She knew neither parents nor friends and continued her maniacal screams until death came to her relief. Being an only child, and reared in luxury, she had been the idol of the household and it was many weeks before the heart-broken parents could even write the sad story. They had the consolation of believing that for her the exchange had been a happy one, as she had long been a devout Christian and lived a life of purity and goodness. In pursuing her education her brain had doubtless been overtaxed and this was the result. They could only bow submissively to the mysterious Providence who "doeth all things well."

There were but few institutions of learning of any special note in those early days. But one had then been opened somewhere near the home, called Clinton Academy, now Hamilton College. This institution was intended for both sexes, and here my grandfather sent his daughters. Young ladies at that day were not taught advanced mathematics or the classics, but I rejoice that now sex is no barrier to woman. She is free to attain the highest instruction of which the mind is capable. At this academy they, however, taught the English language in its purity, ancient and modern history, elocution, oratory and literature, with all the solid branches. My mother always favored the plan of having both sexes attend the same institution and having their recitations heard

together. It imparted, as she thought, a softness to the sterner sex, whilst in young ladies it produced a strength of character which added greatly to their nobleness and womanly graces. The essays they were required to furnish and speak in public called forth whatever of genius or imagination they possessed, and of course they strove constantly to excel each other. Grandfather had a strong desire to have his daughters educated thoroughly, both mentally and physically. As the keeping of slaves precluded their doing housework at home, he now insisted that during their unoccupied hours at boarding school they should each wash and iron their own clothing. Often did he say to them: "Who knows what may be in store for you in the future? You may yet be called upon to go into the far West, where help can not be obtained. How important, then that you should learn those habits which may yet be called into requisition. I want you to be prepared for whatever in God's providence may be before you." Another regulation he enforced in the family was this: That every child after five years old must make an appearance at the breakfast table unless positive sickness prevented. If too unwell to remain up they might then go back to their room and bed. For all of these excellent habits my mother thanked him long after he had gone to his rest. After a few weeks' vacation they returned again to the academy until their education was fully completed. At the close of the term their preceptor singled out the most finished compositions of each pupil and required them to learn and deliver them at the public exhibition. This gave them confidence in themselves. After my mother and sisters had been at home for about two years there came into their village a young gentleman who shortly commenced paying attention to the sister next in age to my mother. He professed an ardent love for her, but was unfortunately of a roving disposition. He had left college without the knowledge of his parents. Grandfather, however, remembering his former trouble, decided to give his consent to their marriage. The young lover then said it was necessary to return to his home in order to make preparations for the happy event. Accordingly he did so, leaving my aunt in good spirits and

full of ambition. They all volunteered to help her in preparing for her new and untried life. Even the linen was spun and woven for table use, the blankets and coverlets made, and the furniture purchased. A set of exquisite china also was ready for the joyful occasion. But day after day passed and yet no tidings from the expected bridegroom. Grandfather finally wrote to his father in Connecticut, inquiring the reason for this long delay. He received an answer, saying that this was the first news he had received concerning his son since leaving college. My aunt still hoped against hope and for two long years she looked for his return. At last, however, she concluded that some accident must have surely befallen him. His parents never after heard anything of him, and my aunt's life for many years was saddened by his strange desertion. The beautiful china grandfather had purchased for her he afterward presented to my mother, and she brought it with her when she came to Ohio. Many a time in my childish days have I looked at this delicate ware. The roses and buds on the tiny cups looked as natural as though they had grown there. The cream pitcher was of an extremely quaint shape, and that, of all the set, is the only piece which now remains. The set was considered as quite a curiosity in our far Western home.

As I have before said, my grandmother's health had been for many years very frail and precarious. About this time grandfather was re-elected to the New York Legislature. While there another daughter was born, and immediately after grandmother failed rapidly. The physician found that she could not rally, and calling my mother aside he communicated to her the sad fact and advised her to acquaint her mother with the truth. She accordingly did so, almost heart-broken as she was. But her mother received the message with her usual composure. Meekly folding her hands, those hands which had done so much for others, she lifted her eyes to heaven and breathed a silent prayer, while the same angelic smile lighted her countenance and illumined her features. This was near midnight. She then told them to call Toney, the faithful old black servant, have him take their swiftest horses and go immediately to Albany for grand-

father, for, said she, "I must see him before I die." Next she asked them to bring her precious babe to her bedside. Calling my mother and the sister next younger than herself, she told them to place it in their arms and give her a solemn promise to care for the little sister now committed to their faithful trust. Then requesting mother to unclasp from her neck the two bands of gold beads she always wore, she gave one to my mother and with her own trembling hands she placed the other on the neck of her infant babe as the last token of her dying love. Mother now inquired if she had any directions to leave for grandfather, as she feared she might not live until his arrival. But she still insisted that she would yet see him. In the meantime she prayed fervently, often repeating this petition, "Oh, blessed Savior, care for my beloved ones and lead them, even though through fiery trials, to Thyself; that we may all finally be united in that happier world where sorrow and death can never come." The physician said it was indeed a marvel that she still continued to linger, but she often whispered to the faithful friends surrounding her, "I shall yet see my husband." And her words proved true, for he came in time. Passing directly to her bedside, he bent over her fading form, convulsed with anguish. She knew him perfectly, and drawing him down she whispered in his ear. For a few moments she would pause for rest and then whisper as before, while he would nod as if in assent. This she continued to do until nature was exhausted, and she gently breathed her peaceful life away. Not one word did he distinguish of all she had tried to tell him, but she was satisfied, believing that he fully understood her. She was not forty-five years old and still retained much of her surpassing beauty. As she lay in death a blush as of youth seemed to rest upon her cheek. They could never account for this strange phenomenon. As friends and neighbors pressed around to look upon her, robed for her last resting place, they exclaimed, "She is indeed too lovely to be hidden in the silent tomb." How often had they heard her sweet voice uniting with that of their old pastor in singing these words of Beattie:

“See truth, love and mercy in triumph descending
And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending
While beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

At some distance from the house there was a favorite spot to which in the cool of the evening she would often retire, seating herself in the shade of a large elm tree. Here they laid her, amid the gentle whispering of the forest leaves and the song of the wild birds which she loved so well, and there, while sighing winds chant their mournful requiem above her grave, she sweetly sleeps until bidden by her Saviour to arise on the resurrection morn. Peace to her gentle memory!

Shortly after my grandmother’s death grandfather became greatly involved and met with a serious reverse of fortune. His partner in business, a man named Phillips, after many acts of dishonesty, finally absconded, leaving grandfather to meet the liabilities of the firm. This absorbed the greater portion of his fortune and with the little that remained he decided to remove to what was then called the far West, the young and promising State of Ohio. About this time my father presented himself to my mother as a suitor for her hand. She had already suffered a disappointment of the heart and parted forever from the lover of her youth. For him she entertained the warmest affection, and his image indeed was never effaced from her memory. But her beloved mother had passed away, her father was threatened with poverty and forced to seek a home and shelter in a strange land. Under all these circumstances and with her father’s advice she decided to accept the proposal made her and thus married my father. The union was one of hands, but not of hearts so far as she was concerned. But notwithstanding this, she ever faithfully endeavored to perform a wife’s entire duty. Grandfather removed soon after with the residue of his family to Ohio, whither she eventually followed him.

It may not be amiss here to give some account of my father’s history up to the time of his marriage with my mother. Caleb Atwater was born in the town of North Adams, Massachusetts. His mother died when he was but five years of age. He distinctly remembered the taking of



MRS. BELINDA BUTLER ATWATER

the first census, and was himself one of the first children to be enrolled. His good mother, before her death, taught him to repeat verses of hymns, and so faithfully were they engraven on his memory that they were never forgotten. His memory was indeed marvelous, as all who ever knew him will testify. He has often related to me an event which made a strong impression upon his youthful mind. A captain in his native village, with the help of his little company, captured a squad of British soldiers with their chief officer. He stripped the gayly dressed officer of his uniform and donned it himself; then tying a Tory (as the British were called in derision) to each of their horses' tails, he marched the company proudly through the village. He never knew what disposition Washington finally made of them.

Father lost his two uncles in the Revolutionary War. After the death of his mother, his father went to the State of New York, and for some reason never returned. His mother, however, had left a small sum of money in charge for her children. The overseers of orphans now cared for them and placed each one in some good family, with written articles binding them until they should become of age. My father was placed in the family of a Squire Jones, who was considered wealthy, but extremely hard and close-fisted. In taking care of the stock in the bitter cold of the winter father had his hands badly frozen, so that they were almost useless for life. They had few amusements in that family. The younger ones employed the long winter evenings in paring pumpkins and apples, running them on strings and suspending them from the rafters of the old kitchen; and sitting around the blazing log fire they worked faithfully, glad to be sheltered from the howling winter storms without. My father lived here until his eighteenth year. About that time Williams College became quite a flourishing institution: Many young men of the neighborhood attended there, and my father so longed to go that he persuaded Squire Jones to release him from the remaining years of his indenture. He finally did so, though with great reluctance. His mother's means now assisted him. His only brother went with him, and by their united exertions, doing odd jobs of many kinds,

they succeeded in obtaining the wished-for education. In his later years he lived to tell how often he had lain in his bed on bright moonlight nights, repeating his lessons from memory while gazing upon the grand old mountain tops which lay near, eternally capped with snow. He studied faithfully and strove to obey implicitly every regulation. One severe rule he often mentioned. It was this—that every student was required to be present at chapel prayers at 4 a. m. both summer and winter. Often after a heavy snowstorm they were obliged to clear away the path leading to the college in order that the chaplain could get there in time to read prayers. No fire was permitted in the chapel even in the bitterest weather. Father throughout a long life retained the habit thus formed in youth of early rising, and in after years, when some one asked him the reason, he answered: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when old he will not depart from it." He made rapid progress in college, always keeping in the front rank. He graduated with high honors as the valedictorian of his class, receiving both degrees, and was always proud and pleased to tell of this, for so many failed, inasmuch as the examinations were both thorough and searching. He now went into the State of New York and opened a seminary for young ladies, in which he was successful; studying in the meanwhile for the ministry, he was then ordained a Congregational minister.

Soon after he married a Miss Diana Lawrence, a beautiful and accomplished woman. But in one year from the day they were married she died, with her infant son. My father seldom mentioned this passage of his life, and never without much emotion. His health declined after her death and he had several hemorrhages of the lungs, so that his physicians advised him to leave the ministry in order to save his life. Upon his recovery he decided to enter the profession of the law, and was admitted to the bar. Shortly after he met and married my mother. Directly after the marriage a large party was given in honor of the bridal pair. Among the invited guests was a Miss Gilbert, an intimate friend of my mother's, who had been highly educated in Boston. For some reason she was unable to attend and, as was the univer-

sal fashion of that day, penned an excuse. This little note I now hold in my possession, and preserve it as a great curiosity. It was most beautifully written, equal to a copperplate engraving. Her story was indeed a sorrowful one, although at that time her future seemed fairly gilded with sunshine. She afterward married a gentleman by the name of Stone, who was one of the first merchants of the village where they lived. Many envied her good fortune, for he was a man both elegant in appearance and polite in manners, but not a Christian. In a short time he went to the city of New York to buy goods and after returning was taken with a severe illness. She nursed him most devotedly, until he finally recovered. During his illness she had a habit of walking out every day for a short time for rest and exercise. Often would she direct her steps to a picturesque spot at the edge of the village. There was a steep bluff overhanging the swiftly flowing river beneath, and here she loved to wander, gazing down into its clear waters. Her friends had of late remarked an unusual melancholy, but still thought nothing special of it. She often brought her sewing here, and it must have been here that she made the dress which served as a winding sheet. She had placed a wide hem around neck, sleeves and skirt. One day as usual she took her walk, and as it proved, she carefully tied the ribbons placed in these hems tightly about her and jumped over the high cliff into the river, leaving her parasol and bonnet lying on the grass. When her husband went home he looked for her in vain. He then sought the girl and inquired for his wife. She said she had gone to her room a short time before to ask her some question, but listening at the door heard her praying most earnestly. She retired and shortly after saw her going out for her accustomed walk. Going back to her room, he found a note on her table addressed to himself. In it she spoke of her determination to commit suicide, adding that life had become to her an intolerable burden; that he alone knew her reasons for taking this step, and she was certain he would never disclose them. She closed by bidding him an affectionate farewell. He found a friend, and together they fairly flew down to the cliff, as they knew that to be her favorite resort. There lay

her bonnet and parasol on the grass, but they called her name in vain. Her husband was frantic with grief and took every means to discover her body. Three days after it was found some miles distant from the spot where she had cast herself. She was the only child of devoted parents, who were almost heart-broken by this sorrow. Her husband soon closed up his business, shut himself up from all society, and shortly after went into a decline and died of grief. The whole affair created a great sensation, enshrouded as it ever must be in the deepest mystery.

After my grandfather removed to Ohio, bringing with him his family, my mother was very lonely and unhappy and anxious to follow them. Father had invested his all in a glass factory, which unfortunately was burned to the ground and so both he and his partner were beggared. They then decided to join those who had removed to Ohio. Mother was forced to part with most that she held dear, as my father who had borrowed money to invest in his business was owing heavily. One day the daughter of one of these creditors came to the house in father's absence and cruelly taunted my mother. I was lying a babe in the cradle wearing round my neck the very gold beads which had been left my mother as her mother's dying legacy. She saw these and coveted them, and my mother in a moment of anguish and despair gave them to her. She left the house and mother then fully realizing her loss and sick at heart as the precious memories of the past swept over her, sank down beside my cradle, giving way to bitter but unavailing tears. My father soon after left for Ohio. After he had made what preparation he could he sent word to a cousin of his, who had long desired to see the new State, to bring mother and the children, and join him. I was the second child, my brother older than myself, and my little cousin Juliet comprising our family. We came in a large wagon, and they placed therein all that they could conveniently carry, as there were but few comforts in the new land to which they were going. And thus, parting with much that made life desirable, mother ventured on her untried journey. Often the roads were so rough and terrible that they feared the wagon would break down and at such times she would

walk for many weary miles carrying her little ones in her tired arms. Once during the journey she missed her pocket-book which contained the only money she possessed and her sole dependence with which to finish the remaining portion of her trip. She had already had occasion to suspect the honesty of the family with whom they had been lodging. In her despair she gave way to bitter lamentations, not failing also to hint broadly of her suspicions. On returning to the spot where it had been carefully concealed, she, to her great joy, found the missing pocket-book and was always convinced that it must have been quietly returned. Be that as it may, she certainly went on her way rejoicing and finally reached her journey's end in peace and safety.

Grandfather was now living near the Capitol of the State, Columbus, having bought a farm about seven miles north on what was called Alum creek. Four unmarried daughters came with him. But two of them had already gone farther into the flourishing town of Lancaster and there opened a school for young ladies. Added to the solid branches, they taught embroidery, fancy work, drawing and painting, in which accomplishments one of my aunts particularly excelled. It seemed with her to be almost second nature to make with her fingers what she admired with her eyes. While thus engaged, a gentleman of the place became greatly enamored of her. As she had no watch and he had an office near the school she frequently sent one of her scholars to inquire the time of day. On one such occasion he enclosed his handsome gold watch in a small package and sent it over by the messenger, begging her to accept the same with his compliments. She immediately returned the gift with her thanks, and a message to the effect that it was against her principles to receive presents of even trifling value, from gentlemen who were merely acquaintances. This only seemed to fan the flame of his already ardent admiration, and he speedily made her an offer of himself which was accepted, and the happiness of a life-time attested the wisdom of her choice. After her marriage her younger sister continued the school. But shortly after in attending a social party she met a Mr. Douglas, a young and promising lawyer of the town of Chillicothe, and married

him. The next eldest sister also united herself to a lawyer of Columbus and thus my mother was made happy by having her three sisters settled in neighboring towns, and consequently near enough to exchange frequent visits and enjoy each other's society.

I cannot forbear paying just here a tribute of affection to one who has long since passed far beyond earthly praise or censure. I allude to my mother's sister, Aunt Mary Douglas, of whom I have already spoken. I once asked her husband to relate to me something of his early courtship, and what he saw in her to win his admiration. He said, "It was not that she was so beautiful, although her expression of countenance was strikingly intelligent, and her form both stately and graceful." Indeed, he said he never looked at her without being reminded of Milton's description of Eve:

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye;
In every gesture dignity and love."

Throughout a long life she was remarkable for her clear unbiased judgment, her charity toward others in thought, word and deed, her wondrous love of order, her intellectual attainments, in which indeed she had few equals, and her happy faculty of imparting to others what she knew herself. Her circumstances in life were such that her exquisite tastes of so varied an order, could be lavishly gratified, and an indulgent husband spared no pains to meet her wishes in every regard. If she desired books, however rare or costly, they were obtained and the contents speedily made her own. My mother delighted to point to her as an example for her children to imitate. She said, that even as a child, it gave her more pleasure to hear Mary relate the contents of a book, than to read it herself. With all these marvelous gifts she was naturally retiring and diffident. Often have I heard my uncle say to her in his enthusiastic way: "Why, Mary, I do not know your equal in anything." Ah, how many good wives need, and hunger for just such encouragement to cheer and stimulate them amid their daily cares and struggles. She was truly "a crown unto her husband" and surviving him by some years she ever cherished his memory with loyal affection. To the poor and needy she was always a faithful

and generous benefactor. Her's might indeed have been the language of Job, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Let me now return to the family history. Upon coming to Ohio, then a new and formative State, they encountered the miasma consequent upon the clearing of all new settlements. Poverty, sickness in different forms, and the birth of a second son, all served to increase my mother's cares. When this new brother was born he was so feeble that there appeared to be no life in him. The kind neighbors folded him in a blanket, and laid him aside, to give their attention to the mother, supposing that he could not live. When my father came in he asked to see the boy. "There he is on the bed," said they, "but we thought it not worth while to dress him." "Oh yes," said father, "put him in a warm bath as soon as possible, and do all you can for him. Who knows but he may yet live and make a fine man." These words were a prophecy, for this son did live to brighten and comfort the last days of their earthly pilgrimage, and do much good in his day and generation. As I have before said, my mother had brought my cousin Juliet with her when she came to Ohio. But my Aunt Mary Douglas had just lost her eldest son, and now, seeing mother's many cares, she begged to take the little Juliet, as she had more time to devote to her. Still my mother parted with her very reluctantly, and they were always tenderly attached to each other.

Father, in coming to Ohio, had been attracted toward Pickaway County by hearing of the curious mounds and fortifications made there by the Indians of former days. The most perfect of these ancient works had been chosen, strangely enough, for the county seat—and from the peculiar manner in which the town was built it was called Circleville. In the center was a large mound, surrounded by a fort. Father never ceased to regret that it was not left in its original condition, as many would doubtless have been attracted thither

to view these singular antiquities. He afterward wrote a book descriptive of them, which was in its day greatly praised and sought after. The title of this book was "Western Antiquities." The surveyors for the county, finding the center to be in this mound, demolished it and placed there the Court House, building the town around it. About this Court House they intended to place a row of maple trees, and have the streets radiate from the circle. Some years after they attempted to "square the circle" and thus the original design of the town has been entirely changed. The town lay lower than the surrounding country and in the rainy season became extremely unhealthy on that account. The fort was in time leveled in order to fill in the town, thus wholly destroying all these ancient relics.

Among my earliest remembrances after we settled in Circleville are those concerning the little brother older than myself. He had been sick with measles, but had apparently recovered. He then begged mother to allow him to go back to the little school he had been attending. Supposing him about well, she gave her consent. That day the boys went to wade in a pool near by, taking my brother with them. He accidentally fell into the water and they brought him home. Mother immediately changed his clothing, but, as it proved, too late to prevent the sad consequence. Fever and inflammation set in and after a few days they saw that he must die. Mother was plunged in grief, and the little fellow, seeing her tears, seemed to divine its cause, and looking earnestly at her he said, "Oh, mother, don't let me die."

One evening when she supposed him sleeping he called her and asked her to hear him say the Lord's Prayer, which, together with several little hymns, she had taught him. Just as he finished the last words he breathed a long sigh and was in the presence of his Saviour. Mother often afterward told us of the strange phenomenon which occurred. It was in the dusk of the evening when he died, and for some moments before the breath left him there was an unearthly brightness in his eyes and a light or radiance shone about his head, something as we often see in representations of the Saviour, rays diverging until they were lost in the surrounding twilight.

At first she thought it might be her own indistinctness of vision from her tears, but she found that all who stood around him saw the same. She afterward learned that such things had been seen before, although of very rare occurrence. She always thought him a remarkably precocious child for his years, and never wearied in telling us of his rare beauty of mind and person. He died on the third day of July. They afterward placed above him a little stone on which was engraved these words, which I have never forgotten:

“This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise can bloom.”

I was at that time only four years old. Having been placed in my little bed, I knew nothing of his death that night. The next day I saw mother crying bitterly and my little brother lying as if asleep in a pure white dress. I wondered at my mother's tears, and, child-like, thought, Why does not she wake brother? I was afraid to ask, for so many strangers were all about her. I was filled with amazement. What could it all mean? Shortly after a man came carrying a strange-looking box, in which he placed my beautiful brother. While I gazed with intense interest he closed the box, and, taking it, placed it on a little bier and the neighbors took it up. Then came father and mother, and some one took me by the hand and led me along to the churchyard. There in a green grassy spot they had dug a deep hole. Into this they lowered the box which held my brother. This was too much. When the first shovelful of earth told me that they were hiding him from my sight I shrieked, “You shall not, you must not cover up my brother in the dark, cold ground.” The kind neighbors hurried me from the spot, but never while memory lasts shall that first childish agony be forgotten. And ever since that day eternity has been to me invested with an awful solemnity.

Soon after this mother took a young girl to work for her who was called Nannie. She was one of the best of girls and as they were anxious I should go to school they placed me in her care. Father had already taught me my letters

at home. I was always a timid child and was greatly afraid of the new and strange teacher. He tried to conquer my fear and gave me a silver sixpence if I would come up to him and say my letters. When recess came I went with Nannie into the kitchen. There sat the teacher's wife spinning at a little wheel. My first thought was that the wheel must be some strange bird, and putting out my hand to catch it I caught the fliers with my fingers. In an instant they were all bleeding and torn. His wife wrapped them up tenderly, while Nannie exclaimed, "You were a little too quick for me that time."

The teacher kept a number of rods, for in those days corporal punishment was the strong feature of school, as well as parental discipline. Very soon a large boy was called up for correction. Taking one of his longest rods, he began the work. But I ran between them, and the stroke came down with some force on my bare neck. This saved the boy for that time. Explaining matters, the teacher strove to pacify me, telling me, however, that I must never after interfere. Finally I dried my tears and concluded it must be all right.

A young lawyer had taken an office next door to my father, and having left his home in far New England, he was doubtless very lonely. Seeing me often playing about his door, he endeavored to win my confidence. To induce me to come into his office he paraded maps and picture books before me. Finally he overcame my timid fears, and in surveying his treasures I was supremely happy. One day, however, he caught me up and kissed me. The moment he put me down I ran like a deer, saying "My mother told me I must never kiss gentlemen." This was the last time he ever could induce me to enter his office. Many years after we renewed our acquaintance, as we were members of the same church, and he then told me that he had always approved of my mother's advice. In those early days we lived in a part of the town called High North. The little stream flowing below this ridge was named Hargus creek, and on its banks I passed many happy hours. One of our nearest neighbors was a Mrs. P., who had come to Ohio about the same time

with my mother. She was a Quakeress. Her husband followed the same honorable calling as that of his Master before him, being a carpenter. Mrs. P. was a model of neatness. Her husband made her, out of white pine, a table, cupboard, safe and bread tray. This last stood on legs, and the leaf could be lifted and thrown back at pleasure. When not in use it was kept tightly closed, and was an object of special interest to my young eyes. All these pieces of furniture were scoured every Friday until they were as white as snow, for she believed that "cleanliness was next to godliness," which, as St. Paul has told us, is, with contentment, "great gain." She had been a teacher in her native State, New Jersey, and now kept all her husband's accounts. Her husband soon bought some land and built them a comfortable house thereon. At one time she was taken quite sick and sent word to my mother that she longed for some of her old-fashioned crackers. So mother made them, sending me to carry them to her. "Give her my love," said mother, "and say that I will gladly do anything for her that I can." When I gave her the message she said that if her girl was only neat and clean she believed she would soon get well. She sent this girl into the garden for two of her finest nutmeg melons, giving them to me to take home, telling me to ask mother to come and see her as soon as possible.

On the other side of us lived a Mrs. H., whose parents were old settlers of Ohio. Her husband was a cabinetmaker. I now have an old bureau and small table made by him which I value highly because he was one of our earliest neighbors. His wife belonged to that body of Christians called Methodists. When our Quaker friend thought that she could not get well she sent for Mrs. H. and begged her to accept her white satin bonnet and wear it for her sake. It was made in the style worn by both Quakers and Methodists of that day.

During the first few years of our sojourn in Ohio we had, as I have before mentioned, a great deal of sickness and trouble. Night and day did mother watch and toil for her little family, knowing comparatively little about housework, as her father had owned slaves. Toney, the old colored house

servant, had taught her some things in the way of cooking, but she had never known anything about the dish so greatly in favor in the West—cornmeal mush, or hasty pudding. However, she asked no questions, but went to work to make it herself. It proved a perfect failure, tasting raw and unpalatable. What could be the matter? Finally she went to a neighbor with her trouble. "Why," she said, "perhaps you put your meal all in at once when the water boiled. "Oh, yes, said she, of course I did. "Well, now, try it again. When your water begins to boil, stir in a little of the meal, then wait a little before you put in any more, and keep on slowly in this way until as thick as desired, adding salt to season properly." In such ways as these she gradually learned to be a prime cook. Her beefsteak and chicken pie were beyond all praise, as also her corn bread, with many other dishes. As to obtaining help in that day, it was unthought of—unless in case of sickness or death. Then all the neighbors were ready and willing to do for each other. Mother had no idle time. Her spare moments were employed in teaching her children the Catechism, Webster's Spelling Book and Murray's English Reader, which were the text-books of those days. And even now, to my mind, I can see no modern schoolbooks that surpass them. Washday was my great delight, for then mother would permit me to sit down by her, after I was tired of helping her wash, and read aloud to her. In this way I read most of the standard works—Thompson's Seasons, Milton's Paradise Lost, Young's Night Thoughts, and Pollock's Course of Time were among these. What I could not clearly understand she would patiently explain, so that unconsciously I became a thinker at an early age. When I read a passage incorrectly she would have me read it over very slowly, sometimes repeating it two or three times until I read it aright. Shakespeare's plays were also a great favorite with her. We all knew something of his best plays long before we could read them for ourselves. When we were able to read sufficiently well she would point out or mark for us some of his finest passages. I well remember Milton's invocation in Paradise Lost, beginning "Hail, holy Light, offspring of heaven's firstborn" from hearing it, and then reading it when

only a child. That so great a poet as Milton was blind affected deeply our young hearts and called forth our warmest sympathies. Father was for years a subscriber to the *North American Review*, and I used to pore over its pages, although I was obliged to look out the meaning of many words in order to read it intelligently. Parents perhaps have but little idea of the lasting happiness they confer on their children by placing good books within their reach. Those of history I rank first on the list, because the minds of children can draw inferences from the past and thus it influences even unconsciously all their later life. It also gives them an insight into human nature, which is of great value as they move among their fellows. We were far from rich in this world's goods, but father would say to us, "Enrich your minds; then you will be prepared for any station or employment and will possess that which can never be taken from you." In his profession as a lawyer he was obliged to make a circuit of at least fifty miles to attend the different courts held throughout the year. These were widely separated, as Ohio was thinly settled at that day. My two uncles in the neighboring towns being of the same profession, they almost always traveled together, so that in case of sickness they could look after each other. At one time father was taken quite ill some forty miles from home. And as mother could neither take nor leave her children, she could only trust in God and wait, hoping for the best. Often when father came home he would bring new books with him. Then with what delight would we devour their contents. I shall never forget the joy with which we hailed the first sight of Audubon's *Birds*, and what a lively dispute arose amongst us as to which was most to be admired. Mother quieted the noisy wrangle by saying that each one had a right to an opinion of his own. I have no doubt, as I look back upon those days, that father enjoyed the pleasure of thus seeing our innocent happiness even more than we who received his gifts.

About this time mother went on a little visit to my Aunt Mary Douglas whom I loved so well, taking me with her. After we had been there about a week, my father wrote that he was very unwell, and anxious for her to come home. She received the letter late Saturday night and as the coach re-

turned next day she said to my aunt, "Now, although as you know it is against my principles to travel on Sunday, yet as my husband is sick I suppose I must go." Accordingly we started. There were no passengers in the coach except my mother, myself and two little brothers, the youngest only four months old. When we came to the little village of Jefferson, some three miles from home, the driver carelessly threw the lines back on the seat and jumped down to carry the mail into the little postoffice. There had been a black cloud just above us and the storm was gathering. Just after the driver entered the office a vivid flash of lightning flashed across the heavens, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. The horses started to run and flew like the wind. Mother, awfully frightened, clasped her children to her arms and screamed "Oh, Lord, have mercy on us!" They ran about a mile when, turning suddenly, they upset the coach against the fence. One horse was instantly killed and we were all thrown out in the mud, which doubtless saved our lives. The baby was thrown violently against the side of the coach and his face badly cut, but fortunately no bones were broken. The villagers came running as quickly as they could, supposing we would all be killed before they reached us. But no one was seriously hurt except the poor animal. The coach was literally a mass of rubbish. It was indeed for us a most miraculous escape. The villagers took us kindly to their homes and next day landed us safely at our own door. But I well remember how sore and bruised we were for many days. Mother had ever after a fear of riding in a stage coach, and nothing could induce her to make another journey on Sunday.

There was a young lady in our village whose parents had sent her away to a boarding school. While there she learned to draw and paint most beautifully. When she came home she visited our house and begged mother to let me come and see her in return. I did so, and she brought out her drawings. Among them she had painted a beautiful bluejay, with a tuft of feathers on his head. I was enraptured over the bird and told her that I once saw one in our apple tree when it was covered with pink blossoms. She saw how

delighted I was, although I did not venture to say too much, as mother had always told me not to covet what did not belong to me. However, in a few days after this sweet young girl came over, bringing with her not only the lovely picture of the bluejay, but also a doll which she had dressed with her own hands. I was about eight years old and she thirteen. I kept these pretty presents for many years.

“Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.”

This was the first verse I ever committed to memory. I felt very proud when I repeated it to my mother without one mistake, and she praised me highly because I had learned it without her knowledge or assistance. About this time a number of ladies and gentlemen in our village read an account of Robert Raike's Sunday school, and what an astonishing success it had proved. They soon opened one in our town, all denominations uniting in the good work. I finished also the reading of the Old and New Testaments. In the midst of all this we were passing through sickness, suffering and work—yes, hard work, too. I strove to lighten the tasks of my poor faithful mother, as I was the eldest daughter by many years. Mother was my first and last thought. For many successive summers she had the prevailing fever of the country and climate. When taken the fifth summer I was old enough to fully realize her dangerous condition. Father was away at court as usual. I begged mother to allow me to write to Aunt Mary to come up, as the neighbors around us were also sick and help was almost impossible to obtain. The only way she could come was on horseback. There was no bridge over the Scioto, but as it was summer she could cross the river at the ford. When she came mother was unconscious of her presence. But she went to work in good earnest, bathing and nursing her, and finally succeeded in allaying the scorching fever. She secured an old colored woman as nurse, but did not leave her until she was on the way to recovery. This was only one of her manifold acts of kindness. She saw how many comforts mother needed,

and as soon as she could, came back, and brought them. When I was about ten years old I had a little sister and I was mother's chief nurse. The following summer father was obliged to leave home. He told mother he had found that cream of tartar was very wholesome as a summer drink, and advised her to use it. So accordingly she sent me to the place where they sold drugs of various kinds. "Now if the physician is not there," she said, "ask the young student to give you the cream of tartar. Tell him to be sure and give you the right medicine." I went and obeyed her directions to the letter. When I returned she mixed up a couple of teaspoonfuls in half a tumbler of water and drank it down, leaving a little in the glass for me. As soon as she had swallowed it she said, "How strangely it tastes, not sour, but sweet." Hardly had she spoken when it began to act as an emetic. I sent my little brother directly for the physician, who came quickly. He found upon inquiry that the student had given tartar emetic instead of cream of tartar. For many hours we feared she would die, while I too was sick from the little I had taken. The neighbors came in and fanned and rubbed her, giving her various things to counteract the poison. It was a desperate struggle for life. The names were so similar that the ignorant student had mistaken one for the other, but providentially her life was saved. Not a great while after, in the following winter, mother had an attack of pleurisy, which was very dangerous and confined her to her bed for many long weeks. Often while waiting on her day and night have I fallen asleep over my work, but I strove to keep up a brave heart, knowing how much depended on me, and fearful of losing my dear mother, whose life was so necessary to her little family.

As I have before mentioned, one of mother's sisters had married a lawyer living in Columbus. Grandfather's farm lay a few miles distant on Alum creek. When my grandfather came to visit us he said that he had been obliged to work harder in his old age than ever before in his life. Farm hands were scarce, and he had now no slaves to work for him. But my Uncle Roswell, his youngest son, about eighteen years of age, was so industrious that grandfather was obliged

to check his ambitious spirit. With his help they had already put up a two-story log house with an adjoining kitchen and set out a large orchard of fine fruit trees, besides clearing land to plant their crops. I have omitted to mention that grandfather had before this taken to himself a second wife. But as my mother had long since left the home, she knew very little of her. Having idolized her own mother, she cared not to see another fill her place, and thus, although courteous when they met, she sought no intimate relations with her. Grandfather, however, before he left our house on this visit insisted that mother should come up and see his farm, bringing the children with her and we were as happy as birds at the prospect of going. Accordingly we went soon after, but never again saw our dear Uncle Roswell. Some two years before, he had visited us, and pleased us by showing us his new watch which he had earned with his own money. When we reached there, grandfather met us, but was completely overcome by his feelings. For some time he could not say a word—but finally mastering his emotion, he told the sad story. Roswell was mild and gentlemanly in deportment, and in looks much resembled my grandmother. He was greatly respected by all who knew him. I lay awake in the little trundle-bed and listened as he told about the son of his old age. He said it was on one of the last days of harvest. There had been weeks of hard work, because in those days there were no modern improvements to lighten the toil of the farmer. He said the reaping was done, the shocks all bound and standing in the fields, when in the evening Roswell said to his father, "I believe I will go down to the creek with two of the young men of the neighborhood and bathe." Accordingly they all went. "It was a bright, moon-light night," grandfather said, "and I lay here just as I do now, looking down at the creek. They had been gone but a short time, when the young men came running rapidly toward the house, saying 'Roswell is drowned. He went into the water with us, but must have been taken with the cramps, and we have lost sight of him.' I ran down to the spot they pointed out, and wading into the water stumbled over his body. We raised him and carried him to the bank.

The young men ran to the house for blankets and brandy, hoping to revive him, but all in vain, for life had already fled."

Roswell's death had a wonderful effect on his stepmother. He was uniformly kind and devoted to her. Indeed had she been an own mother he could not have treated her more tenderly. After his death, she acted strangely. All her talk was of Roswell, and of her early New England home. One day after dinner, she made signs to my Aunt Martha (who was now a widow and living with them) that she wished to go and spend the afternoon with a neighbor some two miles distant. Aunt tried to prevail upon her to wait until next day, but she said, "No, no," and soon after started out. As soon as grandfather came in, which was near night, my aunt told him, and he went immediately over to the neighbor's house, but she was not there. He then went in other directions but she had not been at any of their houses. At last one neighbor said she had seen her in the early part of the afternoon going by, carrying a bundle and had wondered where Mrs. Butler could be going in such haste. Grandfather then went back home, got the carriage and following directions, inquired at every farm house he passed. Several had noticed her, and at one place she had rested quite a while. Finally, after going some miles he saw her in the distance walking very swiftly. Her clothing was wet and muddy. Coming near her, he called out, "Why, my dear, where are you going?" "Well," she answered very pleasantly, "I am going home to Connecticut." He then jumped out and said, "All right, but don't you want me to go along with you?" "Oh, yes," she said, "but I have so often asked you to go, and your answer would always be, 'After awhile. Now Mr. Butler I am tired of waiting and am going by myself.'"

He immediately saw by her wild manner and frantic gestures that reason was dethroned. But he finally succeeded in persuading her to get in the carriage and go back with him. She was naturally of a mild and amiable disposition. But now her cheeks were flushed with fever and she was quite unmanageable. My aunt after a time induced her to go to bed while grandfather went directly for a physician. He

found that it was an attack of brain fever, and she never after had a rational moment, dying in about two weeks. Thus was my poor grandfather left a second time companionless and desolate.

My Aunt Mary Douglas still had with her my Cousin Juliet, who came with mother to Ohio. She was near my own age and we loved each other dearly. After a time I went down to make her a visit. Before leaving home mother charged me to be obedient to every wish of my aunt's, even as though it was herself. Mother was extremely indulgent to me, as I was an only daughter until ten years of age and she felt toward me more as a companion than she could to her younger children. I thought, as a matter of course, I could have the same liberty at my aunt's as I had at home, appropriating all the surroundings to my own use. One day my cousin had shown me a beautiful necklace of beads belonging to herself. They were curiously fastened together, four or five strings being attached a finger's length apart with a square of beadwork. It was over a yard long and fastened with a beautiful gold clasp. One day when she was out of the room, I placed them around my neck winding them about a number of times and then going to the large mirror, surveyed myself with great satisfaction. After that I ran down into the garden dancing and singing in great glee. My aunt, seeing me, called me to her and asked me whose beads I had on my neck. I said they were Cousin Juliets. "Did she tell you that you might wear them," said she. "Oh no," I said, she does not know anything about it." "Well," said aunt, "now suppose you should be so unfortunate as to break some of those delicate strings?" Then drawing me lovingly to her she added, "My dear niece, I know how grieved both you and she would be if you should happen to spoil them. Then is it right for you to meddle with what is not your own?" This was a lesson for me which I never forgot in after life. Soon after this my Cousin Juliet was married to a gentleman who established himself as a merchant in our village. Mother was greatly rejoiced for she had always felt towards her as a daughter, and I loved her as an elder sister.

Shortly after her marriage Aunt Mary came to see us. She made her home with my mother, though spending a part of her time with my cousin. She soon noticed that I did not always help my mother with the work, often going into the sitting room and taking up a book while she was engaged in the kitchen. So one day she said, "My dear, does not your mother need you to help her?" "Oh no," I said, "she did not tell me so." "Well," she said, "dear, good girls never wait to be told or called. They say, 'Mother, do let me do something more for you, instead of going where she can not see them, and yet perhaps she is in the greatest need.'" Then patting me on the shoulder, she added, "I want you to cherish your dearest earthly friend. No other mother can you ever have. Remember whatever you do from love to her, she will prize more than a diadem of rubies. Let all you do for her be a labor of love. This will make the task an easy one. You know, I am sure, who to ask for help to aid you." I looked up at her and saw her loving countenance beaming with goodness and said, "Aunt, I mean to try, yes I will." Thus was she ever imparting to me some lesson which influenced me in after life.

The husband of my Aunt Douglas was a self-made man. In early life he had, to be sure, the advantages of a good New England school, but not a collegiate one. His brother older than himself was a sea captain. When he went on his voyages my uncle accompanied him, first as a cabin boy. Here he learned to cook and was always very proud of his accomplishments in this line. Very often he would insist on getting up a meal at home when they happened to be out of help, and boasted that he could do better than half the cooks in the country. His brother had on board the ship a choice collection of standard English works. When the vessel was becalmed and little could be done he would take a book and go aloft either to study or read. In this way he read Shakespeare and indeed knew most of his plays by heart. After going on several voyages with his brother he concluded to leave the sea and come out West. Passing through varied experiences he at length settled down as a lawyer, and in his profession was astonishingly successful. He was one of

the wittiest of men. Wherever he went he was sure to draw a crowd around him. To young people more especially was he an unfailing source of amusement and delight. When he omitted to make his appearance at their social gatherings the question was sure to go round, "Where is Mr. Douglas? We can not get along without him." And yet I never knew him personally to wound the feelings of any one. Some wit is so sarcastic that one can only compare it to poisoned arrows shot from a golden quiver. He was an inimitable mimic and could copy so perfectly any peculiarity of voice or motion that you might suppose the identical person to be before you. His favorite hour for jollity and fun was at the table. Many a time have I laughed until my sides fairly ached at his comical representations and mirth-provoking sallies. Once when I was there he came in and said to my aunt, "Well, Mary, it is getting about warm enough for my summer coat." "Why, Mr. Douglas," said my aunt, "I told you when you laid it off last summer that it would not be even decent to wear another season. How long do you suppose you have worn that bombazine coat?" "Well," said he, "let me see—not more than ten years, I am very sure." She went to the clothes press and, taking it down, handed it to him. "Now, Mary," said he, "I mean to wear this coat just as it is. This coat is my delight." Then putting it on, and raising his arms to show the under part of the sleeves, which were one mass of darns, he said, turning to me, "This is my royal coat of arms." Here he stepped out proudly in front of my aunt. "This coat, I say, has helped your husband to maintain his reputation. While I have worn this coat I have never had occasion to face that most miserable word in the English vocabulary, 'duns.' I owe not one cent for the stitching done to this coat by Lo Smith, the tailor, nor one dollar to Sam Campbell, the merchant, for the bombazine of which it is made. Besides, and above all other considerations, it has been darned and redarned by the woman I most sincerely adore, which makes it unspeakably precious to my eyes." My aunt lost a daughter whom she greatly mourned, as much because he seemed to feel it so deeply as on her own account. I well remember how, when I was a child, he took me home once

in a sleigh. I was so cold that I cried and he sang to me this old ditty: "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, had Belinda and could not keep her; he put her in a pumpkin shell and there he kept her warm and well." Thus he beguiled me by the way until I reached home, all unmindful of the cold. Never, during the many years in which I almost made their house a second home, did he once lead me to doubt his love and kindness. At another time he accompanied me home in the coach. There were several other lawyers with us going up to attend court in a neighboring town. Our ride was indeed a joyous one, as his presence always diffused mirthfulness about him. When within a short distance of the little village of Jefferson we added another passenger in the person of a Miss Betty Clark, an antiquated maiden of some sixty years who resided in the little village before mentioned. My uncle knew her well, as she had lived there ever since he first came to Ohio. She possessed one peculiarity, a dislike to all unmarried gentlemen. Indeed, she professed to even hate them most thoroughly. The moment she entered the coach my uncle took upon himself even more than his accustomed gallantry, expressing his sincere delight in thus having the unexpected pleasure of introducing to the gentlemen his young and handsome friend, Miss Betty Clark. He then told her that he esteemed himself especially fortunate in meeting her at this time, as he wished to relate to her a most remarkable dream he had a few nights previous concerning herself. "And now, Miss Betty," said he, "with your permission I will relate this wonderful dream." Miss Betty said she had no objection, certainly. "Well," said he, "I thought I was standing in the door of my office, looking toward the south, when what should I discover in the distance but a horseman coming at a furious rate. As he drew near who should it be but my honored friend, Colonel Bostwick. 'Whither away so swiftly,' cried I. As he appeared not to hear I called again at the top of my voice, 'Whoa, Rosinante!' The horse, more obedient than his master, then halted in front of my office. I saw at a glance that the poor animal was in a lather of foam. The rider looked haggard and worn. 'Dismount, good friend,' said I, 'and come and dine with me. Why this furious

haste? I tell you it will kill both man and beast.' He looked at me, oh, so despairingly. 'Well,' said he, finally, 'I have failed to get one good night's slumber for more than three weeks past for thinking both night and day of my earliest and only sweetheart, Miss Betty Clark. Tell me, oh, tell me, have you seen her lately?' I told him that I had had the exquisite pleasure of meeting her some three months since and assured him she was still young, lovely and blooming as ever. With that he caught the bridle from my grasp, raised himself in his stirrups and then, waving his lily-white hand, he said, 'Hinder me not. I press on to win my beauteous prize.' And in an instant he was off, his coat tails fluttering in the breeze. No doubt, Miss Betty, you have had an interview with him long ere this and the nuptials are already arranged." I almost held my breath as he was telling this story and really caught myself looking toward the south for the furious horseman. The narrative was accompanied with his own peculiar gestures and the twinkling merriment of his bright black eyes. It was greeted by a continued roar of laughter, in which however, Miss Betty failed to join. "Mr. Douglas," she said, "you dreamed that with your eyes wide open, you know you did, and your imagination must surely be in a very disordered condition." My uncle begged a thousand pardons and said, "Indeed, Miss Betty, the dream seemed so real that if he fails to come I shall set him down as 'a false-hearted lawyer that's worse than a thief,' which is a line of an old-fashioned song I used to sing in my young days."

While visiting my aunt she heard me each day recite a lesson from history, giving me her assistance and explanations. The truth and beauty of many of her remarks have been to me a source of pleasure that no words can adequately describe. "And," said she, "let me enjoin you, my dear, always to seek a friend older than yourself of whom you may ask advice. Be sure to guard your words at all times, as in the presence of that Great Being to Whom we must all give account. This will help you to act and converse 'as seeing him who is invisible,' and will prevent your indulging in many silly conversations that you would remember with mortification and sorrow." Dear young girls, you may never know,

and eternity alone can tell, what effect your words and examples may have in either injuring others or leading them in paths of virtue and happiness.

There were three young friends whom I shall ever love to remember. Years ago my father brought home a paper in which was a piece of poetry written by Chateaubriand. I have now forgotten the verses, but the chorus was this, "The sweet young girl, the sweet young flower." I can truly repeat this of these my youthful friends. Two of them were sisters. One had hair dark as the raven's wing, with brilliant black eyes and complexion clear and rosy. Her sister Mary was the reverse of this—pale blue eyes, golden hair, and fair as the lily. The beauty of their characters was their constant thoughtfulness for each other's welfare. All of them were near my own age, about thirteen. Betty M. was not as handsome as the other two, yet she could not be looked upon, or her conversation listened to, without leaving the impression that in truth there dwelt a rare soul therein. We all went to the academy situated at the edge of the village. Once a week we attended dancing school. But they in some way neglected to protect themselves sufficiently against the cold, and one after another declined in health. Spring opened and then the summer. But autumn came only to number these lovely ones with the dead. And indeed it seemed not unmeet that these dear young girls "so gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."

About this time there was great commotion in Ohio concerning the granting of money for the support of Common Schools. Father was extremely interested in this object, feeling the great importance of educating the masses. Governor DeWitt Clinton was one of the prominent men of that day. He warmly advocated this measure, as also the laying of a canal through the State. He persuaded my father to edit a paper to further the object, called the "Friend of Freedom." It, however, was unsuccessful pecuniarily, and was shortly after abandoned. Father was then elected to the State Legislature in order to bring forward the Common School question. He helped to push through the money appropriation. After this came the Canal project. There was great opposition to this measure, but its advocates finally gained the day. My

father and some of the leading men now invited Governor DeWitt Clinton to come to Ohio and participate in the initial ceremonies. The engineers of the work decided on commencing the canal at what was called Licking Summit. He, with many others, went up to meet him. From the wonderful emigration of Irish the laborers were already prepared. This Western world has indeed proved a glorious land for foreign laborers. With no inducements for work at home, they have found here the Eldorado of their hopes, gaining by their industry not only the comforts, but also the luxuries of life. Governor Clinton came and with great pomp and ceremony gave to Ohio, in the name of the State of New York, the right hand of fellowship in this great undertaking. After this was over he turned his steps southward, coming home with my father. I well remember his appearance, and he was indeed a noble specimen of humanity. Though but a child I distinctly remember hearing him converse on the topics of the day. Railroads were talked of as the hope of coming times. My father, being a great geologist, had collected many valuable curiosities, forming a beautiful cabinet. Specimens had been sent to him from every part of the world—quartz from different points, beautiful marbles and a variety of minerals. He marked every specimen with care, giving the name and locality of each. There were Indian relics, idols and flints of various kinds, beautiful petrified fishes with scales and fins perfectly preserved, also some wonderful coal formations. The impressions of fern leaves on these coal deposits were most wonderful, shining like satin. These came from near Zanesville and were among the most perfect ever found. There were specimens of mammoth teeth and also a large piece of Peruvian cloth. This was of a buff color and used by the Peruvian women for clothing. It was found in one of their ancient sepulchres, but there were no hieroglyphics to tell certainly of its origin. There were fine specimens of lava from old volcanoes, and frankincense from the Holy Land, which when burned would fill the whole room with fragrance. Many distinguished foreigners called at our house to examine this cabinet, but father, meeting with some reverses, was finally obliged to dispose of

it. It was placed in the Cincinnati Museum, where, however, it was finally destroyed by fire some years after. Father was always an enthusiast when speaking of the wealth of America hidden in her immense coal fields and the endless supply of minerals treasured in the bosom of the earth. He praised God that he had been permitted to live in this age and nation. If the faith taught by the lowly Jesus of Nazareth were but the corner stone of this grand republic, its greatness would ere long "cover the whole earth, as the waters cover the sea."

Soon after this General Jackson was elected President of the United States. Being an old friend of father's, he recommended him to Congress as a suitable agent to treat with the Indians of the Northwest. He was accordingly appointed, in addition to two others, to form a treaty with them. They went on to Prairie du Chien and there met the Indian chiefs, buying of them land for three States. Congress also appointed several scientific men to go with them. One of these was an English artist to make sketches for them. Father requested several of these chiefs to get up a war dance that this artist might paint their costumes arrayed for these evolutions. They accordingly exhibited themselves in their grandest manner. He brought home with him, and afterward carried to Washington, one of these costumes. It was made of beautiful white deerskin, soft as silk. The wives of these chiefs had dressed the skins. One could hardly believe that it had been done by Indians. It consisted of a hunting shirt coming half way to the knees, at the bottom of which was a trimming of fawn-colored skin made to resemble fringe, about a quarter of a yard in depth. The leggins were also made of a similar material and trimmed in a like beautiful manner. The wampum belt was adorned with elaborate bead work, as were also the moccasins, and these all together made a splendid costume. The artist copied portraits and pictures of savage life with wonderful fidelity. The portraits of these chiefs were, father said, true to nature. This was many years previous to the discovery of photography. The paintings, as well as costumes, were all sent to the "great father," General Jackson, in Washington. The Indians were very anxious to learn of father the number and ages of his family.

Before he left them they presented him with a pair of moc-casins for every one, including himself and wife. And, strange to say, they fitted each as well as though they had taken a measure. They sent, besides, necklaces of beads, exquisitely made, and all different in pattern. Father said the squaws were an example of industry for our own ladies, and might be imitated by them with profit.

After father's return mother received a letter from my aunt in Columbus, containing the sad news that grandfather's house on Alum creek had been burned to the ground. No one could discover in what way the house took fire. The smoke awoke my grandfather, and he had barely time to awaken the family and save them and himself. Nearly everything in the house was burned. He went to one of the houses near, belonging to a tenant but the fright and exposure brought on a fever. My aunt lived seven miles south of the farm in the city of Columbus. Mother was unable to go to Columbus herself but sent me, telling me to write her the true state of the case. When I reached Columbus my aunt told me he was seriously ill. She had used every argument to persuade him to come home with her but he was so feeble that the physician advised them not to remove him. It was the latter part of the month of August, and the intensely hot weather, fatigue and excitement were too much for him at his time of life. He grew gradually worse. My uncle told us that the night he died he called him to his bedside, and asked him to say for him the Lord's Prayer, repeating it after him in a firm, clear voice. After which he turned himself in his bed, dying without one sigh or groan. Next morning my aunt sent for all his friends and neighbors to come to the funeral. I went with them. There he lay in the little humble cottage of his tenant. All about him was calm and peaceful, and in his last sleep he looked as though no trouble had ever come near him. The day of his burial was one of the loveliest of autumn. The orchard was bending with its luscious fruit, the very trees his hands had helped to plant. There were seats provided in the large barn for all the friends. The folding doors were thrown open and my grandfather was brought in and placed in front of the clergyman. On one side of the barn lay stacked the bundles of yellow grain and oats. On the other hung bridles, saddles

and gears. There too were the plows, harrows and other implements of farming. But the master who had so long directed their use had now been called away. The clergyman's text was this "For what is our life, it is even as a vapor, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." To me the whole scene was unspeakably solemn and affecting, and will ever live in my memory. He who once held a high and honored place among men, with servants and wealth at his command, now lay in this humble place—all unmindful of the change. Let us hope that his many sorrows and trials had made him ready for that blessed home above, where re-united to the loved ones gone before, his tears were forever wiped away.

"The path of sorrow and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

Grandfather was but sixty-eight when he died. His farm is now one of the most valuable in the state. It is situated on rolling ground. The little creek where my poor Uncle Roswell found a watery grave flows directly through it and adds greatly to its beauty. It may be that I am prejudiced in favor of early associations but this farm had to me a charm which none other can ever possess. Often have I there listened to my grandfather as he recalled the pleasing reminiscences of his early youth. Two of these little stories I will now relate. He said that when a boy his father once gave him a beautiful pig. This was a great pet with him, and he watched and tended it very carefully, learning it many amusing tricks. As it was winter he called it every morning to be fed at the back door of the house. From some cause the pig failed to come up to the barn for shelter one night as usual. The winters are most bitterly cold in New England, and that night proved the coldest of the season. When he arose in the morning and opened the door, what should he see but his poor pig standing in the accustomed place, but frozen stiff and dead. He had remembered the place where his master fed him, and instinct had led him to the spot, but the severity of the weather had frozen him at his post. "Well," said grandfather as he mourned over the loss of his favorite, "you are indeed a brave pig. Stand up and die, if die you must, but never give up. Those are my principles, the real sentiments of your master." And such was indeed, my grandfather, brave and determined

through life, he shrank from no duty however difficult or unpleasant and with cowards had but little sympathy.

Another story my grandfather delighted to tell was this: One of his New England neighbors was a farmer. Only once in a number of years could he succeed in raising a crop of melons. One season had, however, proved very favorable, and although the land was so hilly and full of rocks and stones he had by dint of great industry succeeded in bringing forward some unusually fine ones. But each morning some were missing. As he was anxious to reap the fruits of his toil he determined to watch for the thief. So loading his gun with buckshot he sallied out, concealing himself behind a corner of the stone fence, where unseen he could yet discover the depredator. He watched patiently till near midnight and was about concluding that the theft must have been committed by some wandering animal, when lo, stalking along in the moonlight he beheld one of the deacons of his own church coming stealthily forward looking all about him. Then trying a melon with his jack knife to see whether it was fully ripe he thus soliloquized, "Well, green and bitter as a gourd. Good enough for you Deacon Clark, if you will be guilty of so mean a trick. Stuff it down your miserable throat. Another, and no better. Tho, bitter as Aloes you shall eat it. Perhaps it may prevent you from ever again disgracing the name you bear in the church. Let this experience be a lesson to you." So saying he ate another slice and then left the patch. The story was too good to keep and Deacon Clark did not soon hear the last of that midnight expedition.

I was now about fifteen years of age and soon after the death of my grandfather I went back to my Aunt Mary's to resume my studies. Some days after, aunt and uncle were invited to a large party. My aunt sent the lady a note asking permission to take me with her which was most cordially granted. But when the evening came she was too unwell to venture out, and I accordingly went with my uncle. The next morning aunt asked me how I had enjoyed the evening. "Not very well," I said, "for I missed my old friends Betty Mead, Jane and Mary C. whom I loved so well. Very few spoke to me except to ask after you, or regret your absence." "As to those dear friends whom you mourn," she said, "they are, we trust, in a far happier place,

while doubtless you are left here for some wise purpose, and to render happy those around you." "Well, aunt," I said, "I was afraid to speak, not knowing just what was best to say." "My dear," said she, "you must strive to forget yourself, and think only of how you can interest others. Ask them about their friends, their health and surroundings. Every one loves a good listener, who is said to be far more attractive than a good talker. Do not expect all your words to be like gold coin. If we truly love others, we will not fail to keep plenty of light change, called small talk, to make the hours pass pleasantly on such occasions. The next party you attend look around and see if there is not some one there whom you know to be burdened with care. Perhaps you can speak a word of comfort or cheer to such and in that way lighten their hearts. Thus fulfilling the royal law of love."

While engaged in studying history, my aunt permitted me to read sometimes in Scott's novels. When my uncle had time to join us she often read them aloud. I heard in this way Guy Mannering and Ivanhoe, which we all greatly enjoyed. But she soon found that I became remiss in my lessons, and when the hour for recitation came I would fain be excused. However, she did not then reprove me. One bright morning I arose early, swept and dusted my room, and went down to the family apartment where uncle was relating a story. It had in it some expressions of profanity. My aunt did not join in the general merriment it caused, but finally looking up, said, "Father, that profanity spoils the whole story. Some persons seem to think that strong language gives zest to an anecdote, while I always consider it the height of vulgarity. It looks as though the person telling it only wanted some excuse to say these words." "Well, Mary," he said, "You must forgive me. I am sorry I told it." Thus did she never lose an opportunity to live out daily and hourly her religious principles. Oh that every Christian possessed a like courage!

After breakfast aunt asked if I knew my history lesson. I said I did, and followed her into the library. Pointing to the shelf where were Scott's novels, I said, "Aunt, if I promise to learn my lessons well will you let me read the rest of these?" "My dear," she answered, "I have already allowed

you to read and hear the portions of his works most worthy of remembrance. You know your dear mother deprives herself of your help that you may improve this precious time." She looked at me and saw that my eyes were filled with tears, for I had set my heart on reading these books. Then, tenderly placing her arm around me, she added, "You are not aware how much the reading of these has already distracted your mind, rendering you incapable of retaining more important knowledge. Works of fiction do not, like history, aid you in your religious life. And you have not forgotten those lines you repeated the other day." "Oh, no," I said, "I can say them now, 'Religion, what treasures untold reside in that heavenly word, more precious than silver or gold or all that the world can afford'." And quickly wiping away my tears I listened while she went on to say, "When you have finished your studies, if you still desire to read these or similar works, I have no objection, but my impression is that you will find you derive more real and lasting enjoyment from the solid truths of history, the enchanting facts contained in chemistry and botany, with the wonders only half revealed in astronomy, not forgetting geology, and combining all these with the study of rhetoric, which enables you to put into language what you have already learned, than in the mere momentary pleasure experienced in reading works of the imagination."

I looked forward with great delight also to the obtaining of a musical education, not merely for the accomplishment itself, but from the innate love I possessed for the harmony of sounds. Painting I had already been taught on a small scale, enough indeed to foster within me a love of the beautiful, as seen in the exquisite penciling of our wild flowers, of which the Saviour declared that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." There were, however, few musical instruments in our village. The only piano was a little old-fashioned affair, owned by one of our neighbors, brought with them from Germany. I looked even at that as something wonderful, but my ambition to possess a scientific knowledge of music was unfortunately never attained. For in those days time was precious as gold. There was house work and sewing always to be done. The sewing

machine had not then been invented to shorten woman's ceaseless toil. Mother sometimes kindly relieved me and permitted me to visit one young girl who was a great favorite with us all. She was nearly a year older than myself and her parents came to Ohio some seven years later than mine. Her father had formerly been a merchant in Philadelphia, and, being an only daughter, her every wish thus far had been gratified. I had been industrious through the week and helped mother in every way, as well as cared for the little ones. I was permitted, as a great treat, to go and visit Eliza on a Saturday afternoon, after dressing myself neatly. Then perhaps Eliza would return the visit on the following Saturday. Thus for several years our pleasant intercourse continued. Those happy days passed swiftly away and we looked forward with fond anticipation to the future, forgetting in our joyousness the true words of the poet, "The trail of the serpent is over them all." In looking back at those blissful days I can now realize how wise is the Providence that has cast a veil to hide the future from our eyes. For if in youth we could but know the sorrows and trials awaiting us in after life, how tinged with gloom would many an hour be, and how earnestly would we pray for strength and guidance to Him who has promised to hold us "in the hollow of His hand."

East of our house there was a forest, and to the north lay the village churchyard. Here were three or four large elms and near these my little brother was buried. I almost fancy I can scent the perfume of the sweetbriar which grew near his grave. I often carried my little brothers and sisters there in the cool of the evening after my work was done. Often, too, have I watched the sunset from this spot, and in the autumnal evenings how glorious were its fading lights, as the stars came peeping out from their hiding places in the sky above, clothing the scene with surpassing beauty. Sometimes on such evenings my dear friend Eliza would join me and we would converse together freely of our hopes and plans. Some years later Eliza married, and in the companionship of a kind, indulgent husband and precious children realized much of earthly happiness, but consumption finally settled upon her naturally frail and delicate form and before

many years had passed I was called to mourn the last of my earliest and dearest earthly friends. She, with so many others I have loved, now waits for me, I trust, on the other shore. After her death her mother gave me a beautiful white chrysanthemum which she had left for me, and whenever I saw its fine white blossoms it served to remind me of the friend whose spotless life it so nearly resembled.

It was near this period of my life that I was baptized and confessed faith in the blessed Saviour, becoming a member of the Episcopal Church. I used to dread making a profession before the world but this now no longer troubled me. I asked my dear Cousin Juliet to stand with me, together with another friend, and was then Confirmed by the Bishop. How joyfully did I take the step which bound me to be "Christ's faithful soldier and servant to my life's end." Little did I realize the many conflicts, both within and without, which I should be called upon to endure. How often I must strive in agony of soul to say "Thy will, not mine, be done." I ever dearly prized our precious liturgy which has been a source of comfort not only to the present church militant, but to untold millions, now members of the church triumphant. I once met a good Presbyterian friend who said to me, "Are you not going the wrong way to church?" "Well," said I, "with all the helps I find, I am only following Jesus afar off, but I must go where I meet with the greatest aid to send me on my way to the land I love." The language I need is here already prepared for my benefit and every year these beautiful prayers become more dear to my heart. While I recognize fellow Christians of every name, and gladly offer them the right hand of fellowship, yet my own church and its liturgy will ever hold the supremest place in my affections.

My Aunt Parrish, living in Columbus, now wrote to me to come up and make her a visit, telling me that my uncle had just purchased a new work on chemistry, with a number of other interesting books. Mother accordingly gave her consent. My Uncle Parrish was at this time in good health. He did a prosperous business in his profession and all seemed to go well with him. He had then been appointed Judge and had built himself a comfortable home just east of the State House.

The new work on chemistry of which my aunt wrote had just been published and contained many new and valuable discoveries, among which was that of Sir Humphrey Davy's lamp, which has been the means of saving many valuable lives. This work was written in the form of a dialogue. I commenced taking notes of its most interesting points and my good aunt was frequently obliged to tell me to go to rest, reminding me that other days were yet coming. In studying this work I was reminded of Shakespeare's *Glendower* when he says, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep." These grand discoveries in science only prove to us that there are wonders all about us which only infinity can fathom. But we can still continue to learn, to wonder and adore. One morning while in Columbus there came to the house an uncle from a distance, in company with two strangers. I was very shy and diffident and no one thought of giving me a formal introduction to the strangers. But I conversed with my uncle and often found one of the strangers watching me intently. This uncle was unmarried and quite a beau among the ladies. At last the stranger said to my uncle, "Come, Butler, suppose we go and call on Miss C. I promised if I ever came here to call upon her." "All right," said uncle, where is my hat?" So off they started. It was a long walk, but very shortly after they returned. As they came in uncle seemed quite out of patience. "Now, Foster," said he, "I hope you are satisfied. After calling on that lady just to please you, you would not stay long enough to pay for the trouble of going." He made some laughing reply, and they shortly after left for their home. The stranger, however, seemed to linger at the door, whither I went to say good-by, and kept looking back as far as I could see him. I, however, soon forgot this little incident.

On that same day my father came, bringing with him a brother of mine. He had just returned from a trip to Kentucky, having taken him there for his health. He had been ailing for some time with chronic rheumatism. When about twelve years of age he learned to skate. One bitter cold day he remained too long on the ice and became chilled through. The next morning he complained of a stiffness on one side of his neck and finally grew so much worse that it

was difficult for him to rest in any position either day or night. Father consulted a physician immediately, but he finally expressed the opinion that medical prescriptions were useless. He recommended an entire change of scene. This would lead him to forget himself and thus gradually bring every part of the system into action. Accordingly father decided upon this journey. Every means was resorted to in order to alleviate his suffering. He was allowed to run about and exercise as he pleased, and rest whenever he felt disposed. Father greatly appreciated the kindness of these friends, who did so much for his relief, as they were not relatives. After a time he grew better, though still weak. At last he became tired and said he wished to go home to his mother. From that time he began to improve and finally recovered. Of six brothers, he is today the only one living. I had scarcely finished my visit, but returned with my father and brother, as mother was at that time in poor health. We were very shortly after obliged to move into another part of the village. I was now very well and insisted that mother should take the little ones and go to spend the day with Cousin Juliet while I and the young girl living with us would attend to the moving. "Mother," said I, "you need give yourself no uneasiness. I know we can do it all, and have your rocking chair and tea all ready when you come home this evening." The young girl was about my age, but I soon found she cared more about chatting with the young man who was helping to move the furniture than she did about helping me. She busied herself riding back and forth in the wagon most of the afternoon. I now concluded to take good Dr. Franklin's advice, "Help yourself, and heaven will help you," forgetting that Nature could not be overtaxed without resenting the abuse. I was so ambitious to show mother how industrious I had been, and to have all ready for her when she came, that I moved the furniture about as though I were made of iron. Finally, in lifting a bag of flour, I became suddenly dizzy and came near fainting away. Indeed the result of this overwork was, that during all the rest of that summer, I was pale, thin, and almost helpless.

In the meantime, the same young gentleman, the stranger who

noticed me so intensely at my Aunt Parrish's had returned to the town of Lancaster and was living with my uncle there. As I had never made any lengthy visit to this aunt I had not, of course, ever met him. When at Columbus he said he intended going to Cleveland, having bidden good-bye to my uncle and aunt though he had been living with them some four years. But it appeared that a sight of me had changed all his plans. He went back to Lancaster, and told them he had concluded to remain with them. Soon after he spoke to my aunt about me, and begged her to give him some little present as a commission, in order to have an excuse for paying me a visit. She gave him a beautiful sash of scarlet watered ribbon, shaded with white. And also a silk lace Bertha to wear around my neck. Armed with these presents he came over to our village. He went into the store of my cousin Juliet's husband, Mr. Rogers. There he found my young brother Douglas, who was at that time a clerk in the store, and soon ventured to ask Mr. Rogers if he would be kind enough to allow my brother to go with him to see his sister and do the errand given him by my aunt. "No," said Mr. Rogers, "I can not possibly spare him even for one-half hour. You see the store is full of customers. Leave your message with him, and as you say you will be obliged to return today, he will take it over this evening, that is the best I can do for you." He went home most sadly disappointed. Our physician now advised mother to send me from home, as the change might benefit me. Aunt King hearing of my delicate health had sent an urgent invitation for me to come and stay with her until I should be restored. In the meantime I had in some way received an invitation that the stranger was by no means averse to me, and I rather dreaded accepting the invitation on that account. But finally went. It was dinner time when I arrived, and I found him at the house watching for me, and looking very happy. He remarked that he had heard of my ill health, but was glad to see me looking better than he expected. "Now," thought I to my self, "I will wait after this until the clerks are gone, before going down to my meals, then I shall miss seeing him." So I did, until the dinner hour of next day when going in I found William seated there. My aunt said to him, "Why, William, what keeps you

here so long?" "Well," said he, "I have been waiting for my dessert," nodding his head toward me. I mean to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Belinda before I go back to the store." I soon found it of no use for me to wait. "Face the music" I must. With William it was only a question of time. My aunt having found that I had never made a fine shirt by myself told me that she thought my education quite deficient, and as her son was in need of some, set me to work. Accordingly I was very busy all the week, and glad to rest when Sunday came, more especially as I had found an entertaining book to read. But inasmuch as William made himself at home all over the house I found some difficulty in selecting a spot where I would not be disturbed. At last I opened the large dining room door, and planted myself behind it. Secure as I thought from all intruders. Soon after I heard some one going up stairs and down in all directions over the house. I well knew the springing footstep, and that William was eagerly looking for me. Finally I heard him say to my aunt, "Do you know where Belinda is? I have been looking everywhere for her." "Certainly, she must be in the house," said aunt, "as this is Sunday. Look about. She is hidden somewhere with a book I expect." All at once he thought of this door, and suddenly threw it back exclaiming "There, I have found you at last." I jumped up saying "Is it possible that even Sunday is not safe from your intrusion?" Looking at me for a moment he said: "Doubtless I was wrong, forgive me and I will offend no more." And quickly turning on his heel he left me. I went to the window, and looking out saw him hastily striding down the street. But his anger was of short duration for love can not long cherish animosity.

I went out almost every evening with the young gentlemen and ladies of the village, and received considerable attention. There were two gentlemen, however, who came more especially to see me, William Foster and a Mr. K. One evening as the clock struck ten, Mr. K. turned to William saying, "Well, the hour has come when politeness bids us retire." "Very well," said William, "you can go if you wish, but I am not yet ready." When Mr. K. left William said, "Now, Belinda, do you know I have half a mind to poison him with some of his own drugs.

He has no business here, and I intend to come every time he does, and be the last to go home." Next day Mr. K. sought an opportunity to explain to my uncle his intentions with regard to me, intimating that William Foster was endeavoring to supplant him. "I have the means" said he "to make your niece comfortable while he has not." "Well," said my uncle, "I can soon settle that difficulty. I will ask Belinda which she prefers. She shall decide the question for herself. I will ask her this very day, and tell you her answer." That evening my uncle said to me: "I have a question to ask you, and I wish you to answer me truly." I looked at him, wondering why he looked so grave. "Well now," he said, "which gentleman do you prefer, Mr. Foster or Mr. K? "Uncle," I said, "I respect them both." "Now," said he, "that won't do. I must have a decided answer. Mr. K. is a druggist in good business, in fact is what the world calls rich, and I believe him to be a Christian. William Foster has nothing. Which do you love the best?" "Well, uncle," I said, "I prefer William Foster." "All right," said my uncle, "I have now done my duty. You have chosen the man poor in this worlds goods, but if you think you can be happier with him I have nothing to say."

William came that evening to plead his own cause. I told him I knew there were others he could easily find, who could help him to begin the world better than I. "No," said he, "while I have these hands I ask nothing from anyone. What is money without love?" I reminded him of the old Proverb, "When want comes in at the door, love flies out of the window," but all in vain. "While I live," said he, "I can take good care of you, and I see that you are not strong enough to work hard." I then said that whoever chose me must be a Christian, for I knew myself to be a poor sinner, standing in daily need of help to do right, and not only that but I wanted one who should not only walk this short life with me, but continue with me in that life which knows no ending. "I intend to be a Christian," he said. Oh fatal delusions of too many tempted souls, putting off until 'a more convenient season,' what should be done today! "I want to be honest with you Belinda," he said, "and will tell you where I fail. I am naturally quick tempered and hasty. You are different

from me in this respect. Now promise to tell me whenever I so offend. I have been an orphan for many years with none to tell me of my faults or take an interest in my welfare. With your love and guidance I shall be blest indeed." Soon after this I went home, but spent some months previous to our marriage with my Aunt Mary Douglas getting ready for the happy event, returning home in the fall. My cousin Juliet, whom I so fondly loved, asked me one day if he to whom I had promised my hand and heart was a Christian? "No," I told her, "but he has promised to be one." "My dear cousin," she said, "I can not tell you how greatly I fear for your happiness." She wrote me a loving note, which she handed me on the morning of my marriage, containing her kindest wishes and advice. And inasmuch as my father's house was small she now insisted upon giving me the wedding party. She said, "Your mother has always been a second mother to me, and I am rejoiced if I can save her any trouble." My Uncle Butler of whom I have before spoken, was now engaged to a beautiful young lady who had been visiting in our town for some time. This young lady was my bridesmaid and my uncle the groomsman. About thirty particular friends were invited and all went off pleasantly. I am now the only one of that bridal party of four who stood together who are still living. Father, mother and two brothers have long since entered the land of the blest. Little did I dream that evening that in the noble form of my beloved husband, there even then lurked that insidious and fatal disease, consumption.

Our wedding trip was short, only twenty-five miles distant to the capital of the State, Columbus. Southeast of there was to be our future home, in the town of Lancaster. While at Columbus we visited all the places of interest, the State prison and different asylums. Since that day, Ohio has built one of the finest prisons in the land and the asylum buildings will compare favorably with those of any other State. After reaching our new home in Lancaster I was very busy preparing for housekeeping. And these were some of the happiest days my life has ever known. In the devoted love of a kind husband, a reasonable measure of worldly prosperity, and both of us willing and anxious to assist my own family to the extent of

our ability, life seemed a joyous thing to our experience and anticipations.

About four months after my marriage, my husband made me a present of a beautiful saddle, that I might go on horse back into the country. He had bought a small farm which had on it a good substantial log-house. It was about two miles from town near a hill called Mount Pleasant. He had bought this that his step-father and four step-brothers with their sister Nannie, might have a home. He had but one own sister, Sarah, older than himself, who was at this time staying with them. This sister had left Pennsylvania after the death of their mother and come out to Ohio in company with a widowed aunt who was as kind as a mother. Her step-father wrote Sarah that he wished her to come on and live with him, but the aunt insisted on coming too in order to see how she would like the new home, intending, unless she was thoroughly satisfied, to take her back again with her. The summer before I was married, while my husband was East buying goods this aunt was taken very ill and died suddenly. Sarah said it grieved her deeply that her aunt must come here for her sake, and then die amid strangers. Soon after I went to see them and on hearing about this, and other family matters I passed a very pleasant day with my newly found relatives. Nannie, the step-sister, was only about fifteen, not only beautiful in person, but lovely in character. When evening came Sarah said, "Now I will take one of the horses and go with you, as you say you do not expect William can come for you." In putting on my new saddle the girls found it difficult to draw it very tightly, and the boys were not about at the time. My husband had placed on my feet a new pair of carpet shoes, and putting on my cloak Sarah fastened my feet in the stirrups and thus we started. It was near Christmas time and the weather very cold. When we had gone a little distance we met my husband coming for me. "Why did you come?" asked Sarah. "Well," he said, "I knew the saddle was a new one and I was fearful you could not draw it tight enough. I had better see to that now." Oh, no," said Sarah, "it is all right." Hardly had she said this when the saddle suddenly turned and threw me with great force upon the frozen ground, my feet still remaining fas-

tened in the stirrups. My husband quickly picked me up and they carried me home, where I was for a long time sick and helpless. Indeed I was not able to get about much before spring. Then I thoughtlessly went out to help the gardener plant seeds, wearing thin shoes, and was quite sick again. During all this time my husband was very kind, waiting on me and nursing me tenderly, often saying to me that these were the happiest days he had ever known.

Soon after this he commenced the superintending of a large warehouse for a tobacco factory and was away from home much of the time. While the carpenters were putting it up he often lent a helping hand, so anxious was he to see the work progress. One day he came home and said to me, "Belinda, I do not know but I have strained myself lifting, for my breast pains me so much." We were out in the yard at the time and as he said this he coughed up a little blood and turned away quickly to hide it. But although I said nothing to him, I had seen it. Next morning he went away early, to be gone all day. My heart was full of sorrow and sad forebodings of the future and I wept myself sick. He came home sooner than I expected and saw that my eyes were swollen. When he insisted on knowing the cause I told him my fears and he made light of them, assuring me that the cough would soon pass away. But I could not be so easily pacified and could only fervently pray for his restoration. Soon after he was obliged to go East for goods and I went home to visit my mother. When I returned I persuaded her to let me bring with me my youngest sister for company until my husband came home. So with many charges she gave her into my hands, telling me that should any misfortune befall her she would feel as did Jacob of old, "If I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved." Some few days after Lucy, my sister, came and asked if she might go with Maggie, the girl, to prayer meeting. Being engaged in something, I told her I would see about it. She went on about her play, as I thought, but some time after I went to call her for bed and could find nothing of her. I concluded she must have gone with Maggie, but about nine o'clock Maggie came in and asked, "Where is Lucy?" She said she had not seen her. Words can not describe my distress. I sent for the neighbors. Some went toward the creek and others in

different directions, but without success. A neighbor's daughter said she saw her going up the hill to church. I was almost wild with grief, and my husband away. Finally Maggie went for the sexton and he went with her to the church. Sure enough, there was Lucy lying on a bench in the back part of the church, fast asleep. When she came home I said, "Oh, Lucy, what made you do so?" She said, "When mother says she will see about it she always means to let me go." I watched her well after this and as soon as William came I took her home and said to mother, "There, take your treasure."

One beautiful morning in the latter part of April I went up street to see my Aunt King. When I came to the door to start home I noticed by the appearance of the clouds that a storm was coming on. Aunt tried to prevail on me to wait, but something important was to be done at home and I was sure I could reach there in time. However, I failed to do so and reached home quite wet through. The next day I was taken with a chill and soon after typhoid fever set in. For nearly three weeks I was very ill, most of the time unconscious. My mother came, and as she was one day bathing my hands my wedding ring slipped from my wasted finger. Mother said aloud, not thinking that I would notice it, "I will put this away for William when poor Belinda is gone." I started up, saying, "What is that?" opening my eyes wide and looking at mother, whose face was red with weeping. "Yes, my daughter," she said, "we fear unless you are better very soon you must leave us." "Oh, no," said I, "I can never leave William." Little did I know how many weary years I was destined to live without my dear husband. Sarah, my husband's sister, came and watched day and night by my bedside. One day I felt as though my time came, and begged her to pray with me, repeating to her lines of Blair:

"In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain; how wistfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers;
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh, might she stay to fit her for her passage."

Sarah tried to quiet me, but in vain. Then mother sent for the good clergyman who married us, to pray with me until I became once more composed. Finally with the blessing of heaven and good nursing I began slowly to recover. When Sarah, who had watched and tended me so faithfully, saw that there was hope, she laughed for joy as she bathed my feet. "Why, Sarah," I said, "you remind me of Mary, who washed the Saviour's feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head." "Oh, yes," she said, "I am so rejoiced that you are spared, for you see I have none of my own to love but William and yourself.

As I grew better my anxiety for my husband increased. By my persuasion he began the reading of the New Testament daily and seemed to think much of those things. The time of year now came around when he must again go East for goods. My heart was torn with doubts and fears, but I strove to busy myself about my house while he was gone. It was in the month of February when he returned. While crossing the Alleghany mountains, the coach being full inside he rode on the top of the coach. A storm of sleet came on and he was exposed to the weather. When he reached home he could only speak in a whisper and was sick for two weeks with pneumonia. After this he failed in health and indeed was hardly able to get about all summer. He tried to arrange his business, but I begged him to go with me on the little farm, hoping that rest and freedom from care would eventually restore him. He at last consented, superintending, while there, the building of a steam sawmill. There was a lovely spring of water at the foot of the hill near the house, and here they built a nice log springhouse. There were shelves on each side for pies, and a large stone trough in which they placed their butter and milk, with various conveniences for churning. The spring was deep and cold. The sand at the bottom was white, and you could look down into the blue depths of the spring and see the water as it bubbled up over the snowy sand, renewing itself continually. I never knew the spring to be frozen over, even in the coldest day of winter. We remained there through the fall, and that year the first frost was unusually late in coming. The woods were indeed gorgeous during the Indian summer. I shall never forget the surpassing beauty of those happy days. But though the season

was so mild, and the fading of the summer days almost imperceptible, my husband's health continued gradually but surely to fail. I tried to hope against hope, and believe that he would yet be restored to me, but alas! death was slowly claiming him for his own.

As winter approached I realized the necessity of our going back to town in order to give him the comforts he required. He grew more feeble and anxious every day. We left our pleasant summer home and settled ourselves in town. One day, having been out on some errand, and drawing near the house, I heard his voice praying earnestly. Coming to his bedside, I said, "Jesus has promised to help and comfort all who are weary and heavy laden." "But," he said, "do you think he will pardon my ingratitude and forgetfulness of him all these many years?" I brought the Testament and read to him these words: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Soon after this our little boy was given us. Oh, how grateful were we for this gift. William said, "Now if I could only live to help you rear him how happy might we be." It was a bitter cold winter and my nurse was taken suddenly ill. She was obliged to leave me with only a little girl to care for me. One night the weather became even more intensely cold and my dear little babe was taken with something like croup. I was frightened and, calling Julia, told her to warm some water quickly and get the bathtub. Jumping from the bed, I placed my baby in the water, rubbing him well with flannel cloths. I thought not of the danger to myself, but had barely gotten back into bed before I was taken with a chill, followed by a burning fever. My babe grew worse. We sent for my aunt, who came and stayed with me. I said to her, "How often has mother told me that none but a mother can know the depth of the love so mysteriously given. Now I understand it all." My husband was lying on his couch looking at the little sufferer when suddenly the baby was taken with a spasm. William was so troubled that he sobbed aloud. After awhile, when the babe seemed better, my aunt came to me and said they thought, on my husband's account, they had better take it home with them and there nurse it. I consented, hard as it was for me to part with it.

That night about one o'clock it died. She came next morning early to tell us our treasure had gone to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Oh, how I begged to see it once more, but they said that both myself and husband were too weak to bear the excitement and so we must be resigned. "Now," William said, "I have but one more tie to bind me to this earth. When I go I leave you in His hands Who has promised never to 'leave or forsake those who trust in Him'."

The spring came on with its occasional warm and sultry days, adding to his weakness. It was now about eight weeks since we had buried our baby. One morning he called me to him and said, "Belinda, before many days I shall go home." I burst into tears, sobbing as though my heart would break. He said, "If you love me, try and bear up under it. I can not talk to you when I see your grief." I sat with him that night until late, when he begged me to lie down and rest. He appeared so urgent that I turned to go. But he called me back, saying, "How can I say good-by?" Then, placing his hand on my head, he added, "We need not say good-by, for at the longest it will be but a little while before we meet there" (pointing upward). "Now go, but come the moment I call for you." The watchers came in for the night and I threw myself on a couch to be ready when he should call. They left at four o'clock, but I was so worn out I did not know when they went. About five he called me: "Come quick, Belinda." I was there in a moment. "Open the Prayer Book," he said, "and read what I asked of you the other day to read in my last hour." I found the place he had already marked, and read, he repeating it after me. It was this: "Oh, Lord, most holy; Oh, God, most mighty; Oh, holy and merciful Savior, thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee." I held up his arms toward heaven, while the great drops of perspiration stood on his brow. The last words that fell from his lips were "Wash me, dear Jesus, wash me in Thy precious blood." Had any one told me I could ever have passed through such an hour of anguish I should have said, "Never, never." All that day and the next I suffered more than tongue can tell, yet was unable to shed a single tear, and not until we carried my husband to

his last resting place and I beheld the spot where lay the form of my darling babe beside the newly prepared grave, could I weep. Then the long-pent grief came in floods to relieve my burdened heart, a blessed change. My only thought was, "Oh, that there was a place ready for me, too, beside my loved ones." Had I been a heathen how gladly would I have laid myself there. In this hour of crushing grief I could only pray, "Great Healer of Souls, help thou me, for vain is the comfort of earthly friends." But I had still my parents left to me, and in a few days, after all was settled, I left the scene where I had been so happy in my wealth of earthly love and went sadly back to make my future home with them. When I reached there I found a message urgently awaiting me to go down and stay for a time with my Aunt Douglas. My uncle was absent from home much of the time on business, and aunt, being lonely, thought it would be well for me to come and rest with her. Only the summer previous had William visited with me there, and we had looked forward to a long and prosperous future. Now all was changed and I must henceforth walk life's weary way alone. It was indeed agony to my wounded spirit. I went, however, and remained for a time. One day I said to her, "Aunt, I must go from here. Every spot recalls my beloved husband. I must go and seek some occupation to fill my thoughts and busy my hands." She seemed surprised and said, "Is there anything I can give or do for you?" "No, no," I said, "you can never know my utter desolation and loneliness unless you should one day be called to pass through the same deep waters. From you I have received infinite kindness and love, for which I am truly grateful, but now I must leave you." She saw for herself the true state of the case and said no more. In a few days after I left for home. In the meantime a school for young ladies was about to be opened there by an accomplished teacher from the East. An assistant was needed in the primary department. My application for the position was accepted and thus in the care and instruction of these little ones my mind found the employment it so greatly needed, while the transfer of some portion of my lost affections made me measurably happy and contented.

I have before mentioned something of my brother next younger than myself, at this time clerking for my cousin's hus-

band, Mr. Rogers. When but eleven years old he was obliged to go to work. Father, being a man of scholarly tastes, had little of the domestic in his composition. Caring greatly for books, he thought but little of the practical, and thus his family were often needy, sometimes even pinched for the comforts of life; so that this brother, being the eldest son, was early forced to do for both his mother and himself. He was at first placed with a merchant in the town who had no children of his own and therefore had little sympathy for the young. He proved, indeed, a hard master. My brother was a slender boy and growing rapidly, but he required him to be a boy of all work—in the store, in the house, in the stable, indeed everywhere, he pressed him far beyond either ability or strength. One morning when my mother rose she saw Douglas sitting on the topmost rail of the back fence. Going down to speak with him, she found he had left his place, never, as he declared, to return; it was too much for flesh and blood to bear. Mother talked long with him, using every possible argument, telling him how she depended on his exertions, and encouraging him to think that something better would ere long occur to brighten his path. But he was obdurate and unyielding. Finally her tears began to fall. Without a word he got down from the fence, turned and ran as swiftly as a deer back to his hated employer and post. What self refused to do, a mother's all-prevailing tears accomplished. My husband had ever been strongly attached to Douglas. Just before he died he left him as a remembrance his handsome gold shirt pin and velvet vest to recompense him for many little acts of kindness. Shortly after this my cousin's husband took him into his employ, where he remained for many years, and finally was made partner in the establishment.

The cousin Juliet, whom my mother brought to Ohio, and with whom my brother now lived, had always been in delicate health, but was ever ready to befriend our family in every way possible, although not always able to do what she would, as her husband was a man of the world and devoted to the acquisition of money. He was many years older than she and while uniformly kind was in some points rather unyielding and peculiar. My sister next younger was now about fourteen and backward of her age. My cousin advised sending her away to boarding

school, and as I found I could secure a situation as teacher of a seminary in the northern part of the State, I decided to go and take her with me. We remained there some time until my sister's health failed and I was advised to bring her home. Shortly after I went to spend the day with my cousin. I found her resting on the lounge, looking pale and sick. Upon inquiry she told me that she thought she had taken a heavy cold from helping the girl bring in some wet clothes. The following day a fever set in, which increased slowly but surely. She would fall into a stupor, from which she would rouse at times, and her mind appear as clear as when in health. In these lucid intervals she would converse very earnestly with her friends about her. For every one she seemed to have some special and appropriate message pointing them to that brighter world for which this is but the preparation. Finally her summons came and she was transported from earth to heaven, leaving her husband with two precious children deprived of her love and tender care. Her husband survived for many years, finally marrying a young sister of his wife and passing through many and varied sorrows, among which was the loss of the earthly possessions for which he had toiled so faithfully.

Our family afflictions seemed just about this period to be especially multiplied. The husband of my Aunt Parrish living in Columbus, was, as I have said, also a lawyer, doing a flourishing business. He was an inveterate tobacco chewer and formed a habit of keeping the weed constantly in one corner of his mouth. Finally a sore made its appearance just outside of his lower lip which became a constant source of irritation. He consulted a physician, who said it was possible that the tobacco had contained some slow poison which had produced this trouble. He abandoned the use of it, but it was now too late to remedy the evil. In about a year it proved to be a malignant form of cancer, spreading rapidly. The best medical advisers of the East were consulted, but without avail. They used the most severe outward applications and the most scientific remedies known, but all to no purpose. He had always been extremely careful and proud of his personal appearance, and his mortification was now so great that he refused to see his nearest friends. My aunt nursed him most faithfully, scarcely leaving him for an hour.

He was unable to eat without the greatest difficulty, and wasted away to a skeleton. Poor man! He had nothing to comfort him except the pleasures of this present world. His wife strove to point his restless and agonized spirit to Him who died for sinners, but his mind was dark and wild, while pain of body was too great to permit any concentration of his mental powers. And thus he finally passed away. He was a man of talent and fine worldly address, a kind husband and father, but, alas, not a Christian.

She had a son now grown, and already admitted to the bar, but very shortly after he, too, died very suddenly, leaving her lonely and desolate indeed. Her remaining children, however, strove to render her last days comfortable and she lived for many years solaced by their affectionate ministrations.

About this time my Uncle King of the town of Lancaster, the same who held my precious boy when he died, was taken with something resembling dropsy. They went with him to consult some distinguished physician in Cincinnati, stopping for a few days with my Aunt Douglas. They also remained there for a time on their return, taking home with them for a visit her second son, Albert, now verging upon manhood, or, rather, in his teens.

In the meantime one of my Aunt Mary's neighbors died, leaving her little family to be scattered. Her husband was a brother lawyer and an intimate friend of my uncle's. They sympathized with him deeply and my aunt finally invited the eldest daughter, Annie, now about twelve years of age, to make her home with them until her father could make arrangements to send her East to school. Uncle King seeming to improve as they moved about, they went to take Albert home, remaining again for a few days. Annie was now quite at home with my aunt, who devoted much of her time to her care and amusement. But in my aunt's desire to minister to the comfort of this invalid uncle Annie was for the time almost forgotten. All the loneliness of her motherless condition rushed upon her afresh. There was a shelter between the washhouse and kitchen, to which she quickly fled, and there, hidden, as she imagined, she gave vent to her grief in sobs and tears. Suddenly some one clasped her around the waist and said, "Oh, Annie, what is the matter?" "I am all alone," she said; "no one cares for me, no one loves

me now." "Yes, Annie," Albert said (for it was he, then a boy about thirteen years of age), "I care for you and love you, too." "No," said she, "you shall not love me; I don't want your love." "Well," he said, "you can not prevent it; I mean to love you always whether you care to have me or not." Shortly after she went away for several years to an Eastern seminary, but they never forgot each other. While I was with my aunt at one time Annie had just returned from school. Albert had also been absent in Kentucky for some time, but came home and that evening was invited with a party of young people to meet the newcomer. The next morning I inquired how he had enjoyed the evening. "Oh, excellent," he answered; "I saw there an angel—yes, cousin, a veritable angel." "But, Albert," said I, "we have now none but fallen angels, remember." "Well now, cousin," he said, "I don't know about that." I then inquired the color of the dress she wore. "White, faultless white," he said, "with short sleeves, hair black as the raven's wing, brilliant eyes to match, and smiling ruby lips." "Well, Albert," said I, "you will win a treasure if she proves as lovely in mind and disposition as you seem to think her in person." "Oh, but," said he, "she once told me she did not want my love." "Now mind you," said I, "you remember the old adage, 'faint heart never won fair lady'." He persevered and won the angel of his affections, and if I may judge aright, although many years have passed, yet in his eyes she is an angel still.

My Uncle King living in the village of Lancaster, had an elder brother who had made considerable money by trading with the Indians at an early day. He was a sharp business man and my uncle was for many years his partner in the mercantile business, accumulating with him quite a fortune. He, however, remained a confirmed old bachelor. Both were portly, fine-looking men. But this brother had an ungovernable temper when fairly roused. One day when something greatly displeased him he became furious, using the most terrible oaths. In the very midst of his blasphemies he was suddenly stricken with paralysis. Although he afterward partially recovered, he never spoke again. His tongue was entirely palsied. Did this happen by chance? My uncle waited upon him for many years, and had he been his own son could not have been more affectionate, watchful or patient.

In this sad way he lived for fourteen years, dying only a short time before my uncle. This was indeed a mercy, as, being very headstrong and peculiar, no one else probably could have managed him. After my uncle had been down to Cincinnati to consult a physician they endeavored by his advice to keep him from any fatigue or excitement of body or mind, fearing dropsy would attack the heart. And for about two years he appeared nearly the same in health. Finally there was a suit in court in which it was absolutely necessary for him to appear and give his testimony. He seemed in no way excited, but after returning home seated himself to rest. My aunt, being busy, forgot him for a time and on sending the servant to look after him she found him sitting upright, looking as though asleep, but he had calmly passed away. He was a man of noble and generous character, humane and charitable to the poor, devoted to his family, taking an interest in the welfare of all who came under his roof. Indeed, he was universally beloved by all who knew him. I was at this period still engaged in teaching in our village. One day my husband's brother Reuben came over in great haste, inviting me to return to Lancaster with him, as his twin brother, Nathaniel, was very ill, having the same disease of which my husband died—consumption. After the death of William the farm had been sold, and the two brothers had rented a small house in town for their father and Nannie to live with them. Reuben was a good scribe and found employment in that way, while Nathaniel drove the coach between there and Zanesville. But the winter was severe and his exposure brought on trouble of the lungs. He had been ailing for some time, but as they knew I was engaged in teaching they had not sent me any word of his sickness. He kept growing weaker every day and finally asked them to send for me. Reuben said, as we rode over, "Belinda, you don't know how anxiously he has spoken of you, speaking especially of how often you have counseled him to seek an interest in the Saviour while yet in health. This morning I started for you before daylight to satisfy him." We arrived at their little home about four o'clock that afternoon. When I went in I found the kind neighbors about him and he propped up on pillows awaiting me. He looked pale, but his countenance beamed with joy as he saw me. "Oh, Belinda," he said, "how

I prayed to be spared to see your dear face once more." The excitement appeared for a time to rouse him. He seemed so bright that I told him he must surely be better. "No," he said, "in body failing, but in spirit happy. I could not rest until I told you of my struggles and prayers. Jesus has heard my earnest petitions and now I can not describe to you my peace and joy." Nannie was overcome with sorrow and his old father groaned aloud. Reuben bathed his fevered hands and brow while Nathaniel went on to tell me, in his weakness, how kind a brother Reuben had always been. "I am only sorry," said he, "that I took no better care of myself and have made them all so much trouble." "I said "Nannie, had you not better rest and try to fall asleep?" It was now nearly one o'clock and he closed his eyes and soon seemed to rest calmly. I was seated by his bedside and Reuben also. Finally, after some time, Reuben turned and looked at me, then placing his ear close to his face, he said, "He has gone home." I was amazed, but it was indeed so. He had fallen asleep in Jesus. Reuben, who had until now controlled his grief, fearful of disturbing his dearly loved brother, gave full vent to his feelings. The family gathered around him. I could not help exclaiming, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." After the funeral I returned home and went on with my school. Teaching was our Saviour's vocation while on earth and has ever been to me a source of the purest pleasure. It has diverted my mind from my own sorrows, and has, I humbly trust, been of some good to others.

During my vacations I sometimes went over to the village of Lancaster to visit my Aunt King and a cousin now married and living there. Soon after Nathaniel's death Nannie died and only a few months after Reuben also, leaving the old stepfather quite alone. While there for a few days some one came with a message that the old man had been stricken with palsy, and, having no children to care for him, had been taken out to the Infirmary. My cousin, at my urgent request, procured a carriage and we went out to visit him. It was situated some seven miles in the country and was nicely kept. The gentleman and wife who had taken charge of it were well known to me in former days, and

I was thankful for the assurance I felt that my old friend would be kindly looked after. When I arrived they led me into his sick room. All was neat and comfortable. I went to the bedside and said, "Grandfather, do you know me?" "Oh, yes, Belinda," he said, "how could I forget you?" But his next exclamation was "Take me away from here. This is the poorhouse. Don't you know that?" He had come from Ireland and had a perfect horror of poorhouses as they were kept in his native land. I told him I had talked with the physician and he said he must not be moved, or it might be the cause of his death, and perhaps if properly nursed and cared for there he might yet live for many years. "Be patient," I said, "and as soon as you are able you shall be moved. This is a good physician here. Mr. and Mrs. M. are excellent people and have promised to give you the best of care." But he continued to talk wildly about the poorhouse. "Grandpa," I said, "do you remember that our Saviour was born in a stable? Are you or I any better than He?" But he only gave vent to a flood of tears, his mind being evidently weakened by disease. I told them I would watch with him that night, but they thought that possibly he was already excited by seeing me and that rest and quiet would calm him down. The physician said it was doubtful whether he lived over the night unless he was quieted, so I left the poor old man. Next morning I went out early, but sure enough he had died during the night. And thus the whole family, one after another, had gone to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

My brother Douglas had now saved sufficient money to purchase a small cottage for his parents. From my income as a teacher I managed to help him paint and modernize it, placing a neat lattice work around the little porch in front, thus adding greatly to our comfort and happiness. Mother planted some choice flowers with morning glories and nasturtiums about the lattice, which grew most luxuriantly, helping to shade the porch during the heat of the day and looking very lovely as we sat there at evening. That spring and summer I was quite happy teaching a number of young ladies, often going with them into the woods to search for flowers, which we copied from nature with the pencil.

Next door to our little cottage came to live a German family,

fresh from their native land. They could talk but little English. One of the brothers invested his few dollars in a grocery and thus they strove to earn their frugal living. The father and mother were aged, but still active and healthy. The old gentleman was quite spry moving about the shop. All the boys in the neighborhood would watch when the son Fred went down street and then make grandfather a visit, as he never failed to give each one a stick of candy at such times. He loved children and delighted in thus gratifying them. Often in the morning I raised the parlor window, which looked into their yard, and saw the old grandmother with the little boy Carl on his knees beside her saying his morning prayer to our "Fader in Himmel." She kept beside her a little switch, to which she would sometimes resort if he failed in obedience. The grandfather almost always had a flower in his mouth, or in his buttonhole, occasionally looking at it with his kindly eyes or putting it to his nose to smell. The younger members of the family seemed to be in great fear lest the Americans would impose upon them. At one time Fred had been preparing their garden for the planting of seeds. My sister, who had been washing, carelessly threw her wash water out in such a way as to run into their garden and flow over the newly made bed, quite spoiling his labor. After a time I heard some very loud and excited talking, and going to the window saw Fred and Sophy take up a barrel of wash water which had been accumulated in their yard and, leaning the barrel over the fence, pour its contents into our garden, exclaiming with great apparent satisfaction, "Now see how you likes it." This expression afterward became quite a household word with us whenever we felt disposed to make any evil return to each other. This German family being, however, very careful and industrious, as well as honest, became finally good and valuable citizens.

We lived in this cottage for quite a long period when my brother for some reason sold it, and after a little time bought another and larger home. It was a new brick house, but situated on the farther edge of the village. Several families of colored people lived quite near. Nearly opposite in a comfortable little log cabin dwelt a colored family by the name of Decker. The old woman went by the familiar title of

"Aunt Phebe." They had three boys, Elijah, James and Daniel. Often in the long summer evenings, Aunt Phebe would seat herself near the door of the little hut, and there endeavor to instruct the children, by teaching them to repeat and sing her favorite hymns. She provided herself with a long switch, which would reach across the house, consisting of only one room, and with this in hand, she was ready to begin the good work. Often one of the boys, becoming restless, would attempt to slip out the back door, when a timely application of the rod in question, would quickly assist him to resume his seat near her on the floor. She would afterward sing the hymn they had been repeating, coming down upon the chorus with wonderful animation and emphasis. We, who were listeners from our own door, directly opposite, enjoyed these exercises immensely. Many a moonlight night would the whole family join in singing that familiar hymn "Whar now is de Hebrew Children" going through with the name of every Patriarch and prophet mentioned in Holy Writ, and coming down with delighted and soul stirring energy on the ending "Gone to de Promised Land." When anyone inquired of her the names of her sons, she would straighten up and with uncommon pride reply, "Wall now, I call de oldest (you Dan, stop your foolin dar, dis min nit, or I'll take my shoe and war you out). I call de oldest, Elijah, de prophet Decker. Den de next (you Jim, behave yourself dar) de next is James, de postle, Decker, and de youngest, and de smartest of all is Dannel in de lion's den, Decker. Dem are, as you see, de names of all my children, honey."

Her husband Uncle William Decker was a highly refined and educated colored gentleman in his own opinion. He delighted in high sounding words, managing to insert them in all his conversations with great satisfaction. Being called upon one day to move a stove for us he and his son placed it in the proper position and then standing back to survey it he said, "Dat, Lady, will now suffice, according to my supposition in de actual removing of dat piece of furniture." They had all the superstitious fears common to their race. One dark night on the 4th of July, there was a display of fireworks in the town, which looked quite grand in the darkness.

But to Aunt Phebe, they were indeed awful. In great haste she came running over to our house saying, "Oh honey, gist see. They are daring de Almighty to his very face, sending dat fire into de highest hebben. I speck he be so mad he burn us all up for de morning light." I tried to quiet her fears, by telling her there was no danger and she might go home and sleep in peace. "Well," she finally said, "I guess honey, I is a poor black niggah and don't know much." My youngest brother, now about thirteen, was like all boys of that age—full of mischievous devices. He would go up stairs and from the chamber window opposite her house, shoot small stones from a little pop-gun so that they would rattle like hail upon her roof, quickly concealing himself so that he could not be seen. "Aunt Phebe" would come out and look, then stooping down would collect the stones and carry them into the house. Thus he amused himself for days. They finally collected a meeting of their neighbors and described the terrible phenomena. Going over there on an errand she called me to look at the stones saying, "Honey, dey fell from de sky and we ponded some of em up, and they smelled jest like brimstone—You know de Bible tells us of signs and wonders before dis world shall be burned up. I guess de time is a drawing nigh." Finally my mischievous brother, having amused himself to his heart's content, let the poor ignorant creatures rest, and they recovered from their fright. When we removed to another house, I engaged old Aunt Phebe to scrub and clean the one we had left. Coming afterwards to look at the result of her labors, I said, "Well, now Aunt Phebe, this is the nicest job of cleaning I have seen for a long time." "Oh yes," she said, "plenty of good work in old Aunt Phebe yet, but everybody don't get it out of her. Now, Honey, don't you never forget dat." Some time after, hearing she was very sick, I went to see her and as I left asked her if she looked to Jesus. "Yes, honey," she said, "I's got no one else to look to—he knows I'se nothing but a poor black child anyway." After lingering some time the poor old soul died and the family was broken up and scattered.

This brother of whom I have spoken was a favorite with us all. His intellect was of the highest order and he had

naturally a noble disposition. He learned to read almost without an effort and his powers of memory were, like my father's, most marvelous. A knotty problem was to him simply pastime. And as a linguist he had few superiors. Always first in his class—both in academy and college, he was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those less gifted than himself. When only about fifteen there was a revival in the Presbyterian Church of our place, and George was among the converts. My eldest brother was an Elder in this church, and was of course highly gratified. In the prayer meetings held by the young men, George took an active part and every one loved to hear him pray or speak. My elder brother indulged the hope that he might enter the ministry and told him he would do all in his power to help him if such was his desire. To this end he sent him away to college. But there he met with companions who sneered and scoffed at religion and ere long he was led to think lightly of the faith he had so impulsively embraced, and abandon the intention once so earnestly formed. He wrote to my eldest brother of his change of desire and opinion, which of course greatly disappointed him. Cool and determined himself, and knowing from his own experience or temperament so little of the peculiarities which marked an opposite nature, he did not attempt persuasion or that lenience which might have succeeded in winning him back to the right—and the harshness he deemed it a duty to exhibit towards him, only drove him farther in the course he had entered upon. About this time the Mexican War broke out, and in a moment of rashness George enlisted, being persuaded to the step by some young friends who had been with him in college. My oldest brother was now married and the home broken up, so that mother had no longer a shelter of her own to offer him, and he was too proud spirited to ask aught of the brother who had virtually cast him off. Thus he went into the war. My mother mourned bitterly over it, for well she knew the temptations and besetments of army life. Here he fixed upon himself inevitably those habits which finally wrecked one of the noblest minds that God ever made. Naturally witty and attractive, brilliant, generous, kindly and free, he met the fate

of thousands of other young men in every age and clime, and yet in moments of sober thought he mourned bitterly over his own failings. How often have we heard him chant in his peculiar way, those pathetic lines of Robert Burns:

“Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman.
Tho’ they may gang a little wrong,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it.
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.
Who made the heart, ’tis He alone,
Decidedly can try us.
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias—
Then at the balance lets be mute.
We never can adjust it.
What’s done we partly may compute,
But know not what’s resisted.”

In the prime of his manhood he perished and with Infinite mercy we can but leave him rejoicing to believe what the Psalmist has told us “For he remembereth that we are dust.”

During all these years I was busy teaching, either at home or in the country, sometimes called away from my post by sickness in the family, or perhaps resting for a few weeks. During one of these vacations the General Convention of the Episcopal Church was held in the city of Cincinnati, and having received an urgent invitation from friends residing there I concluded to attend. It was indeed an occasion of great interest. Bishop Chase was present, now quite aged and venerable looking. He wore a black velvet cap on his head, and in delivering his address was obliged to sit, as he was now growing quite feeble. At the close of each day’s proceedings, the friends of the clergy and other strangers were courteously invited to the numberless places of interest and entertainment in the city. All the galleries of art were generously thrown open and many parties given by prominent citizens. As my Aunt Douglas was in the city I went to many of these in

company with her and enjoyed everything exceedingly. We also attended the State fair, then being held there. And altogether had a most delightful time. Our family were at this time living on Main street, in one of a row of brick houses. These were two stories high and had a basement kitchen. And base it proved in every sense of the word, for there I shall always think my mother laid the foundation for years of sickness, suffering and eventually death.

I now went again into the country to teach and found a pleasant home in the family of a Mr. R., a wealthy farmer living a few miles south of town. But shortly after mother was taken very ill and I was obliged to return home. This was in one of the great cholera years when all diseases partook of that type. She was dangerously ill and after nursing her night and day and seeing her on the way to recovery, I was taken down suddenly myself. In the meantime my brother George had returned from Mexico. Mother was sick in the little bedroom on the porch and I was lying in one of the rooms in the third story. George came upstairs to see me. "Belinda," said he, "this is even hotter than Mexico. You will die if you stay here." "Well," I said, "I have no where else to go." "Yes," he said, "we will make a cot for you in the parlor, and I will carry you down." "No," I said, "you could not carry me." "And why not," said he. "I have helped to carry many a poor fellow off the battle field, and if you will place your arms round my neck I can soon carry you." Accordingly he had the cot prepared and carried me down very carefully. After he had seen me all fixed to his satisfaction, he fairly danced about the room for joy. "Now," he said, "we will soon have you well." But each day I continued to grow worse, until my case was almost hopeless. A council of physicians was called and they told my parents there was little encouragement to give. "Well," said father, "then I must let her know the truth." So coming up and seating himself by my bedside he communicated to me their opinion, asking if I could be resigned. Weak as I was and scarcely able to speak I could only murmur, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I am not afraid to trust myself in his merciful hands." I then closed my eyes and breathed a silent prayer

that God might spare me to care for my aged parents. Father went out and told mother he believed I would yet recover. And so it proved, although many weary weeks rolled by before I was fairly convalescent. Many long nights did kind friends watch over and nurse me—some of whom I can never forget. My dear cousins were unremitting in their love and attention. Among other friends, was a former pupil, married and full of cares, but she left her home to come and stay with me for days. Her husband went into the woods for game of all kinds to prepare for me, and tempt my capricious appetite. For all these favors I can never cease to thank and bless them—one and all.

Mother, however, never recovered from that terrible summer. She became from that time a confirmed invalid. In those times, morphine was greatly used, and to quiet her pains the doctor had recourse to that, until finally the habit became so fixed that she could not live without it. My two younger brothers in the meantime had removed to Iowa, the one to practice medicine and the other law. Mother kept her room, and much of the time her bed also, requiring constant care. About this time my eldest brother was obliged to go to Cincinnati on business. He took with him his wife and children, inviting my youngest sister also to join the party. While there a young gentleman boarding at the hotel where they were stopping saw her and was greatly pleased with her. Shortly after their return he came to visit her. He was a young man of great moral worth, and good family. We were all favorably impressed and the result was an engagement which promised a truly happy union. Some time previous to this my dear Aunt Mary had buried her husband, he having been ill but a few days. Many happy years they had walked together and the separation was to her an unspeakable sorrow and irreparable loss. My eldest brother's business now called him again to the city. It was in the depth of an inclement winter. When he went from home, if only for a few days he always came to see his mother and say a parting word. She had been more feeble than usual and his tenderness and affection seemed to increase with her sufferings. He found her propped up in the bed with pillows that she might find rest. As he bade her goodbye, she said,

“Well, my son, you will go some time, and when you return, you will find your poor old mother gone.” “Well, mother,” he said, “If I were only as well prepared as you, I would be willing to go tomorrow.” He told her he felt even then most wretchedly, but hoped the journey and the physician he expected to see there would bring him all right again. And so with his usual affectionate farewell he left her. That night proved a stormy one and several times she waked me to speak of her anxiety for him and fears for his health.

In a few days a telegram came from Cincinnati to his wife requesting her to come down immediately as he was dangerously ill. The news affected my mother deeply and brought on a severe attack of her old complaint so that we feared for her life. She, however, rallied and then came a letter from my brother’s wife saying that he appeared easier but the physician gave her no hope. Indeed he said it was impossible for him to live more than a few days at farthest. Next came a letter from him, or rather written by her at his dictation, bidding farewell to every one of his family, and trusting to meet us all in a happier and better world.

The gentleman to whom my sister was engaged, with the son of my Cousin Juliet, now living in the city, nursed him faithfully, doing all in their power to relieve his sufferings. His disease was a complicated one, terminating, however, on the lungs. It was really consumption. Next came the sad news that they were about to bring his remains home. His work on earth was done and well done. A tender and affectionate son, a kind and generous brother, an indulgent husband, an earnest and faithful Christian, he had gone to receive his reward. My mother never looked upon his face again. She was so ill that it was thought unwise to excite her in any way, and she said she would rather remember him as she saw him when he bade her a last “goodbye,” for soon they would meet in a far serener clime. This was indeed a bitter cup given her to drink. For years he had been her earthly protection and stay—and now in her old age and declining health he had “gone before” to “That unknown and silent shore.” God only could comfort my poor bereaved mother—and He alone gave her strength to bear it.

The winter of his death proved unusually severe so that my Aunt Mary Douglas dared not venture to come up when Douglas was brought home. She wrote mother begging her to allow me to come down there as soon as possible as she was anxious to learn all the particulars concerning him. As mother appeared better I went, taking with me a small daguerreotype of my brother to give her. She had always greatly admired him and as he was named for her husband she often told mother she considered that he belonged partly to her. When I met her she spoke of him with trembling voice and tearful eyes. She pressed the picture to her lips while the tears streamed down her face. Soon to hide her grief she began talking over the interesting topics of the day. Woman's Rights was a subject very near her heart, and she looked forward hopefully to the day when the weaker sex, so-called, might be permitted to come forward and hold an equal place with those who have so long denied them their true privileges. After a short but pleasant visit I returned home to prepare for my sister's approaching marriage. New carpets were to be made and a general renovation and brightening up of the whole house to be gone through with. Aunt Douglas as well as Aunt King were expected to be present. My two brothers were still in Iowa. In our preparations for the wedding we strove to banish every appearance of sorrow and render all as joyous as possible. My sister had a class of young girls in the Sunday school, to whom she was greatly attached, and they were also to be present. I had, with my own hands, made father a new suit of clothes with which he was delighted. "Why Belinda," he said, "You made everything I have on, except my hat and shoes." The day before the wedding my sister asked father how old he thought she was. "About nineteen," he said. He would scarcely believe her when she told him she was twenty-four. The wedding passed off pleasantly. My aunts expressed themselves highly pleased with the gentleman who had won my sister and never did they have cause to alter their opinion.

After the ceremony they went East on their wedding trip, as all his relatives were living there. They returned in a few weeks and my sister told us with great delight of the



LUCY ATWATER BROWN

warm welcome she received. She met five brothers and three sisters, together with the aged mother and as her husband had not seen them for three years, the meeting was indeed a joyous one. The evening they arrived, one of the sisters, a fine musician, seated herself at the piano, while they all gathered round her. The first hymn chosen was a favorite one of their father's, now gone, and they had often united in singing it together. It was the old familiar hymn—

“When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies.”

By the time they had finished the first verse, one of them broke down and left the room in tears. Soon, one after another gave way and followed, until none were left but the performer alone at the instrument. They were truly a loving and affectionate family, devoted to each other and ready to make any and every sacrifice to prove their love.

Some months after this I took mother for a short stay at my aunt's, she appearing better and thinking that change of scene and surroundings might still more improve her. While on this visit I attempted to have her give up the morphine which had become so fixed a habit, but when these terrible neuralgic pains came on it seemed that nothing else would quiet them. The room she occupied at my aunt's was a very large chamber, with lofty ceilings and old fashioned windows. From a child, however, I had been accustomed to pull these windows up and down at pleasure never thinking of danger. One day I saw mother was in a profuse respiration and knowing it would never do to allow a draught to blow over her, I stepped up to the window to draw it down when suddenly a cord which moved the pulley gave way, and the window fell upon my wrist, shattering the glass and cutting a terrible gash in my arm. I ran down to find my Cousin Albert who had studied medicine and surgery. He at once bound it up, placing a large sticking plaster over the wound but it was many weeks before it healed, and has left a terrible scar even to this day.

I brought mother home soon after and as the railroad through our town had just been completed we carried her down to see the cars, telling her that when she was strong

enough she should go down upon them to visit my sister in Cincinnati. She was pleased with the thought but said she feared she would never be able to bear the fatigue of such a journey. Not long after we received a telegram from my brother-in-law, informing us that "Douglas A. Brown had arrived and that both mother and child were doing well." When some one jokingly asked my father how he came, he answered, "Well, doubtless he came like his Saviour before him, in a very lowly manner—barefooted." After awhile I went down to stay with my sister for a time as she was far from strong and inexperienced in the care of children. George was at that time in the city, having returned from Iowa—and not long after was taken sick with rheumatism and brought home where he lay helpless for nearly six months, tended by my sister who was still at home, while I waited upon mother. I had a very dear old friend in the town whom, whenever I was able to find time I went to see, as her good will and sympathy, as well as advice was never wanting. Mother spared me to go and see her about once a week. Then Mrs. K. would return the visit quite often as she knew how much my mother loved to hear her cheerful voice and kindly talk. Whenever I called there her first salutation was a hearty kiss and the next was to repeat the verse of the day from her Bible. She had one of those precious little books, a text for every day in the year. One New Year's day she made mother a present of one exactly like her own, and this I read every morning when mother was unable to read it for herself.

One morning when I called in on Mrs. K. I found her washing. "Now, I will not stay," I said, "for I will only hinder you." "No, indeed you will not. I was just wishing some one would come in for then I would sit down and rest. You don't suppose that I bow down and make an idol of my washboard do you?" she said, laughingly. "Conversing with those I love cheers me and fits me all the better for work." Directly here came a neighbor for some patches to mend her dress, shortly after another for some salve to dress a wound. Before I went home, she brought me some apples to roast for mother with some fine grapes and a little pitcher of cider.

Thus she was ever thinking how to add to the happiness of others. She was a member of the Church Sewing Society and was for many years appointed on every Thanksgiving day to disburse the offerings given to the poor. How often the needy blessed her for her kindness and care. Her health was generally excellent up to the day before her death. And with all she had her own peculiar trials. The loss of her only daughter and a son who was wanting in sense, with other trials, all gave her her full portion of the sorrow which falls to mortals here below. She often told me she was obliged to pray fervently for grace and strength. One day, meeting father on the sidewalk she said, "Oh grandfather, I wish you could have been at our prayer meeting last night. Gladly you would have rejoiced with us in the love of Jesus." When he came home he said, "I love to come in contact with such a spirit. She is a living epistle, known and read of all men." When the following winter came mother grew worse. A running sore made its appearance on one of her feet, doubtless from the effects of morphine. We were obliged to keep it poulticed day and night, and in order to allay the pain give her even heavier doses of the fatal drug. After suffering in this way for more than three months it healed. I now hoped she would get better as she began to walk about the room. She saw how pleased I appeared to be and said nothing to dampen my joy. But she herself knew full well she would never be any better and in a day or so after told me so. The day previous she had insisted on having my sister go down to Cincinnati, telling her to remain a few days and then bring my married sister home with her. She gave me when we were left alone, a number of little commissions to execute. My youngest sister had a short time before sent her a purple chintz dress which I had made for her. This she wore the last day she ever set up. She said, "This, Amelia, may have to make her a quilt." I said, "Oh mother don't talk so, you are better than you have been for weeks." The next day Mrs. K. came in to see her, wishing her a merry Christmas and bringing over a supply of delicacies, as she had been taking Christmas dinner with her sister, and together they had prepared them. She said, "I told Harriet I must bring

them to you myself." There was turkey, all kinds of vegetables, cranberries, mince and pumpkin pie, custard and different varieties of cake. Mother only tasted them, but prized them for the loving kindness which prompted the gift. Mrs. K. was in perfect health and spirit this Christmas day. I saw her no more until the day before New Year's. That day mother was suffering greatly and in the course of the morning I went over to the physician to get some medicine. As I went by her house she was standing at the front door. She said, "I hear your sister has gone down to Cincinnati; now don't overwork yourself." I told her mother was worse—could get no rest with all I did to relieve her, and that I was glad for her sake that her health was so perfect. "Yes," she said, "I am indeed grateful for all my comfort. This," she went on to say, "has been a joyful day to me. Mrs. B. came in and read me such a good sermon. This afternoon I am going to the society, and this evening shall go to the Methodist Church and watch the old year out and the new one in." I saw the physician and he promised to come shortly. Mother still grew worse. We made applications of hot salt, and indeed every remedy which had formerly eased her, but nothing appeared to give relief. I sent one of the neighbors again for the doctor, and when she returned she said that she had just met a number of friends carrying Mrs. K. home on a lounge. She had gone to the sewing society as she had told me she intended to do in the morning and while there was stricken with paralysis. When the physician came he pronounced the stroke a fatal one. One friend came to her bedside, and taking her hand, said, "Nancy, if you trust in Jesus press my hand." Then Mrs. K. grasped her hand closely, murmuring some unintelligible words. Thus suddenly was one of my dearest earthly friends, who had only that morning spoken to me in words of cheer, stricken down. I was obliged to tell mother the sad news, knowing she must hear of it. "Is it possible," she said, "that she is called before me?" Mrs. K.'s sister had gone directly after Christmas to Columbus and from there into the country to spend the New Year with a brother. She was sent for by telegram, but it did not reach her for two or three days. Aunt L. and Mrs. D., two devoted friends, sat up with her that night, hoping that toward morning she might rally and

be able to speak to them. But about daylight her breath grew shorter and soon without a sigh or groan she fell asleep in Jesus. Aunt L. came in to tell mother, saying, "We can truly say of her what is said of Enoch, 'He was not, for God took him'." She was kept on ice until the Sabbath, that her only sister might reach there. Mother was so ill that I could only leave her long enough to take a farewell look at my beloved friend. She looked as peaceful as though she had but just fallen asleep. The house was thronged. Rich and poor, black and white, all united in testifying their respect and affection for their common friend.

My poor mother continued to grow worse until her sufferings were too severe for me to bear unmoved. For three nights in succession I watched with her, as she was unwilling to have me out of her sight. The sister of Mrs. K. then came to stay with me, with other kind friends. Two neighbors, good nurses, offered to watch with her, and she finally consented, while I went in to the next neighbor's house to snatch a little rest. But she soon missed me and began calling for me. They told her I was nearly heartbroken to see her suffer so intensely. Then she said, "Tell her to come and stand by me and I will try and not utter a single groan." So Mrs. T. came over for me. I had then rested about an hour. I fell on my knees, praying my Savior to help me to witness my mother's agony. I then washed my face and felt strengthened to go once more to her bedside. She was moaning most piteously. "Where, mother, is your pain?" I said. "Oh, my head, my head," she kept saying. The dreadful struggle soon spent itself for the time. Taking my hand in hers, she said, "My daughter, promise me that you will never take morphine, even though assured that it will add forty years to your life. That is the cause of these terrible sufferings." Then she added, "Soon shall I meet my mother and dearly loved son." About an hour before she died my sister and brother-in-law came from Cincinnati. When I said to her, "Mother, Lucy and brother David are here," a smile came over her face and putting her hand to her head she said, "Put on my clean cap." It was the "ruling passion strong in death," for she was always anxious to look neat and clean. With her own hands she helped to put it on. When David and Lucy came in she said, "They tell me you are here, but I

do not see you." Lucy was so overcome that they led her away, and in a few moments my mother's last sigh proclaimed her earthly sufferings over. She was but the shadow of her former self, only the frame which held the once active spirit remained. We were anxious that Aunt Mary Douglas should come up, but the weather was so intensely cold that she could not come. This dear aunt had for years given her all the nice wearing apparel she had and in these garments we now dressed her. A beautiful little cap, with a large square of the same material as an under handkerchief, a black silk luster dress and cape now shrouded the dear form which had suffered so long and so patiently, almost to martyrdom. She was sixty-seven when she died. A friend looking upon her said, "How wrong to mourn over such a blessed release." And so indeed we felt, for truly we could but rejoice for her, even while we wept for ourselves. A more devoted, self-sacrificing mother children never possessed. With a mind stronger than is often given to mortals, she had an undaunted energy of purpose, and firmness in whatever she conceived to be duty. The deep waters through which she had been called to pass had but developed her noble nature. The fiery trials had indeed consumed the dross and refined the gold until purified by affliction she was ready for the Master's home above. For months after she was gone I seemed to hear her call when half asleep at night, and would start up, saying "What is it, mother?" until fairly conscious of the fact that her sufferings were ended and she had gone to dwell forever in Paradise. Father was now nearly eighty years of age—they had lived together more than forty years—and I greatly feared for him. For the past few years he had grown daily more kind and thoughtful of her, never asking anything of her, but always calling upon others. Sometimes she would say, "Well, your father never thinks to ask me any more." "Why, mother," I would say, "he remembers that you are now unable to do for him and thus he shows his kindness to you." When the sad day of her burial came I watched him narrowly. As they carried her into the church I kept fast hold of his arm. The sexton had placed the seats so that he could have a full view of her as she lay in her narrow house. I looked at him and his features were convulsed with anguish, while he shook like an aspen leaf. But I placed

him so that he could not gaze so directly upon her, and saw no more agitation, only the tears streaming down his aged face. For days after he was unable to eat or sleep. This finally culminated in a severe attack of illness, during which we nursed and tended him most carefully. At last he slowly rallied and the danger was over. When he recovered I went down once more to my Aunt Douglas, carrying with me some little mementos of my mother. Among the rest was a simple muslin cap, the gift of my Cousin Emily on the previous Christmas. It was exquisitely made and trimmed with the finest lace. My aunt was greatly affected when we met. As soon as she could speak she said, "Belinda, you have lost one of the best of mothers. After my mother's death I always went to her, as my eldest sister for advice, and her judgment rarely erred. I can now look back and see how purely disinterested she was and how wise were ever her counsels." I now gave her the cap saying, "This she had on her head when she died. I removed it, and had it done up nicely for you." She took it from my hands and pressing it to her lips said, "I will keep it while I live as a precious remembrance of my beloved sister." She then began telling me about a letter she had been writing to a celebrated Eastern physician with regard to her own health. He answered, that in order to prescribe intelligently he must see her, and she was now making her arrangements to go East with her eldest son. When he saw her he gave her minute directions as to the care she must take of herself, told her she must have her sitting-room and bedroom removed to the lower story; avoid company and all other excitement, if she would prolong her life, all of which she promised to do. After leaving my aunt, I went over to Lancaster to spend a few days with an old friend living there. I had stood some years before as godmother to a son of her's, about the same age as my own, and of course was greatly attached to him. This son had lately died. The bereaved mother wrote, begging me to come and see her that I might sympathize with her in her loss. Only the Christmas before he had written me a beautiful letter, full of hope and youthful aspirations. Now, alas! he was gone. My visit to her was indeed one of sad pleasure and mournful satisfaction. While there we went together to weep over the graves of our "loved and lost"—our only comfort the assurance

that in a far happier clime we should once more be united.

When I returned home I found a letter awaiting me from my sister in Cincinnati, begging me to come down to the city, and place myself under the care of their own Homeopathic physician, as I suffered much from general weakness and debility. My sister had become a convert to this system, and was anxious I should give it at least a trial. After seeing Doctor Peck I told him the long siege I had passed through with my mother's sickness and that now the great stimulus to effort had been removed. I presumed the reaction had followed, which perhaps no physician could relieve. He, however, attended me faithfully for some time and I began slowly to improve. After a while he was called East by urgent business, and came to say farewell, leaving me sufficient medicine to last during his absence. In bidding him good-bye I told him I should pray most fervently for his safe and speedy return. He thanked me, giving me some earnest advice with regard to myself—entire rest of both body and mind he had absolutely insisted upon. I used his prescriptions and found myself daily improving. We were looking for his return, when one morning brother David came home with the sad and startling news that there had been a railroad accident, and this good physician, noble friend and true Christian, had been instantly killed. Though many had been severely wounded he was the only one actually killed. A dear friend with whom he was traveling said they were sitting together when daylight began to dawn. The doctor awoke, and as was his custom, bowed his head in fervent prayer. At that moment the friend was called and went to take his seat in another part of the car. Suddenly there was a crash, and looking back he saw that the doctor had been struck upon the head by a timber from the broken car, and died without time for even a groan. In one instant, while engaged in prayer, his "lamp trimmed and burning," he was translated to the presence of his Saviour. I had often heard him converse with my sister, and every word seemed to breathe of purity of character and an earnest Christian life. For fourteen years he had been, he said, an Allopathic physician when greater light dawned upon him and he changed his faith to Homeopathy.

We all went to his funeral. Never have I witnessed such

universal sorrow in any congregation. The speaker, as he dwelt upon his spotless example and kindness to the poor, his tender love for all with whom he came in contact could only mingle his tears with their's, and bid them follow in his footsteps that they might be permitted to claim his final reward.

In a few days I was taken very ill. My brother-in-law brought in a strange physician. Life hung on a slender thread but how faithfully my brother-in-law watched over me for many days. My sister was unable to nurse me, but Betty, the kind Irish girl, was ever ready to do for me, and finally I began to take up life's burden once more. Father now wrote that he was anxious to see me and as soon as able to endure the fatigue of the journey I went home. For many months I was almost helpless. Finally word came that Aunt Mary Douglas was failing and had expressed a strong desire for me to come down there. Accordingly my next journey was in that direction. Nine months had made a wonderful change in her. The first sight of her altered countenance nearly overcome me, and I was obliged to slip away out of her sight to control my feelings. She, on her part, was troubled about me, saying that I must now take a good rest and get strong again. She suffered at times most intensely. I inquired of the physician the cause. He said the disease was now tending toward dropsy, but he did not wish her to know it. I remained a few days only, as I had not come prepared to stay. Aunt was always kind, but now more so than ever. She sent my father two cans of oysters, with a large and delicious cake, also a handsome black silk handkerchief for a cravat. And as we parted, said, "I want you to come back very soon with cousin Emily." I promised her I would. And after remaining at home two weeks I went back accompanied by cousin Emily, as she had requested. But Oh, how great the change in those two short weeks. Her disease had developed rapidly, and as the physician justly feared had assumed the form of dropsy. She was now entirely unable to help herself and the faithful colored woman, Hannah, who had lived with her for so many years, fed her with a spoon. She was constantly troubled for fear she was wearying others. One morning when I went in to see her she said, "Would you believe it, I have been fighting all night." "Why," said I, "it is late for you to begin such work. Who did you find to fight with?"

"Well," said she, "I had an awful fight with Apollyon. He arrayed all my past misdeeds, my sins of omission and commission, before me. My excuses were proved utterly worthless and worse than vain. Finally I was reduced to one simple plea. It was only this: 'Jesus hath died for me.' And this morning my fears have all vanished. I am no longer troubled, for I feel that I am 'more than conqueror through Him who has loved me and given himself for me.'"

The fever attending her disease was so great that they could only allay it by placing pieces of ice around her head and giving her large bits to quench her thirst. Sometimes in alluding to her departure she would say, "It almost breaks my heart to say farewell, but you will think of me often as watching over and loving you all, won't you?" She was anxious to partake of the Holy Communion, and insisted that old Aunt Hannah should receive it with her. She was a Baptist. Once looking at cousin Emily she said, "You are a Presbyterian, Ellen is a Methodist, Hannah a Baptist, while Belinda and myself are Episcopalians. But when we all meet in the church triumphant above Jesus will not ask our earthly names. If we only love Him and each other, and wear the mantle of his righteousness, all will be well."

There was a poor old lady about seventy years of age who came in one morning leaning on her cane. Turning to me she said: "What will become of me when Mrs. Douglas is gone? She has done so much for me." Aunt said, "Oh, aunty, you have often told me you would go before me, but you see I am going first." "Well," she said, you are only going to your good reward and if I was as sure of mine I should not mourn." One of her favorite hymns was this: "Hush, my dull soul, arise, cast off thy care, press to thy native skies. Jesus is there." Once she said to her son, "Sing that hymn about the oracle," for sometime no one could think to which hymn she referred. Finally her son Albert remembered it and we all joined him in singing. "Lord, forever at thy side, let my place and portion be; strip me of the robe of pride, clothe me with humility; meekly may my soul receive all thy spirit hath revealed; Thou hast spoken, I believe, though the Oracle be sealed." She now called for several other hymns. The last for which she asked was this, "Vital spark of heavenly flame." When we came to the verse

“Sister, spirit, come away,” she tried to accompany us.

A dear old friend of about her own age was very ill at the same time, and we often sent to inquire of her condition. Albert's little son then came in to see her. Taking his tiny hand in her's she said, pleasantly, “Grandma is going to see your little brother Richard. Are you not glad?” This was an older brother who had died some years before. We could not restrain our tears to hear her speak so cheerfully of leaving her friends. But amid all this cheerfulness she suffered intensely at times with occasional spasms of pain. She continued to talk at intervals until her son begged her not to tire herself. Finally she fell into a slumber. Early in the morning the friend who sat with her heard her praying earnestly for her children. After that she seemed to be comparatively easy, and leaving the door open they went into the next room to eat their breakfast. Soon she called, and her son sprang to her bedside to raise her up. As he did this she said: “Oh, my dear” and without a struggle she was gone. Shortly after came the word that the friend who lay so ill was also released from earthly pain. They had entered the eternal mansions together. Both were carried into the church at one time. It was certainly the most solemn service I ever witnessed. They carried their remains to the cemetery upon the hill south of the town, overlooking the beautiful valley of Paint creek, and there in the hope of a final resurrection they sweetly rest. As her son looked upon her for the last time he repeated the words of the hymn she loved so well, “Soul for the marriage feast, Robe and prepare.” “Ah, he said, “her soul is indeed robed in a Saviour's righteousness. But the prop upon which I have leaned from my childhood has been taken from under me. All I can now do is to look above for strength.”

A day or two after, cousin Anna said: “Cousin, do you know what your aunt left you as a parting gift?” I said I certainly had no idea. “Well,” she said, “one night as I was sitting up with her she spoke and said: ‘Anna, I have something to say to you, a wish to express, and I know you will see that it is carried out. I want to leave Belinda a certain amount that she may buy a little home for herself and her father.’” This was only one of several bequests. And they were all faithfully bestowed.

My health was now so miserable that our house was rented to an excellent family, they taking us as boarders. My only remaining sister was shortly to be married to a farmer living in the country near us and father and myself were all there were left. My brother George had gone to Utah with a lawyer of our town, and Clinton was still in the West. The family who rented the house were New Englanders and tried in every way to make my father happy. One day he expressed a wish to have some alderberry wine. "All right, grandpa, said Mr. Pedrick, "you shall have some." Accordingly he went into the country and gathered a large basket of the alderberries, and they made a quantity of this delicious wine. Mrs. Pedrick also made some of the finest preserves I ever ate from the same berries, putting in plenty of lemons to flavor them, and using the finest pulverized sugar. They were certainly most palatable and delicious. They lived with us for some time, but finally found it would be for their interest to remove to another point. Cousin Albert then came up and he, with my cousin Juliet's son purchased for me a neat little cottage in another part of the town. The arrangements were shortly after completed and I had my old father comfortably settled. "Father," I said, "how is it that you have so soon made yourself contented in your new home?" "Well," he said, "there is gas to light the street and I can go to the bookstore to read the papers even at night if I choose. Then there is the market nearby to get anything we want to eat." "Yes, yes, I see through it all I said, you find that mind and body both stand a chance of being well supplied." I was glad to see him enjoying such a green old age. Just about this time came the sad news of the death of my brother George. He had long been a sufferer with a chronic disease contracted during that fatal war, and now he had died far away from kindred in a strange land. Poor brother! if he had sinned, he also suffered. May he rest in peace!

Soon after this came the war of the Southern rebellion, which greatly excited my father. They began calling for troops all over our land. As my health was still feeble, I found myself unable to see to the house and wait on father properly. After looking about for some time I found a quiet family who were willing to come in and take charge of him. I then left home on a visit

to Columbus, in order to have rest and change of scene. The next morning after I reached there came news of the taking of Fort Sumter. Then came the call for troops. The drum beat day and night. All was excitement and commotion. From every city, town, village and hamlet they came. The railroads were chartered in every direction to bear the soldiers to their destination. After returning from Columbus, I went out to stay with my sister at the farm, going in very often to visit my father. For a time his health seemed to fail, but after procuring him something in the way of a tonic he seemed to revive and be himself again.

In the meantime, my sister's husband in Cincinnati had been appointed by the government as Inspector of Army Clothing. After working steadily for more than a year his health began to fail. Often he never thought of going to rest until the morning dawned. Days and nights were spent in inspecting army goods, and shipping them to different points as they were required. Finally they gave him a few days in which to rest and recruit. My sister wrote me asking if I could come down and stay with the children while she accompanied him on a trip East. Father gave consent and I went down, going directly through Camp Dennison, a few miles from the city. Thousands of soldiers were there in camp. I could only compare it to a vast bee-hive. The evening I arrived Colonel Jos. Sill came to call on my sister. He was then at Marietta in command of the soldiers there. He had been finely educated at West Point and left there with high honors. Afterwards he opened a military school and proved himself an able instructor. When the war broke out he came forward at the call of his country. That evening I was much interested in his conversation. He said, although educated for war, he had a perfect horror of it. Many of his most intimate friends who had been with him at West Point, were Southerners, and he would doubtless be arrayed against them on the battlefield. But he honored and loved them, and felt almost as though forced to fight with brothers. Shortly after my return home I heard of his promotion for gallant service, and following that came shortly after the sad news of his death in battle. His brother-in-law, the son of my Aunt Mary Douglas, went and brought home his remains to his grief-stricken

family. The country, too, mourned the death of this brave and gifted soldier, and a noble monument has since been erected in the cemetery on the hill, where my aunt lies buried, to commemorate his gallant deeds. Many others among our acquaintances and friends shared a like sad fate. One of these was the only son of a widowed friend to whom I have ever been most tenderly attached. Captain Samuel McCulloch was the son of a merchant in our place. He was a noble and devoted son, and an affectionate brother, beloved, indeed, by all who knew him. In the hour of his country's need he would not stand aloof and accordingly enlisted and was made captain. After being in the army some months he came home on furlough. When about returning to his post he called on his friends to say farewell and then said "I never expect to come back alive." His prophecy was indeed true, for at the head of his men he was struck down by a minie ball and lived but a short time. When the news of his death came they feared to tell his mother who so idolized him, but her daughter said: "Mother is prepared to hear it. For many days she has said that she felt sure he was gone." It was some months after before his remains were brought home and buried beside his father in our beautiful cemetery.

One day while I was in the country, my farmer brother-in-law came in saying to me: "You had better go home and see grandpa. The telegraph dispatches say we have lost seven generals. A dreadful battle has been raging at Gettysburg." I went in, and found father on the little porch of the cottage. "Just think of it, he called to me, seven generals are killed, whom now have we left?" "The Lord of Hosts," I said. He smiled at my strong faith. The next day, however, came better news, the Union forces had gained the day. Then my father rejoiced indeed. My sister-in-law's nephew, Captain John Groce, was shortly after brought home wounded from Vicksburg. His good mother, the capital nurse who, as I always thought, helped to save my life in that terrible illness years before, watched over and cared for him until he recovered. Then he insisted on returning to his post. Shortly after came the storming of Fort McAllister and then he was killed. The same comrade who brought him home wounded before, now brought his embalmed body to his sorrowing parents. Forest Cemetery is his resting

place, with a beautiful monument to mark the sacred spot. And there his friends often resort to weep over his grave, and mourn the brave soldier's early doom.

I now went down for a few days to see Aunt Mary's son in Chillicothe. Here I heard of the funeral obsequies of General Sill, my cousin Anna's brother. They were grand and impressive. The regiment over which he had command marched in the solemn procession. The horse upon which he rode was led by a groom. All the honors of war were accorded him for his bravery, gallantry and devotion to his country. After recounting this, Anna said, "It seems as though our cup of sorrow is full to over-flowing. You know cousin how anxious and troubled your aunt was about her eldest son. I solemnly promised her on her death-bed that I would always do and care for him, and faithfully have I striven to keep that promise. But he has fallen into his old ways of drinking and we know not what to do for him." Shortly after this while under the influence of liquor he accidentally inflicted a wound in his limb with a pair of scissors, with which he suffered greatly. Finally to all outward appearance the wound healed. Then came the call for a fresh supply of troops, for one hundred days. He responded to the call. Being so near forty-five years of age, he might easily have been excused or procured a substitute, but he was determined to go. His brother Albert argued the case with him, telling him how unfitted he was to undergo such fatigue. But all to no purpose. When the hour came he shouldered his musket and knapsack and went, marching on foot to Baltimore. After some weeks I received a letter from him telling me that he had been lying in the hospital for many long weary days. The wound in his leg, irritated by the long marches and exposure, had broken out afresh and he wrote that he feared he should "do Uncle Sam little service."

Just at this time we received a visit from a very dear aunt then living in the West, the wife of my mother's only brother. They had been West now some fourteen years and this was her first visit East. We greatly enjoyed the unexpected pleasure of grasping her hand and holding sweet converse. She said she could scarcely wait to meet us all

once more. Father was greatly rejoiced and had a thousand questions to ask. She stayed only a week and then returned home. When she bade my father good-bye she said, "Farewell, Uncle, until we meet at our Father's house above." I went to the gate with her and she said, "Take good care of uncle, but he will outlive me many years. "Oh Abbie," I said, "we hope to see you many times yet and remember you must not work too hard." "How can I help it," she said, "Help is not to be found in the far West for love or money." She lived only about two years after this. My cousin, who was in the hospital was confined there all the time of his enlistment. But when the hundred days were up and his brother soldiers were coming home, he insisted upon coming with them, contrary to the surgeon's orders, or advice of his friends. March home he would, and that on foot, carrying his heavy knapsack and accoutrement. When he reached home his own brother did not recognize him, so greatly had he altered. As soon as I found he was at home I went down to see him. Anna said, "You would never know him. He has just lain down to rest." But hearing my voice he came down the stairs to see me. There was indeed a fearful change. He had contracted the fatal army disease, and that with the sufferings he had undergone with his wounded limb, had worn fearfully upon him. He could not be persuaded to diet himself, according to the physician's advice, although he plainly told him the danger of his condition. When we sat down to dinner they had food especially prepared for him, but he refused to eat it, calling for corn, squash and other vegetables, and insisting that all he needed was something to give him strength. He said, "I know I am getting better for I feel no pain, only weakness." But this weakness kept increasing every day. When I left I said, "Now be careful of yourself. Your old uncle wants to see you. When do you think you will be up?" "Oh," said he, "I will be well in a few days and then you will see me." But each day he kept failing. They had an excellent nurse for him, and when they asked what he wanted, he always said "Nothing. I have no pain." Soon he kept his room and bed, and one evening when his brother Albert was sitting in his room, reading to him, by

a bright light, he said, "Why, Al, how dark the room is. Why don't you turn up the gas?" They could not believe he was dying, but it was even so. He breathed his life away as peacefully as an infant going to rest in a mother's arms.

My sister, who lived in the country, was now in poor health and the physician recommended her to leave her country home and remove into the town in order that she might have the electric battery applied twice a week, using the proper medicines to restore her. There was a nice German family living in our cottage. They had a daughter, Eva, who had been very kind to father. She had made the front yard a perfect bed of roses. "Eva," I often said, "this garden is beautiful to the sight as well as delicious to the smell." But they now left us and my sister, brother-in-law and the girl who had been for a long time living with them came to live in the house. Father was now eighty-four, although I could scarcely believe it. He was much more reasonable, and more easily influenced than when younger, and made very little trouble to any one. Often sitting in his chair and leaning on his cane for hours together, I shall always think this was the period when he became truly a Christian. One morning, after breakfast, he called me to come in to him. I ran quickly, fearing he might be ill. He said, "I want you to kneel down and say the Lord's Prayer for me and I will say it with you." Afterwards I sat down by him, and he asked me if I remembered what John Randolph kept saying in his last hours, "Remorse, Remorse." "For days," said he, "I have felt that same word suits my case. Educated in Williams College, learned in the Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages, having read my Bible in all these tongues, I have believed it, doubtless with my head, but Oh, it has failed to touch my heart. How unworthy have I lived, how little have I done for others. Can I ever meet with acceptance?" I was sorrowful indeed, fearing his proud spirit could never come humbly as a little child to the Saviour, asking for a new heart. "Father," I said, "the day with you is fast hastening to a close, and the night draweth near but you have not forgotten that parable of our Lord when he tells us that he who came at the sixth hour was received even as he who came

at the first. There is yet hope and mercy for you." Finally the burden was lifted and he appeared more tranquil. When our clergyman came I asked him to talk with him, and he then expressed a wish to receive the Communion. Then it was decided that Mattie, the young girl living with us, should be baptized at the same time. So one beautiful morning in June, several dear friends came and also our neighbor, Mrs. Pedrick, bringing her three children to be baptized. Mattie had arranged beautiful bunches of flowers in vases on the stands, table and mantel-piece. Soon came the clergyman to administer the solemn rites. Mrs. Pedrick afterwards united with the church. I dared not even trust myself to glance at my aged father, lest I should be entirely overcome. But Mattie said he leaned upon his cane, while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheek. "Ah," he afterwards said, "I feel great peace now, but my sorrow for the past will never leave me while life lasts."

My sister's husband now decided to leave me and remove to the West, leaving Mattie with me. By this time my health was partially restored so that I could have the satisfaction of waiting upon father. The winter had passed and the spring was opening upon us. I could see that father grew daily more infirm. But would still walk, leaning on his cane, to the bookstores, to look at the new books and papers, and if he found anything of interest, how pleased he would be, sometimes bringing it carefully home to show to me.

If I asked father in the morning "How are you, father," he would say, laughingly, "Well, I am feeble, but if I will live to be old I must pay the penalty I suppose." I was always in the habit of giving him a warm bath every Sunday morning. One Sunday, as usual, I had prepared the water. It was late, and Mattie had just gone to church. Father's clothes hung by the stove to warm. Some of the Sunday School children came in for a drink. I went out to the well and drew a fresh bucket of water to give them. Then going back I began to get ready for his bath. Putting a fresh piece of coal in the stove. It was so large I could not shut the door. As I stood with my back to the stove, I forgot about the open door, and before I was aware the flames had caught



AURELIA ATWATER KOONTZ

my dress, and father said: "You are all on fire!" I tried my best to put it out, but all in vain. I rolled on the floor and called for help—my poor father was unable to do anything for me. Suddenly I remembered the bucket of water I had just drawn, and ran out to the well. Seizing the bucket I managed to empty it over me, and so finally extinguished the blaze, but not before my side and arm were most awfully burned. The churches were now out and the neighbors came in to my relief, doing all in their power for me. But the agony I suffered no tongue can ever describe. The doctor came and examined me. He said that had the burn been two inches nearer my heart no earthly power could have saved me. As it was, I lay for ten long weeks in indescribable torture. The flesh fell from my arm, leaving only the bone. Then when new flesh and skin began to form it was most excruciating. Many a night I raved in agony and delirium. But the kindness of friends never failed me. Mattie, too, was unceasing in her deeds of love. The good physician, Dr. Jephtha Davis, must not be forgotten when I mention those who succored me in this hour of my sorest need. He dressed my wounds with his own hands for weeks, often bringing with him oranges and various other delicacies. There were at this time several other persons lying dangerously ill in our town, and it was difficult to procure watchers for all. Friends sent all the linen bandages they could spare, and nothing was left undone to alleviate my terrible sufferings. One kind friend sent strawberry preserves, another most delicious peaches with everything that could be procured to tempt my appetite as I slowly recovered. My cousin Albert, who had a short time before buried his brother, now came to see me. As my sister had now also come home from the West, to nurse me, he insisted on my going down home with him in the coach, saying that as their house was large and airy I would recover there far more rapidly. I accepted his kind invitation and spent a month with them. When I returned father was rejoiced to see me once more, and held out his hand while he could hardly speak. Finally he said, "You begin to look like yourself again." I brought with me for him to examine "Maury's Geography of the Heavens," which

greatly interested him.

And thus time passed until the winter came on. Father, though so feeble, still insisted on going down to the barber's to be shaved. I begged him to allow the barber to come to the house, telling him I feared he would sometime be unable to get back home. And so indeed it proved, for shortly after one of his brother Masons was obliged to help him home. He promised me then not to attempt to walk down street again. He was now confined entirely to the house, and often only able to walk from the bed to the stove. Christmas was his birthday. He was eighty-nine years old. In the morning I wished him a "Merry Christmas," telling him he had been my Christmas gift, the best one I had ever had. A sorrowful smile lighted his features as he said, "I will not be with you very long now." "Oh," said I, laughing, "you have said that for many years." "No, no," he said, "not as I tell you now. I will tell you why I know I am fast failing. Last evening you were out when I was ready to say my prayers. I tried to say the Lord's Prayer and could get no further than 'Deliver us from evil.' I could not remember the rest." "Oh, father," I said, "I think you can say it." He now began, but sure enough I was obliged to help him finish it. He said, "While you were gone I had Mattie kneel down by my bedside every night and pray with me. Then she would sing my favorite hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand.' Martha says the great reason for my loving this hymn so well is because I am so fond of greens in the spring of the year." The day after Christmas there came to father letters from each of my sister's three little sons, living in the city. One was written by the youngest, only seven years old. His mother wrote that he had been practising on this letter for weeks. And the beauty of it was that it was entirely his own. In it he told his grandfather about the first pair of boots which had been given him for a Christmas gift. This greatly pleased his grandfather. All his friends that happened in must see and read these wonderful letters. And nothing would do but I must sit down and answer them for him, he signing his name. Each one must have the praise they so honestly deserved. "Now tell

the boys," said he, "that I can follow the advice of Iago when he says, 'Put money in thy house'." For each letter contained a little gift of money. Some little time after this I one morning had an errand down street that Martha could not do. Father was very poorly—had a bad cold and was feeble. I said to Martha, "I will come back as soon as possible, and now you must watch him, or he may attempt to go about and have a fall. And, being so heavy as he is, it would certainly be the death of him." I hurried back, but, even as I feared, he had fallen with his whole weight and was lying helpless. I had to call the neighbors to lift him on the bed. But it was indeed a fatal blow. I found his mind was wandering from that time. Whenever he wakened after falling asleep he would insist that he was traveling. Martha would say, to humor him, "Grandfather, I know how often you have spoken of Niagara Falls. We will start tomorrow. What kind of a lunch shall we carry with us?" "Well," he said, "I like pound-cake; we will have that." That day I told this to a friend and the next morning she sent him a very nice one. And so when we changed his clothes, putting on clean ones, she found he was always ready and willing if she made him think he was preparing for a journey. He enjoyed the idea greatly. Our good clergyman came in often to read and pray with him. When asked what was his hope in a better world, his answer always was, "I place my only trust in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners." A few mornings before his death he seemed to wake from a troubled slumber greatly frightened, exclaiming, "I confess it is now too late." "Why, father," I said, "is it possible that the great enemy of souls takes advantage of your weakness? Have you forgotten Him who said 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live'?" A smile passed over his face, and he was quieted. After awhile he asked me to sing for him that hymn, "Am I a soldier of the cross?" "Sing slow, loud and plain, so that I may hear every word," he said. I sang, and when I came to the verse, "When that illustrious day shall rise and all Thy armies shine," he raised both hands, saying, "Yes, thousands and tens of thousands shall be there." That night the colored nurse who was

with him objected to my sitting up, for although it was now more than a year since I had been burned, I was not strong. "Father," I said, "I will stay if you wish it." "No," he said, "I will call if I need you." I was afraid he would pass away about midnight, but next morning he seemed about the same. One of his brother Masons sat with him. I stepped into the dining room. In a few moments he came and said "Come quick!" Not a groan escaped him, only heavy sighs. Death, the king of terrors, had come even as a thief in the night. I thought I had expected him, but he found me unprepared at the last, though my father had fallen like a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest. I could indeed praise my Redeemer that he had enlightened his mind, even at the eleventh hour. I looked at his venerable countenance as he lay there, remembering how often his words of cheer had solaced my heart through all my years of widowhood and desolation, and the burning tears fell thick and fast. Now truly was I alone in the world. For years I had cared for and watched over him, and now he too was gone. "Oh, Saviour, thou whom, not having seen, I love, be Thou my stay." I telegraphed for my brother-in-law in the city. My sister was unable to come; but he answered the summons. Father was always greatly attached to him. The Christmas before he had sent him a beautiful overcoat. As he was a large and portly man, we dressed him in this. I could scarcely ever persuade him to wear it, so fearful was he of soiling it. He had expressed a wish that his Masonic brethren should inter him, with their own services. They now took charge of him. My brother-in-law was kind and sympathizing as he ever was, and on his arm I leaned in this hour of sorrow. My friends one and all proffered their kindest sympathies. But now my home must be broken up and every tie be severed. At his grave all united in the hymn, "Children of the Heavenly King, as we journey let us sing," and then we left him, covered by the sods of the valley, there to rest until the morning of the resurrection.

When I returned from the funeral to my lonely cottage it seemed as though my poor heart must break. Both mother and father had gone to the land of love and I must linger a

little longer, waiting my appointed time. God grant that we may yet be permitted to clasp hands on that other and brighter shore. As I have previously mentioned, the husband of my cousin Juliet had, after remaining single for many years, finally married a younger sister of his wife—my cousin Emily. She was the relative who was so kind during all those long years of my mother's invalidism, and was equally as attentive and generous to my father in his old age and final illness. Now in my loneliness she and her husband insisted upon my going to spend a little time with them. Here lived my old and deaf Aunt Martha, of whom I have also spoken. She was now very aged, although retaining her faculties in a surprising degree. She felt my father's death keenly, but never willing to admit herself growing old, would say, "Your father die—me sorry. He very old man. Me little old; not much." Being of a sprightly turn, she did not really appear as old as she was. After this she would by words or signs tell me that my mother was her sister and I her niece, so I must always love her. At the time I was so badly burned they were afraid to tell her when she would inquire why I did not come to see her as usual. Finally when the danger was over her daughter ventured to tell her. For a moment she staggered and would have fallen had they not caught her. The next day Cousin Emily brought her over to see me. She began finding fault because I went so near the fire, but when I began to feign tears she said, "No, no; aunt loves you all right."

Just two weeks after father's death she was taken very ill from a severe cold—which became worse in a few days. Fortunately I was there, and in all her sickness she seemed contented if I was only with her. One day she called me, and pointing to the door said "Hush!" fearing her daughter would hear. She then made signs to me that she was going to die. Then, looking up, she said, "Me afraid, no." In the old family Bible was the picture of the cross. She would have this brought to her, kissing it reverently, and saying again, "Me afraid to die—no, no." Like my own dear mother, she wanted no strangers about her, saying often, "Woman here? No, you *my niece*." Martha (the young girl living

with me) and I watched with her the last night she lived. Often through the night she would grasp my hand and kiss it, for she was very affectionate in her nature. As she tossed and turned so restlessly not a groan escaped her lips. In a few short hours she too was gone. Like some tired child she sighed her life away and left her frail earthly tenement for a happier sphere.

After the burial of this aged aunt came the sad parting with the young girl Martha, who had nursed me so faithfully through my weary hours of that terrible burn, and father's feebleness and death. She was going to the West to join her family now living there. This completely overcame me. My heart was too full for utterance. I slipped away into the old summer kitchen, thinking that hidden there no one could hear my moans or witness my fast falling tears. But I entirely forgot the little window, which was open, near the house of Doctor Davis. My sobs reached the ear of the doctor's good mother, who came around and, peeping in, saw me with my face hidden in my apron. She said nothing, but began silently weeping with me. Soon the doctor's wife, hearing the sobs, came around to find the cause. The first thing I knew I heard a merry laugh and then her cheerful voice saying, "Well, I believe I will not join this weeping assembly of sisters." I saw how ludicrous the whole thing appeared, and, drying my tears, I joined in the laugh. But the doctor's mother could not so easily forget the scene, and said to me, "All these things are sent to wean us from earth and remind us that this is not our home." It was indeed a hard trial to bid Martha good-bye. I gave her at parting many little mementos, among which was a small picture of grandfather, as a reward for her unvarying kindness and attention to him.

In about a month after the death of my aunt another misfortune came. The youngest son of Mr. Rogers had invested considerable means in Minnesota, and the eldest brother also much more in addition. They had stored grain in a large mill near Hastings. Shortly after came an extraordinary freshet, such as had never been known in that part of the country. The floods rose rapidly. Toward night they

removed whatever of valuables they could, leaving the mill in a canoe. The mill was stored to its utmost capacity with the finest wheat. During the night the foundation was washed away and toward morning with a tremendous crash it fell and was buried in the rushing waters. Before Mr. Rogers invested his means in speculation he was considered among our wealthiest citizens, as well as an upright and reliable business man. But this proved the finishing stroke to his fortunes. How thankful was I that my father and aged aunt were removed before these reverses came. My brother-in-law living in the city now decided to remove to Kansas and my sister wrote asking me to go with them there. I scarcely knew which way to turn. All these changes wrung my heart, but I strove to believe that He "who rules in heaven and among the armies of men" still held me in His wise keeping, and to say now, as I had ever done, "He doeth all things well." I finally decided to follow their fortunes and go with them to the far West. We took a night car for St. Louis, from thence to Kansas City. St. Louis was a place of great interest and I would fain have remained there a few days, but we were hurrying on to our destination. It was about the middle of June when we passed through the State of Missouri. Everything was in its most beautiful garb. Large patches of wild roses could be seen as the iron horse bore us swiftly onward. At times the perfume of the sweetbrier was wafted on the passing breeze. Some varieties of flowers esteemed among our choicest collections at home were here growing in all their wild luxuriance and loveliness. Occasionally when the bluffs were high above us festoons of the prairie rose would almost touch the cars, and peep in at the windows as we whirled along. My eyes never tired with this panorama of beauty. Soon we reached Kansas City and saw one of the finest bridges of the West. The next place of importance was Lawrence. This was quite a large and apparently flourishing town. Next we reached our future home and the terminus of our long and wearisome journey.

Of all the prairie towns we had seen Ottawa was the most attractive. The hotel where we first made our home had

been built by a man who in his zeal for the new town had overreached himself and it had already passed into other hands. Labor is costly in the West, at least superior labor, and for the newcomer there are many trials and drawbacks. Great outlay and little income tends to discourage and depress the emigrant oftentimes. Ottawa was then only four years old. The town had gone up rapidly. It already boasted of a large stone jail and court house, and three churches. These were built mostly of stone taken from neighboring quarries. South of the town the Baptists have a fine college building, which can be seen for miles in every direction. Ottawa is surrounded by a rolling prairie, gay with flowers of every hue. The soil is a rich black loam. Just before entering the town you cross a small, deep stream, called the Marais de Cygnes or river of swans. Over this is a fairy-like suspension bridge, one of the finest in the State. Through the summer season they have tremendous storms and tornadoes. The sky at times seems to open and floods of water fall from the heavens. Never before had I witnessed such vivid lightning or heard such peals of thunder. Woe be unto the house unprovided with lightning rods! Aside from these occasional storms the weather after we reached there was very beautiful for many weeks, and the sky and sunsets incomparable. But often the heat is more like that of the torrid zone. Yet as a general thing it mattered not how much people suffered through the day with heat, when evening came a refreshing breeze would spring up and revive the weary so that when morning came they were strengthened to resume their daily toil. This breeze as winter came on was, however, anything but pleasant. Most of the dwelling houses are so miserably constructed that the piercing winter winds would penetrate into every crack and crevice, exposing the inmates to attacks of fever and pneumonia, from which numbers perished every season. Ottawa was one of the most inviting towns in Kansas. And after the streets have been paved from the stone cut from the quarries, and forest trees are grown to shade the inhabitants from the scorching summer heat, there will be no prettier town East or West, and no more desirable dwelling place.

I endeavored to make myself happy, but found that like the Shunamite of olden time I longed once more "to return and dwell among my own people." Sometimes I was so homesick that my countenance could not but tell the tale. Then dear little Freddie, my sister's youngest boy, only a little over two years old, would stand and gaze wistfully in my face to learn the reason of my looking so sad and mournful. One morning while alone with me in my room he was busying himself with the straps of my large traveling trunk, using them for bridles while the trunk was his horse. He was very happy in his childish innocence, pretending to drive to Cincinnati, when, looking toward me, he jumped down quickly from his trunk horse and came and stood close by my side. His dear little hands were clasped together as he looked at me, while a smile played over his face, saying, "Freddie loves auntie, yes Freddie does." "Yes," I answered, "and auntie loves Freddie too, ever so much." But his loving spirit only made me feel more homesick than ever. He ran back to his trunk, getting on and whipping it to make greater speed. I turned my chair away to hide the teardrops as they fell from the hand that covered my face, not daring to sob aloud for fear he might see me. But in less than a moment Freddie was leaning over my lap, looking up in my face, and once more he said, "Freddie loves auntie, yes, a whole heart full." I caught him up in my arms and kissed him all over his sweet face and told him now I was happy once more. I then sat him down and danced all around, singing "Yankee Doodle" to bring the smiles and make his little innocent heart glad once more, determined never again to grieve that loving spirit. I often rocked him to sleep in my arms, singing "Haste, My Dull Soul, Arise." He would ask a hundred questions about the meaning of the hymn and seemed indeed far too sensible for his age. An old lady who sometimes came used to say of him, "Ah, little Fred is an angel all but the wings," and so indeed he was. After I had been in Ottawa nearly a year news came from Ohio to the doctor, my old physician from home, that his father, who lived next door to my cottage, had died suddenly and he must come and look after the business. And as I was anxious to return, my brother-

in-law concluded to place me in his charge. As soon as my sister's boys knew I was going they each counted out all the money they possessed and bought me a warm pair of lined boots to wear on my journey, as a last expression of their love and kindness. Indeed they all united to fit me out with whatever was necessary for my comfort and happiness. I had found a very dear friend in Kansas about my own age, who was an Eastern lady, but had removed to Kansas for her failing health. She came nearly every day to see me and we had become greatly attached to each other. I now bade her good-bye with all my other kind friends and we started on our journey homeward. Soon we were speeding swiftly on our way. At St. Louis the doctor came in and told me that the hero of Winchester, General Sheridan, was in the car. I soon discovered that he had a lovely looking lady under his protection. She was very charming and attractive in her manners. General Custer was also one of the party. After a day or so these brave defenders left us and we soon reached Cincinnati, going on to Circleville this same day. The good doctor insisted on my stopping with him at his mother's, as she was now very lonely. I remained there until established once more in my own cottage with the tenant who occupied it. He in the meantime settled up his father's business, after which his mother went to spend her remaining days with her children. We parted with many kind wishes, she telling me not to grieve, remembering that we were all journeying to that dear home above where farewells are unknown.

After I was fairly settled again I went down to visit my Cousin Anna and her husband. I told her I must find something to busy myself while with her, and although she said she feared I might hurt my arm I insisted upon making for her a log-cabin quilt. She gave me some beautiful bright pieces and when it was finished gave it to her eldest daughter as a Christmas gift. It was so bright that her husband proposed we should fold it, shawl fashion, and wear it over our shoulders after the manner of the Indian squaws. Anna now went up street and came home with a very pretty black cloth sacque which she had bought for me, determined not to be in my debt. After coming home a friend, Mrs. G——,

wished me to make one like it for her, giving me material to make one for myself also, so I was quite busy for many weeks.

In the fall I went down to the great Exposition then being held in Cincinnati, and stopped with my old friend, Mrs. Odiorne. Mr. Odiorne kindly escorted me with his wife to see all the wonders of the Exposition. The building was gotten up in the form of a vast amphitheater—three tiers of galleries rising one above another. Here were to be seen the most beautiful fabrics of every description. About the center of the building arose a pyramid of rocks, all covered with mosses and foliage, ferns of every variety and flowers of every hue, while in the center was a miniature cascade rushing over the rocks, adding a fairy-like softness and coolness to the enchanting scene. On our way home Mr. Odiorne told us that he had that afternoon received a letter from my brother-in-law in Kansas, saying that he would, with my sister and little Freddie, spend a few days with them on their return from Philadelphia, where they had been on an excursion gotten up by the Odd Fellows at Kansas City. How happy this news made me, for I was not only rejoiced to see my brother-in-law and sister, but more especially to clasp to my heart my darling little Freddie. In a few days they came. "Now," said brother David, "we must see the Exposition by gas light." Accordingly we all, Freddie included, went to view the sights. "Look," said brother David to Freddie, "at the cataract tumbling over the rocks." Then lifting him in his arms he pointed out to him the great crowds of people surging to and fro below us. Innumerable gas jets were sparkling in every direction, while to all about us music lent an irresistible charm. It was late when we wended our way home, weary and footsore, and sought our pillows only to live over in dreams the fairy spectacle. Davidson's magnificent fountain had shortly before been unveiled in Fountain Square. And my brother-in-law next day escorted me to examine its beauties, going early, before the crowd had gathered around it. It was in the center of the square, the principal figure looking due east. This beautiful female figure stood erect, bestowing the gracious gift of

water with outstretched arms, while from her fingers constantly streamed the life-giving element. Striking groups were placed on each side around the pedestal, all symbolical of this gift so lavishly bestowed by Infinite mercy and wisdom. Although the figures were larger than life, yet they were models of exquisite beauty and grace. The benefactor of this grand fountain has already passed from earth, but this work will ever remain as an enduring monument of his praise. One evening during the stay of my brother-in-law he and my sister were invited out to tea, and I offered to keep Freddie at home. While striving to amuse the little fellow I began asking him about matters at home, and speaking of his brothers I asked him which he loved best. "Well, auntie," he said, "I love all my brothers, but I love Lewy bestest. For you know Lewy loves Jesus (this brother had shortly before united with the church in Ottawa)—yes, Lewy loves Jesus and I love Jesus." Then raising himself on his little toes, while his hands were clasped together in childish earnestness, he repeated, "I love Jesus and I'll love him till I die." His bright countenance seemed fairly aglow with rapture, and I looked upon him with a strange awe. He added something which I did not exactly understand. How often since have I wished that I had asked him to repeat it that I might have caught its meaning. But I quickly undressed him and soon he was fast asleep in his cozy bed. Little did I think that I must soon part with him forever. For it was only a few weeks after their return when I received the sad news that this precious blossom, so perfect in innocence and loveliness, had been transplanted to bloom forever in the garden of his Lord. For such as he we need not sorrow. The ills of life escaped, they rejoice eternally in the presence of their Saviour, watching, as we trust, for the coming of those who loved them so tenderly while upon earth. Shortly after this occurred the terrible conflagration at Chicago, which is still fresh in our memories. Then came such an exhibition of fraternal love and sympathy as revises our faith in humanity. From cities and towns far and near were swiftly transported car loads of provisions of every kind and description, clothing for the needy, food for the hungry, relief in every possible form. And today the great city has almost if not entirely

resumed its former prosperity.

In little more than a year after Freddie's death his father, my kind and noble brother-in-law, was suddenly called to join him, and today they both sweetly sleep, side by side, in Spring Grove Cemetery. Truly may we say of them, in the language of "the sweet singer of Israel," "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided."

At some time subsequent to the events already related I went down in the coach to Chillicothe for my annual visit. Just before reaching there the range of hills encircling the beautiful town came in view. Never did these green hills look lovelier, or the deep blue sky appear more beautiful than on that day. "May" seemed written as with the finger of the Infinite all over the landscape. My cousin's home was nearly hidden by the dark green hedge of privet, covered with pure white blossoms. Many large old forest trees are still standing about, and these were interspersed with bushes of the sweet-scented syringa, while numberless roses added both beauty and fragrance to the dear old home of my Aunt Mary. As I seated myself by the window to rest the birds appeared to be holding a concert for my special benefit. Aunt Lucy Douglas came to see me as soon as she heard of my arrival. I welcomed her gladly, saying, "Now you are all the mother left to me, for, as you know, you stood with my Cousin Juliet as my godmother." "Well," she said, "I am ever so glad to hear you say so. Now you must come often to see me at my boarding house." She had for years been nursing her husband, who lost his eyesight and had died only a short time previous. I told her I would gladly come, but was very anxious to read and review some books in my cousin's library, and that would occupy much of my time. She said, "I want you to come some morning very soon and go with me to the cemetery. I have a number of roses and ferns that I am anxious to set out on my husband's grave." The next morning I went and, basket in hand, we set out for the cemetery. Soon we began to ascend the path leading up as far as the Wilson monument. There we rested and enjoyed the lovely view spread out before us. It was a magnificent prospect. The ever-varying lights and shadows that

play across the hills surrounding Mount Logan are indeed enchanting to the eye. The town itself seems to lie fairly embosomed in woods. The hills were in a northerly direction from where we were standing, all covered with their carpet of green, while here and there beautiful homes nestle among them. The prospect is truly charming. Upon entering the cemetery the fine monument erected to the soldiers meets the eye. Aunt Lucy carried her roses and ferns to the spot where her husband lay buried and carefully planted them. I noticed that one of the monthly roses was full of buds. But it looked so much like rain that we shortly after hurried away. She remarked that the soil there was so fertile that everything planted seemed sure to flourish. Evergreens especially seem to grow luxuriantly. It was drawing near Decoration day, which they observe almost religiously there, and my cousin's son Albert was appointed that year to deliver the annual oration. I decided to remain until that was over. It came with all the beauty of springtime. From early morn the ladies were busy cutting and arranging their flowers. Cousin Anna formed a most beautiful wreath of pure white flowers with which to decorate her brother's grave, the General Sill whom I have already mentioned. We also made one for Cousin Luke, who lost his life in the service of the Union. Aunt Lucy and myself were invited to accompany a mutual friend in her carriage to the cemetery. We found Cousin Anna and her family already there, near the platform where her son was expected to speak. Soon the soul-stirring music came floating upon the breeze and shortly after came the Sill Guards, marching proudly up the hill. Following them were the carriages containing the orator of the day with distinguished guests, after which came the multitude. Prayer was offered by one of the clergy and then the ode was sung, "My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty," after which came the oration. It was a fine effort. The Sill Guards then formed in order of march, the citizens following, bearing their flowers. When their arms were grounded the flowers were placed upon the graves lengthwise. After the decoration of the graves we returned to the speaker's stand, where we were dismissed. Aunt Lucy pressed forward to grasp her nephew's hand, complimenting

him upon his oration, and upon the eloquent tribute he had paid to the memory of his brave uncle, whose example was so worthy of imitation. The day had been intensely hot, notwithstanding the breeze. There was, however, plenty of refreshing lemonade upon the grounds. The soldiers' monument was literally one mass of flowers. Slowly we wended our way homeward, leaving every green hillock under which rested a soldier covered with the emblems of a nation's grateful affection. Thus ended Decoration day.

The clergyman in Chillicothe, Mr. Stuart, who had been with them for five years, had now received and accepted a call to Georgetown, D. C. Doubtless he felt somewhat discouraged because many young men, members of the church, did not come forward and sustain him in the Sunday school. The young ladies did their part nobly. How grieved Aunt Lucy and Cousin Anna were that they must part with their good rector. "But," said Anna, "we can not let him go without giving him some testimonial of our gratitude for his faithful labors." Accordingly she, with other members of the church, united in collecting a sum of money with which they purchased from Cincinnati a beautiful silver epergne to be used for either fruit or flowers. They proposed to hold a festival for the benefit of the church and present the gift as a surprise to Mr. Stuart. All day Wednesday the ladies were busy in their preparations. The tables were covered with pure white damask, and dishes in which to serve the ice cream and strawberries, together with many delicious cakes. Cousin Anna's cake told its own story as you neared the table where it was placed. In the center of each table was a basket of lovely flowers, shedding their sweet perfume far and near. One particular species of white, feathery fern was mingled with the delicate roses, which called forth the admiration of all who saw or examined it. My Cousin Albert said that although from a boy he had roamed over these hills he had never met with it before. After the arrival of the Rector and his wife the blessing was offered and the luscious refreshments served. At the close came the presentation by one of the members. The gift had been carefully concealed until the proper moment, then one of the gentlemen lifted the beautiful epergne, placing it upon a stand prepared

for its reception. The clergyman was standing near. All eyes were directed toward the speaker, who in a few appropriate words presented the gift in the name of the ladies, as a small testimonial of their gratitude and appreciation for his faithful labors in their midst. Mr. Stuart was completely overcome by surprise. He first turned pale and then the color flushed his face, while his eyes beamed with pleasure. His voice trembled as he endeavored to respond, saying that it was not the value of this beautiful gift alone that touched him, but the kindly feelings which prompted the offering. He should treasure it always as a fitting reminder of all their goodness toward him. He loved them all—having been for so long a partaker of all their joys and sorrows—and if life was spared he hoped often to visit them and grasp their hands with the same pleasure that he did tonight. The festival proved a gratifying success in every respect.

The next day I left for home, where I found the wife of my tenant as ever glad to see me. Her husband was away at work during the day and I always helped her take care of the little ones. Often on warm nights I persuaded her to bring the children into my room because it was cooler there. But now he insisted on keeping them all with them in their own little bedroom. As they were restless I begged him to let them stay with me, but he said "No," that I had already spoiled them, and now he must rock them all night." The truth was that the poor children were almost suffocated with the heat. The same morning that I left my cousin's, Aunt Lucy came to say good-by, bringing with her as a present a nice bonnet of her own, telling me to have it made over, which I afterward did and it was as good to me as a new one. A few days after I was going up street in the morning when I met a Mr. E——, a friend who had formerly lived in Chillicothe. He said, "I have just received a dispatch from Chillicothe asking me to be a pall bearer at the funeral of Mrs. Peter Douglas" (my Aunt Lucy). I was greatly shocked, and at once said, "Well, I must go down with you if possible." He said he was going in about two hours on the cars, so I hurried home and quickly preparing myself was ready to accompany him to the train. We went directly to my cousin's where we found the Reverend Doctor Burr, an old friend

of Aunt Lucy's. From thence we went to her boarding house. There I found two of aunt's nieces, one from Chicago, the other from New York City. They went with me to take a look at her. As she lay in her casket I was startled to see her looking so much as she did in her younger days. It recalled my memories of her as she was when I first saw her, a bride at my uncle's house. Dear aunt! she was always beautiful! Now life's sorrows were all ended, and she had entered unto rest. Her friends one after another came again and again to take a last look at her calm and almost angelic countenance. Doctor Burr had now arrived and called upon the Presbyterian minister who had been with her in her last hours, to assist in the obsequies at the house, her own Rector having already gone to his new home. He made an excellent prayer and a few appropriate remarks, after which we entered the carriages and followed the hearse to the church. Doctor Burr, a venerable man, now upward of seventy, began the solemn and impressive burial service of our church as she was borne along the aisle. They placed the casket in front of the chancel. It was covered with beautiful flowers fashioned into various emblems. The altar was draped in mourning and the font wreathed in flowers. When Doctor Burr began to speak his voice trembled with emotion, and I almost fancied her now sainted spirit hovered near. "Are they not all ministering spirits?" His text was "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Truly could this be said of our sister, who lived and died in the faith of Jesus. Spreading out his arms as though to embrace us within the fold, he affectionately entreated us to be faithful followers of the same Saviour, even unto the end. At the close of the service the choir united in the hymn she had chosen for herself, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," after which we went directly to the cemetery. Nearing the spot where I had been with her so short a time previous, I was touched to see that the rose she had planted with her own dear hands was now in full bloom. Loving hands had lined her grave with evergreens and ferns. Above her was placed a beautiful wreath of white flowers. Here we left her, not without hope that we shall meet, no more to part, in that day when the Lord of Hosts maketh up his

jewels. I often used to say to my mother, "Oh, if I could only be as good as Aunt Lucy." How often after her husband lost his eyesight and I witnessed her untiring patience did I repeat those words. Like most business men, her husband chafed under confinement. Once while visiting my cousin I called to see aunt and she said to me, "Don't you think my husband is unwilling to have me leave him for an hour, not even to go to Communion." The next Sunday after she said this happened to be Communion Sunday. I called there early and going up to her husband I said, "Uncle, I have come to stay with you while aunt goes to Communion." For a moment he was silent and then, speaking in an excited voice, he said, "Do you take me for a child?" Then, turning to his wife, he said, "Lucy, get yourself ready and go with Belinda to church. I can stay by myself." We went, and this was the last time he ever asked me to remain at home with him on Sunday.

When the funeral was over I left for home, arriving at my little cottage very tired with my long walk from the depot. I had made an agreement with my tenant that while the weather was warm I should occupy the lower front room—father's room, as we called it. Going into it I told his wife that, being weary, I should retire early. Very soon her husband returned from his sister's farm, where he had been all day helping in the hay field. I had scarcely sat down to rest when he entered the room and, shaking his clenched hand fiercely at me, he said, "Don't you dare to get into that bed this night." I looked at him in perfect astonishment. Finally I spoke and said, "My friend, that is the very place I intend to go as soon as I am ready. I am too tired now to waste words." "Then," he said, "you shall not sleep here tomorrow night." "No," I answered, "nor any other night." With this he left and I fastened the door, fearing he had been drinking. The scenes of sorrow through which I had just passed drove sleep from my eyes and slumber from my eyelids. Next morning his wife called me to breakfast. "Why," said I, "do you think it possible for me to eat here after your husband has treated me in this way?" "I am ever so sorry," she said, "but you need not mind him. I never do." "That may be so," I replied, "but you are his wife." One of

my old scholars in the country had long been wishing me to come and stay with her a few weeks and there I decided to go at once. A cousin of her's came and took me out, but from that day I never received rent from this dishonest man until he left my cottage. I found Mary pleasantly situated and living in a new brick house at the foot of a hill, where there was a noble spring. The old spring house was near by. It needed repairing greatly, but Mary said she must wait for better times, as it did well enough for the present. She had two dear little children, Mary, who was nearly five years old, and the little boy but three. The following Sunday Mary went with me to visit a younger sister who lived three miles distant in the little town of Amanda. Her sister's husband came out to meet us, and calling me by name told me he remembered me well, having seen me years before when I was teaching in the Pickaway Plains, although he was but a boy at that time. Only the day before he had returned from the centennial at Philadelphia. When I asked for a description of it he answered that it would be an impossibility for him to attempt to give one. The grandeur of the buildings, added to the wonderful and curious articles contained therein, was most astonishing. It is indeed a marvel that in the short space of a single century our nation could be prepared to compete with the oldest nations in existence in exhibiting progress in arts, machinery and productions of various kinds. Amanda is a small town situated in the center of a rich and growing country, and her cereals are among the best. My friend's garden was blooming with many beautiful flowers. The Zinnias were of every color imaginable, resembling the rose, but lacking its fragrance. After admiring these her husband said, "Now as you have been so pleased with Harriet's flowers, suppose you go with me to see mine." So saying, he led the way to his hennery, where he had a fine collection of buff Cochins and other fowls. These were from the lightest buff to the richest brown, their feathers as glossy as birds', the only drawback to their beauty being their ungainly forms. However, we told him we believed that he deserved a prize for this interesting exhibition.

Sunday, as it was, we took a walk through the village,

which looked quite attractive from the many flowers cultivated in the front yards. But our time was limited and we were soon on our way home, having passed a pleasant day. As we rode along a succession of beautiful farmhouses met our view, until we arrived at Mary's home. The next day I went with her to see the orchard. Her husband had planted there one hundred apple and peach trees. One tree she specially pointed out, the fruit being of so fine and luscious a flavor for sauce. She said, "You noticed this morning what a peculiarly spicy taste it had. I can cook them awhile when quite green and it is good, but age adds to its flavor." They had what they called "Kansas sweet corn," which is of fine size and great sweetness. When cut from the ear and stewed, then adding her rich cream, it was absolutely delicious. The same could be said of her butter beans, squashes and tomatoes, not forgetting the cabbage. I am fond of rice, but never knew how much it could be improved until Mary prepared it in her own way with this luscious cream. Little Mary learned all her letters in a few days, for she was a very bright child. Mary's brother lived some seven miles distant and we also went to visit him. In going we passed some miserable looking corn fields. Her husband said, "Just look at this corn. To my certain knowledge that man has given his ground no rest for years, and of course the soil is worn out. My fields have rested one or two years and as you see my stalks of corn fairly bend under their own weight."

Mary came to school to me for about three years gaining the prize several times as being one of my most faithful scholars. She is now one of the best of women and a good mother. I could plainly see her life was not a joyous one, but no word of murmur passed her patient lips. Little Mary was a very interesting child, quick to comprehend and ready to learn. I had with me a little book called "Bogatzky's Treasury," given me by a friend some years since. In looking over it she found a picture of a young man attended by the angel of light on one side and on the other was the spirit of evil, while another angel was offering to him a crown of life. In a moment she wanted to know all about these fig-

ures. I explained as well as I could, saying, "When you are a good girl, Mary, you listen to the whispers of that beautiful spirit, but when you are naughty you obey this one who wears the cap with a plume. Look how insinuatingly he glances at the young man. Even when you are trying to be good the evil spirit lurks ever in your little heart, but this angel of light whispers to you in loving mercy striving to lead you in the right path." As quick as thought she said, "But I will always listen to the good angel." Every day, often more than once, would she come and ask as a great favor to see the sweet angel of light. I enjoyed my stay with Mary on account of her lovely and gentle spirit. I noticed that she was very careful, doubtless on account of her children, never to make a harsh answer to her husband, not knowing what he might say in reply. Like Mary of old, she had indeed chosen "that good part which should never be taken away from her." But my enjoyment with her, like all earthly pleasures, was soon to come suddenly to an end. Her husband, like most farmers, was very proud of his three beautiful horses. He was unwilling to have any one drive them but himself. He had one unruly animal and finally sold it to a drover. The arrangement was made and he was to take it about five miles distant to the railroad, where he would receive the money for it. Mary begged him to let some one else drive the horse, but no, he said he would drive it himself. When he came home he was about worn out. Tired as he was, he rose early next morning and took his team to get a load of shingles for his mother. He was caught in a cold, drizzling rain. Next day he was obliged to go to bed and was confined to his bed about two weeks when the disease went to his brain. He was full of strange fancies and was so wild and unmanageable that no one could do anything with him. He seemed to take a special dislike to me, imagining that I was his bitter enemy. Under these circumstances I thought perhaps it was better for me to leave the house. I did so, but he lived only a few days after I left, leaving my friend a widow with two little children to care for and rear as best she could.

Shortly after I had the pleasure of going to view what is called the Rock House, of which I will endeavor to give an

imperfect description. Many years since a Doctor Beeman came to live in the little village of Adelpia, only a few miles distant from this Rock House. He happened at one time to have some patients living in a southerly direction. Instead of attempting to go by the regular road he determined to strike across the country in order to shorten the journey. After proceeding some distance he saw about him a thicket of bushes. In attempting to pass through this his horse suddenly balked, appearing frightened, and finally utterly refused to go farther. The shadows of evening began to fall darkly about his path. Dismounting, he walked forward himself until he came to what appeared to him a frightful precipice. Finally he retraced his path and went back to his home. But his curiosity was excited and early next morning he started again on the trail. As he drew near the same spot the horse became frightened as before. Again he dismounted and tied it to a bush, while he ventured to descend the ravine before him until he reached this wonderful structure. Clambering up the steep rocks, he entered into what resembled a window in the cliff. After gazing about him, surprised and delighted with his discovery, he returned home. Shortly after he made up a party of friends, who prepared themselves in picnic fashion to spend the day there. This they did most pleasantly. Spreading their pure white table cloth, they made a fire in one corner of the Rock House. Here they regaled themselves with hot coffee, roast chickens, cakes and pies, with other delicacies, after which they made the place ring with sweet songs, and charmed themselves by listening to the grand echoes they produced. Ever since that time the Rock House has been a pleasant summer resort for picnic parties. It is situated among the hills, some twenty-two miles from our village, and near the little village of Perry. I was invited one summer to join a small party going to view this romantic spot. When we came near the place some one called out to look through the bushes and see the precipice. But as I was fearful of becoming dizzy I did not obey orders. Just above this descent was a large, flat rock. On this my friend ventured, taking me with her. Here was a rude stairway. Taking my hand in hers, she led me on. Down we went, not daring to look

about us until we landed at the foot. It appeared as though we were about to enter some marvelous cave. The Rock House has several clefts or openings. Into one of these she ventured, taking me so suddenly from out of the sunlight that I could scarcely see for a time. There was a great chilliness in the atmosphere, caused by the water which had dripped for ages over these old rocks. Whole masses of these giant formations, now heavy with the mold of ages, had been thrown together by the Invisible Architect, forming a grand arch which met far above our heads, looking like some vast cathedral of ancient times. Deep veneration stole over me as I gazed, remembering the words of old, "The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands." What ecstasy would it be to listen to one of Beethoven's grand symphonies in this rude sanctuary. How strangely sweet would be the vibrations of Mozart's melodies, echoing within these lofty arches. Looking about, we found a convenient corner where other picnic parties had made a fire and prepared their noonday meal. High upon one of these cliffs we saw the names of other visitors inscribed, but we did not attempt to follow their example. After enjoying ourselves for a time we finally prepared to leave this wild and wonderful spot. My friend had a perfect passion for rocks and hills. Helping me from crag to crag, we descended in safety to the bottom of the ravine. These rocky ramparts had nearly excluded the bright sunlight, surrounded as they were by many immense trees. But the shade and coolness had favored the growth of an endless variety of beautiful ferns. Nature seemed to have fashioned numberless plants of this description from the tiniest moss-blown flower to the lace-like and feathery fern, of every shade of lovely green. My friend filled her basket to overflowing and we then began climbing the hill opposite when the cry arose, "Look, look back at the Rock House." Hitherto the large trees had prevented us from seeing it in all its grandeur, but now the view was uninterrupted and we gazed in wonder and admiration for many moments before bidding the scene a final farewell.

During the following summer my friend Mrs. S——— called and invited me to spend some weeks with her at her home in

the country. "Well," I said to her, "I will come if I can do anything to help you." "Then," answered she, "you mean to say that you will not come unless I give you some work to do? You shall not overwork, but I promise to find enough for you. I have a quilt which I began to make last summer. About one-fourth only is finished, and you may work on that if you choose." Accordingly I accompanied her home. It was about five miles west. Crossing the Scioto river near the town, we entered a beautiful valley. Their loghouse stood on rolling ground, the lawn fronting it filled with grand old forest trees. As we entered these grounds the gentle breeze stirred the branches, like waving arms spread out to welcome us. When at last fairly rested I asked for the quilt. "Some," said my friend, "call it the tea-box pattern. I have heard others call it the Charm, which I think the prettiest name for it." This pattern is a small diagonal piece. One part of the pattern was made of black luster, running up and down the bed. Joining the black pieces is another of the same shape, only made of the most glowing colors. Care must be taken to place these so as to properly harmonize, lest the quilt should appear too gaudy. Then fill in with grave and sombre colors, not forgetting to use some white or light colors. Then the black intermingling makes it look indeed charming. In a few weeks I finished the quilt. I must not omit to say that Mrs. S—— cut all the pieces, arranging the colors to suit herself, which was by far the most difficult part of the program. My work consisted of sewing the pieces together.

As the birthday of my friend drew near her kind neighbors insisted upon giving her a feast on that day, bringing with them baskets laden with every luxury they could procure to grace the table. One of them insisted on presiding at the table, telling her that she must have all the pleasure without the labor. They consented that her daughters should make two large cakes, but requested as a favor to do all the rest. Mrs. S—— consented, saying, "Now there is both dining room and kitchen at your service." When the joyful day arrived many old friends from town and country gathered in, and soon the rooms in the loghouse were well filled. One friend, Mrs. R—— brought a beautiful bouquet of white lilies from her own garden and their

fragrance was most delightful. It brought to my mind those lines of Julia Ward Howe, written at the time of our most unhappy war:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born beyond the sea,
With a glory in his bosom which transfigures you and me.
Glory, Hallelujah, our God is Marching on!"

Another neighbor brought a large basket of oranges, with the sugar necessary to dress them, and taking off her bonnet she sat down and prepared them. And I must say that all who enjoyed them spoke loudly in their praise. When the table was ready it fairly groaned with its abundance of good things. Many brought little gifts, and some sent their sincere regrets that they were unable to be with her. Among those who came was a Mrs. Mary S——, granddaughter of old Judge F——. He was a particular friend of my father, while his wife was a warm friend of my mother. The father of Mrs. S—— was a Colonel F——, now about seventy years of age and highly esteemed by all his neighbors. He had some years previous to this been elected to Congress. But in his old age he indorsed for his brothers, who engaged largely in the cattle business, and unfortunately lost nearly all he possessed. His daughter, Mary S——, attended this gathering and told my friend she would be glad to have her bring the new quilt over to her house in order that her father might see it. Accordingly a few days after she did so and her father was so much pleased that he told Mary he would be delighted to have one like it for his own bed. As soon as my friend came home she said to me, "I know when Mary's birthday comes. It is the 6th of July, and that will be in about three weeks. Would it be possible to have a quilt like this made by that time? I can prepare all the pieces if you will do the sewing." "Well," I said, "if I have help I think it can be accomplished. You are so energetic that I am almost sure of it." "I think," she went on to say, "that we can gather materials among our different acquaintances without having to buy, and it will make a beautiful present for Mary and her father. Mary has always been so kind and generous to every one in the neighborhood. But some time since they have met with these misfortunes she has seemed to fear their friends had forgotten them. You remember her son Elias. He was one of the most

promising young men in all this valley, and was her eldest son and her pride. At the beginning of the war he enlisted and lost his life in the service of his country. And the more I think about it the more I am determined that she shall see how much we think of her. We will carry out our plan." Accordingly we went to work in good earnest, doing our very best. Our plan was kept so secretly that Mary never even dreamed of our intention. The day before her birthday Mary's niece living with her persuaded her aunt to go on a visit to her son's wife, living a little distance away, begging her to stay until near evening. But it began to rain after dinner and she concluded she must go home, fearing the creek might rise and detain her over night. The friends were already on the road. A few were at the house, and when she saw their vehicles standing outside her first thought was that her father had been taken suddenly ill, especially as she saw the doctor's buggy there. Rushing into the house she met the doctor and exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, why did you not send for me?" "Why," he answered, "have you forgotten this is your birthday?" She still could not understand it, and said, "What can it mean?" I went forward and saw the tears in her eyes and said to her, "You remember, my friend, we are told that those who sow in tears shall reap again in joy?" Then she began to comprehend it all. The friends now came pouring in, going directly to the dining room with their baskets. Finally, when all was ready, Mrs. Judge W—— came to me and said, "Do come out and see the table. You will agree with me that Darby can rival any other place in luxuries for the inner man." No less than twenty varieties of delicious cake covered the board, together with ice cream and other delicacies. My friend's sister-in-law, Mrs. T——, who had been Mary's bridesmaid years before, came up from Chillicothe. Many old friends of Colonel F—— also came to rejoice with him. His cup of happiness fairly overflowed. As for Mary herself she seemed completely out of her element, having been accustomed always to preside at her father's table. "Well," she said, laughingly, "I am perfectly ignored here." "But look at your presents," we said; "they are certainly a contradiction of that." My friend Mrs. W—— took my arm and we walked out to look at the splendid farm on the north

side of the house. There are but few such charming views even in that part of the country. The house is built upon a ridge overlooking the valley. This farm contains acres of the choicest land and the immense corn fields were waving in the summer breeze. Interspersed were patches of woods to enliven the scene. An overflowing gratitude filled my heart and I thought, "This is indeed 'a land flowing with milk and honey'."

Going back into the house I found my old friend, Mary's bridesmaid, the Mrs. F—— of whom I have spoken. I said to her, "You and Mary and myself are all widows, but we can bear our united witness to the unfailing goodness of our Heavenly Father." After spending a most delightful season we returned to our homes rejoiced that we had done our part in giving happiness to our friend and neighbor.

IT IS GOOD FOR US TO BE HELPFUL BY THE FAITH OF OTHERS.

Among the mountains of Pennsylvania there lived a lady who was devoted to the Quaker form of worship. For years she had been accustomed to attend a prayer meeting held in the neighborhood on a particular day of each week. On the return of one of these days there was to be seen an indication of a gathering storm, for among these mountains these tempests are not uncommon, and often make great havoc as they sweep onward. Her daughter went frequently to the door, anxiously watching the approaching storm and knowing her mother was preparing to go out. "Why, mother," she said, "thee will not surely venture out while it looks so dark and threatening with-out." She made no answer, but shortly after away she went. The storm delayed its coming for a time and Mary hoped her mother had reached her destination before the storm burst forth. Toward evening she returned. "Mother," said her daughter, "surely thee must have been the only one present." "Mary," said her mother, "such a meeting thee hast never attended. One member, beside myself, with God, the Savior and Blessed Spirit were all there were there. When the storm burst upon us in all its fury, the lightning's flash, the deep, rolling thunder, mingled with the darkness, it was most fearfully sublime. But amid all the grandeur and terror of the storm we were not afraid. The still small voice of the Blessed Comforter spoke peace to our

souls, that peace which the world 'can never give or take away.' Mary, my daughter, how gladly would thy mother impart to thee of that peace, but thee must ask it for thyself. As thou movest about in thy daily round of duties lift up thy soul to Jesus, who said, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, and canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit.' 'Ask and thou shalt receive; seek and thou shalt find; knock, and it shall be opened unto thee.' God alone can bestow this gift upon thee. The choicest gems of earth, or indeed all the vain things of time, are as nothing in comparison with it. Its possession will render thee unspeakably happy here and eternally happy hereafter."

An aunt of a Mr. W——, a near neighbor of mine, once came to visit him. She was now in her eighty-fourth year. Thirty years previous I had known her as a member of the Methodist church in our place, gifted in prayer and foremost in many good works. But she had the unenviable reputation of being not only Cross by name, but cross by nature, too. I went at once to call on her, anxious to see if age had been enlightened by grace. One glance at her mild black eye, as it met my gaze, spoke of a most wonderful change within. There was a softness and kindness of manner so entirely different from that of olden times that I resolved to solve the mystery for myself. "Where have you been living these many years?" I inquired. "At Wilmington," she said. "Do you know that they have frequent revival meetings there, just as you have here? Three years since one of the sisters in the church called to take me with her. After attending them for several days I was requested to speak. So, rising, I said, 'Dear friends, a glorious light has of late dawned upon my darkened soul. Now in my eighty-first year I have at length heard the still small voice calling unto me and saying, 'Arise, for Christ shall give thee light.' My dear friends, I fear that my religion has hitherto been but as the 'sounding brass on the tinkling cymbal.' Will you pray fervently for me that Jesus's love may fill my heart both now and evermore?'"

"Then the dear sister who came with me threw her arms about my neck, saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on

earth, good will to men. Jesus has indeed come to give rest to the weary and heavy laden, opening up a fountain which shall be for the healing of the nations.' Overcome by emotion, we all arose and a hearty shaking of hands followed, after which we all separated, feeling that we were one step nearer to our heavenly home above."

This account given by the dear old lady greatly interested me and I repeat it in her own language, trusting it may be the means of doing some good to others even as it did to myself. I add a letter penned in connection with the circumstances:

"Permit me to congratulate you upon the return of this happy day, which marks a half-century in your precious life on earth. You may well bear witness this day to the truth that "goodness and mercy have followed you all the days of your life." Born of parents who placed their trust in Him "who spake as never man spake," you understand now as perhaps you never did before the inestimable privileges you enjoy. Remembering that patriarchs and prophets, who, looking with undying faith to Jesus, while their lips move touched with hallowed fire, longed to see the day you are now permitted to behold, but died without the sight. Here in your lovely Western home you may look about you and see flowers of every hue whose petals unfold to every passing breeze, while above shines the great orb of light, an emblem of that blessed sun of righteousness that shines, we trust, into all our souls.

Then, dear friend, you may with love and gratitude look at the noble sons that God has given you, growing up "like young plants," while your daughters are as "the polished corners of the temple." You have already waged a good warfare, but as you go forward on life's pathway endeavor still to continue the training of your loved ones in that way which He has pointed out, striving ever, though it may be in weakness, to do his blessed will.

My fervent prayer for you is that our beloved Master shall say to you in the great "day of his appearing," "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

My sister and myself had been invited to take a Thanksgiving dinner with a relative of her husband, William Shaffer. His wife had been waiting some days for her daughter Nettie

to be able to see us, as she had been very ill for some weeks but was now slowly recovering.

Joyfully the mother greeted us, leading us up stairs into Nettie's room. We found her dressed to receive us, though she was still weak and pale. Her father had grown gray since I last met him, but there was still the same genial warmth of manner and kind courtesy as in days of old. By his side stood his little grandchild dressed in pure white while a broad sash, resembling Joseph's coat of many colors was tied about her slender waist. "Tell Cousin Belinda your name," said William, "and how old you are." "I am three years old," she said, "and my name is Ruth." "Now," he said, "grandpa wants you to show cousin how nicely you can dance. I will keep time with my foot." So he began to sing while she danced. "First upon the heel-tap, then upon the toe, wheel about and turn about and jump Jim Crow." As she finished she dropped a little curtsey with inimitable grace. I caught her and said, "You sweet child, who taught you that?" "Oh," said grandpa, "no one, it is perfectly natural with her. She is grandpa's own little girl, and loves to make all around her happy."

Dinner was now ready. William picked up Nettie in his strong arms and carrying her down stairs, seated her at the dinner table, the first time for many long weeks. Most bountifully were the good things spread upon that hospitable board. William did the honors of the table, but excused himself before the dessert was served, saying that as his men at the pork house must enjoy their Thanksgiving dinner with their families he would be obliged to leave us. We remained for some time after dinner chatting pleasantly together and relating our different experiences since our last meeting. Then taking a street car we left for home, rejoicing that Thanksgiving day had passed so joyously for all of us.

The Fourth of July, 1876, was the one hundredth birthday of our Nation. All political parties throughout the country united in their resolve to make the day a grand success. One or two particular friends invited me to spend the day with them, but "No," I said, "this day must be spent with the people of this great Republic." As one of her daughters I

too, must mingle. Not indeed like the evil witches in Macbeth, but in sympathy with the great heart which animates the whole." Accordingly the early morning found me on my way to the Fair Grounds. The lady at whose house I was staying offered me a little rocking chair to place near the speaker's stand. But when we reached the grounds a friend insisted upon my getting into his carriage so that I could be still nearer the orator of the day. I placed my chair, however, where I had the pleasure of seeing many a weary one resting in it. Soon came the speakers, attended by the choir. In a few moments our own military company, preceded by three bands of music, escorted to the grounds the Sill guards of Chillicothe. As they filed around the platform I noticed them planting numberless flags which had been borne on many a battle-field in the late unhappy conflict. The high wind floated their tattered and bullet-riddled fragments to the breeze, as if they too must proudly wave in honor of victory. The winds prevented our hearing much either of the reading of the Declaration of Independence or the Oration. At the close of the exercises the triumphal bands struck up their grand and soul-stirring strains. Then the choir united in the patriotic ode, so dear to every true American heart, "My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty," followed by the one equally inspiring, with its chorus "'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, Oh Long May It Wave, O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

A friend then came down from the platform and said to us, "Do you know the lady who leads the choir today?" "Yes," said I, "she is from the land of story and of song, New England. Few indeed, have so dear and powerful a voice, coupled with such rare sweetness." He then said he regretted the denseness of the crowd or we might get near enough to see the aged centenarian upon the stand. This was my first opportunity to look about me. An old man had taken advantage of my little chair in front of the carriage. Soon came an honest looking farmer leading by the hand the smallest of two little girls, while closely following were three boys. Their father kept looking back to see if they were still near him. It was a pretty sight. The wife

of my friend remarked about them also and said as they passed that doubtless the mother remained at home thinking the father could better look after them in such a crowd. Many beautiful young girls were there dressed in different costumes. No two were trimmed alike. The peasantry of the Old World can not compare with ours in dress, burdened as they are with taxation and poverty. Ethiopia's sons and daughters also seemed to fully enter into the enjoyment of the day, keeping step to the music as they passed along. One of them seemed to feel fully conscious of her charms. She was attired in a black velvet basque. On her bosom and at each shoulder she wore a large bow of bright pink ribbon, resembling wings, while her waist was adorned with a broad sash of the same, falling gracefully over a pure white skirt. Reminding me forcibly of the Heathen Goddess Minerva. It was comical to see her put on all the airs possible, conscious of her superior charms.

Suddenly my attention was called to a little boy who was crying bitterly having lost his mother. I slipped out of the carriage to console him, but presently the mother came along and claimed her boy. All around were now enjoying their lunch. We, too, emptied our baskets and soon after my friend looked up and said, "We must be going, for there is a storm gathering." We accordingly started, I taking the little chair. We quickly made for the house near but found it unfortunately filled to overflowing. We then set out for the gate but found it already locked. A young man kindly led us through the carriages and horses to the upper gate. Thanking him we soon made our way to the house of a friend living near, getting there just in time. The storm, however, lasted but a short time, when the sun shown out again as brightly as ever. And in a little while we were all once more safely landed in our homes. Thus ended my happy centennial celebration.

"GENTLEMEN, ENJOY YOURSELVES."

"Gentlemen, Enjoy Yourselves": This was said by a landlord some fifty years since to my father and two uncles, who were not only brothers-in-law, but brother lawyers, including the Judge of the Supreme Court. The law business in those early times was

very limited, my father often saying to mother, "Brother Douglas and myself must take the circuit of the State next Monday, commencing at Steubenville, going round by Marietta, Portsmouth and Cincinnati, on toward the north as far as the little village called London, named after the famous city across the ocean." This village was the scene of this transaction. These four dignitaries of the law entered the barroom with their saddle bags, etc., which they disposed of in the corner of the room. The landlord told them his wife was ill, but as he was the only one who kept open house for travelers he would do the best he could for them. Opening the door into the next room, he exclaimed in these memorable words, "Gentlemen, enjoy yourselves." Tired and wearied from riding on horseback, crossing swollen streams, after supper they retired to this same room. They had been in bed but a short time when my uncle called out, "Friends and fellow citizens, I say this is enjoying ourselves with a vengeance." Suiting the action to the word, he jumped out Hop-scotch fashion, or rather at lightning speed as he expressed it, and hastily lighting a candle looked for the cause of the trouble. The white sheets were literally black with fleas. Tired as they were, all went to work, until a countless number of fleas were destroyed. A second time they laid down, but not on downy beds of ease. Uncle was the ruling spirit of the hour. Jumping up out of bed, he exclaimed, "Take the floor of the house, gentlemen, each and every one of you. These miserable bloodsuckers have only returned more fiercely to the contest." Now was my uncle in his native element, declaring this was a providential event to renew them in the vigor of their intellectual faculties. "We are growing rusty even in the law, gentlemen. Arise, let us have one grand concert never to be forgotten!" All arose, ready for action. "Brother Atwater, you are a lover of music and have taught singing school. You lead and we will follow." Father commenced, "Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame." All helped with a perfect chorus of voices. Uncle Douglas's favorite was "Blind Bartimaeus." Uncle Parrish's was "Billy Button," but my father and the Judge did not fancy his choice. My Uncle Douglas was an inimitable mimic. He was nearly a ventriloquist. When my eyes were shut I have almost imagined it to be the very person he personified. But

his humor was mirthful and innocent, never leaving a sting behind his jollification with those he loved. That night, father said, they one and all laughed until their sides were sore, as they had never done since or before. Father insisted this night to have been one of the happiest nights of his long life.

SOME FAMILY LETTERS.

Last letter received from Aunt Amelia Parrish.

Aledo, Illinois, March 25, 1873.

My Dear Niece:

I thank you very much for your kind letter. Indeed I am greatly indebted to you for all the information I now receive concerning our family connections. I received a kind letter lately from Amelia Butler, telling me of the death of Mr. Brown. I have no words to express my heartfelt sympathy for poor Lucy.

We know that God our Father will in mercy have compassion upon her. Will both comfort and sustain her until He shall call her to join him above. On the blessed assurance that if we are truly his own we shall meet as saints in heaven. Oh I could put my arms around her and encourage her to trust a Saviour's love.

Your aunt has made full proof of it. And now at the advanced age of eighty-three I have the assurance that He will shortly take me home. Then, my dear niece, we shall meet, tho' it may be never more here upon earth.

My Heavenly Father is dealing most kindly with me. The old Tabernacle is coming down though indeed gently. While the infirmities of age constantly remind me that I am nearing home. And yet everything is being done to make my stay here pleasant and happy. I feel that I have truly "a goodly heritage."

I would write to dear Lucy, as I know her address but "most miserable comforters are ye all." In her Father and Saviour can she alone find comfort and peace.

My life here is a secluded one, among strangers. I have not been out of the house this winter. Here in my comfortable room, where my fire is kindled the first every morning, I stay much of the time. You know that I am no sleeper but I can read, sew and knit. But the keepers of the house

begin to tremble, and it is with some difficulty that I now write, for my vision is so dim. Indeed, I have about given up writing. I mourn over it too, for I enjoy so much every letter I receive, and do so love to hear from my friends. Remember me very affectionately to Lydia, Mrs. Renick and all who ask about me. There are but few now left. They have nearly all gone over the river and we shall soon follow.

How rapidly time flies, bringing so many changes. Is it possible I ask myself that Lucy Brown has three boys almost young men! Oh what a strong household to do good and take care of their mother, to love and comfort her now in her arduous duties. May God keep them from evil and bless them. I am sorry to hear of Amelia and husband's ill health. I hope Lydia's son will be a comfort to her. We would be most happy to see some of our friends in this our prairie home, showing them how beautiful it is in summer, though most dreary in winter.

Martha and her family have enjoyed good health this terribly cold winter. She has now both of her children with her. Lalla and her husband are both boarding at home. Lalla's health is much better now. Parrish is editing a paper and studying law. Will be admitted this summer. Is considered quite talented. Martha is a very happy wife and mother. You inquire after Mary Ayres. She has been with us for the past three months but left us week before last, going to Tiffin to look after her property. She is now with Marcia. She has been greatly afflicted and tried. Perhaps there was a "needs be" in her case. We did all we could to comfort her. Mr. Geiger and Martha made her stay as pleasant as possible. I trust she may yet see some happy days. I would like to hear more about Albert Douglas and his family. His mother was a very dear sister and I feel sorry not to hear sometimes from them. I can never forget the happy days now forever gone. What dark waves of sorrow have since rolled over us. I feel sometimes as though I remember too much. Yet I do thank my kind Heavenly Father that he has spared the intellect he has given me even down to old age, enabling me to enjoy all the blessings he

has so graciously given me. "Nor is the least a grateful heart, That tastes these gifts with joy."

Martha sends much love to which I write my own.

Your affectionate aunt,

AMELIA PARRISH.

My last letter from Aunt King written in her eightieth year:

Columbus, May 6, 1872.

Dear Belinda:

My love beyond expression. You have unlocked memory's casket, and the days of "auld lang syne" came sweeping over me. I look around at the many vacant chairs, which recall the pictures hanging on memory's wall. Often and often do I converse silently with those loved ones, whose forms are entwined about my heart and touched with colors of amber, gold and purple. They can never fade while life lasts. I hope yet to meet them in the heavenly port. I am now at the depot where there is no return ticket. My health has been so feeble this winter that I have stood as it were on the banks of Jordan, but I am ready and "perfect love casteth out fear." I have just returned from Lancaster and visited Juliet who is in delicate health. Emily is with her, dejected and sad. She feels as though she had been cast off penniless and without a home. My heart aches for her. She has employed a lawyer to investigate her case. Albert King has come back on furlough from New Mexico. Will take a wife back with him. Willie is in Omaha. Tom is now a bookkeeper in the pension office. Flora's health is poor, about as yours at her time of life. Lydia is tall, and Lutie is a sweet one.

As soon as I read your letter I sat down to answer it promptly. My best love to Mrs. McCulloch and daughter. Aunt Amelia Parrish spent her winter with Charles on the Wabash, but will go to Martha very soon.

But I am growing so weary you must excuse my writing any more at present. Please write soon. Give my love to Lydia.

Ever your loving aunt,

FLORA KING.

Letter from Mrs. E. B. Burge:

Westfield, July 22, 1878.

Very Dear Friend:

Your kind letter arrived by due course of mail bearing tidings of lovely friendship, which I will assure you gave me much comfort, it seemed sweet to hear one kind word from Circleville. When there you did not realize how many times your pleasant calls dispersed my sadness and put pleasure and cheerfulness in its place. Selkirk said, "Society, friendship and love—divinely bestowed upon man. Yes, divinely, for certainly true friends may well be termed one of the cardinal blessings of divine origin, and without them how dreary is life." Some author says, "The soul's casket is filled with the most beautiful and costly jewels, but the one that shines most brilliantly is the gem of love, planted by divinity—watered by seraphs and pruned by angels." Yes, a pure and loving heart reigns Queen over all the host of virtues.

Thus far we are well pleased with our new home, very quiet, and everything is pleasant; we yet board with the family of whom we purchased, very fine people. Oh how I would like to have you step in and see us. This is a beautiful town containing about ten thousand inhabitants, but a small portion of it is compactly built. The streets are very wide—one has two drives with a row of large elms between and all are lined with large trees. The churches are fine structures and the dwellings are generally good, but a large portion of them are richly built in modern style with French roofs and surrounded by large green plats, fitted up with much refinement of taste. In the center of the city is a nice park, containing a beautiful fountain supplied by the Montgomery water, which also supplies the town. It is conveyed in iron tubes seven miles, directly from a fine spring among the mountains of Montgomery, at an expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The ladies here are doing much for Temperance, have formed a society, hired a good hall, and fitted up a restaurant (strictly temperate) where anyone can have a warm meal or anything else they wish for what it actually costs. The ladies serve alternately as their course comes, giving freely

their own labors and are rewarded with much success and praise.

Please remember me to any who may kindly inquire for me and please accept of much love from me yourself. The doctor wishes to be kindly remembered. May the white dove of peace fold you in her lovely wings by day and by night smooth your lonely pillow.

Affectionately your friend,

E. B. BURGE.

P. S. Shall be happy to hear from you at any time.

Answer to my friend Mrs. E. B. Burge:

Circleville, Oct. 26, 1878.

My Dear Friend:

Words can not express my sincere appreciation of your truly interesting letter. Let me assure you it gave me great satisfaction telling me as it did of all the pleasant surroundings attached to your new home. Your having removed to New England reminds me of my dear Aunt Douglas who lived all her married life in Chillicothe. You know it is situated but a few miles south of Circleville. From my earliest childhood I spent many weeks with this beloved aunt. Often she remarked to me the quiet, picturesque beauty of those hills. They remind me forcibly of my early home. Here in Ohio, the Frost King often delays his coming, at which time the different species of maple assume the most brilliant colors. The bright scarlet changes to crimson, shading off to the richest brown. The golden yellow becomes dark buff, contrasting beautifully with the evergreen laurel, the darker hues of the hemlock adding perfection to the whole. This dear aunt insisted, after the loss of my husband, that I should come to Chillicothe. One Indian summer morning I went down. Arriving at her home she greeted me saying "You were wise to improve this lovely weather. If it continues we will take a walk tomorrow. Next day was delightful. "Let us go first," she said, "To the southern hill. They have laid out the cemetery there since you were last here." Ascending, and looking down we saw the dwellings of the village intermingled with the forest trees which lay at our feet. Aunt pointed across the river. You see

Mount Logan and a succession of hills as they run toward the east, until lost in the distance. Each one nearest to us appeared like some magnificent garden richly dotted in splendid apparel. At times the golden sunlight danced like some fairy phantom lighting up these favored spots. While the long dark shadows passed over many of them moving occasionally as if endued with a hidden life. Over all the landscape there seemed an unearthly radiance and purity. A soft haze enveloped the hills as far as the eye could reach. I said, "Aunt I am indeed pleased to have a glimpse of this charming panorama of autumn's changing glories." Dear friend, forgive my wandering back to the happy days of yore.

The reason of my long delay in answering your kind letter is this: One of my early scholars begged me to come into the country and teach her children, a little girl of six years, and a little boy of four. It had been two years since I saw either of them. I cannot tell you how overjoyed they were. "Will you stay many nights, auntie, will you stay all summer?" the little boy said. His mother had promised him a little wagon for learning his lessons. Quickly running to her he said, "Now I will get my wagon." I said, "Do you remember before I went away I told you that Heaven was away beyond the stars "Please tell me now," he said. I commenced then to tell him saying, "Say with auntie this sweet little verse." Then he repeated it with me,

"Far up the ever lasting hills,

In God's own light it lies,

His smile its vast dimensions fills

With joy that never dies."

"Auntie," he said, "when you undress me for bed every night, I'll say it to you. Tell me just one verse today." "I am afraid you will forget it," I said. "No, no," said he. "Well then say this,

"Jesus the very thought of me,

With its sweetness fills the breast.

But sweeter far thy face to see

And in Thy presence rest."

After that every night when undressing him he would call for "sweetness." Then folding his little hands he would re-

peat these verses after me. I know that like me you love children and think them akin to Heaven.

Mary's wheat fields bend with luxuriant grain. Never before in Ohio have I seen such abundance. The cherry trees when laden with fruit were more beautiful even than when in bloom. You may know I enjoyed the feast. Mary's mother insisted upon my drinking half a pint of new milk both morning and evening. The weather became so oppressive that I was obliged to return home. Then Mrs. Swearingen came in and insisted on my going out with them. They have a large two-story log house, spacious and airy.

Their eldest son while I was there completed his twenty-first year. Many friends were invited upon his birthday. The boys had whitewashed the old house for this grand occasion. The young men brought with them their sisters, or the girl they loved best. One young man greeted him with, "How do you do, twenty-one?"

Mrs. Atwater's nephew and niece came from Kingston. Anna is very pretty and Chester fine looking. Part of the evening I spent in the room with the dancers. A few remained all night and were with us at prayer next morning. I can not tell how much love was sent you by Mrs. Walke and Mrs. Bell, who were present.

After I returned home I found I was just in time to attend the Colored Conference of the State, which was held this year in Circleville. They held their meetings in the fair grounds. More than one hundred ministers of the colored church were there. The president of Wilberforce College preached by invitation in Rev. Mr. McMullen's church. I was surprised and delighted to hear him speak. Indeed, all who heard his discourse spoke loudly in his praise. The colored Bishop of Baltimore preached at the fair grounds on Sunday. I was truly sorry I could not attend their evening meetings. They had a choir called the Hallelujah chorus. The wild wail of the captive has now changed to freedom's joyful Hallelujah. The conference said they had never received a more kindly recognition of Christian fellowship than in Circleville. Their music seemed to charm all who heard it. Mrs. Atwater insisted upon my moving into one of her rooms this winter, telling me she feared another winter's walk from

my former home would oblige me to leave the church militant for the one triumphant. I have no special desire to leave my friends on earth that I love so well.

Added to all this, my sister, Lucy Brown, is now here. One of her sons is now in Gambier studying for the ministry. Before he left the city the Sunday school of which he was so long superintendent presented him with a beautiful student lamp, while the teachers gave him a fine alpaca robe. In the spring she leaves here to spend the summer with Lewis in Gambier. Dear friend, I feel that my cup runneth over with blessings.

This is all of interest that I have to tell you at present. Give my best regards to your husband and son. I have no doubt he will succeed in his profession. Remember I shall always be delighted to hear from you. May His blessing, which is life to the soul, ever be with you all. Such is the affectionate prayer of

Your sincere friend,

BELINDA A. FOSTER.

A letter written to William K. Rogers, in Washington City:
Circleville, August 15, 1879.

Dear Cousin William:

I received your kind letter while visiting at the Swearingens, mutual friends of ours. I only wished that Mary, the children and yourself could have been there, away from the hot city, but know that in doing our duty there is pleasure, wherever one may be. Their large loghouse is situated on rising ground, surrounded by grand old forest trees. The house has been lately white-washed. This makes the contrast more beautiful, because of the many gentle showers which have made it like a continuous spring all through the summer. The varied shades of green show to great advantage the different woods of the forest. Nearly every morning I could hear the musical chu-chu of the redbird. Added to this was the continued moan of the wild dove afar in the deep wood, as though but yesterday she had lost her home in Eden's vale of love. Did the angel's flaming sword cause her to depart and ever more chant this plaintive strain to remind us of departed happiness? It would be impossible to describe some of the rides taken with me by my friends, on these beautiful Darby plains. One in particular I especially remember. The bright sunshine was varied by passing fleecy clouds which floated

like snowdrifts above and beyond us, between which were great azure depths of clear sky, giving to the scene an indescribable charm. Mrs. Swearingen said to me, "This is the very time I will take you to see a friend of mine. Their farm lies just along the edge of the Scioto, and here we are. So, jumping from the carriage, we went into the yard. Striking into a little path, I followed. Delving into the dark forest, I followed the shelving path down the rocky sides of a hill. Soon we came to the spring, enclosed in a box, as it seemed. It bubbled up over the pure white sand and was almost as cold as ice. But the marvel of this scene consisted in the singular beauty of the noble forest trees. These were standing in the Scioto, about twenty feet below the spring. There were five trees standing in two different groups. So luxuriant was their foliage as to almost shut out the light. Sunshine could scarcely enter. It was dark and cool indeed. I can not convey by language the beauty of their appearance. After we returned home Mrs. Swearingen came to me, saying, "I have news for you. Here in the paper I see, 'To Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, a son'." Most unthankfully I exclaimed, "Why was it not a daughter?" They have two sons already, and how pleased would Phoebe have been with a little sister. But 'tis a newly bestowed treasure of immortal worth, and as such I sincerely congratulate both yourself and Mary. I thank you for the reception of the little interest due to me. It is to your generosity alone that I owe it. Tell Mary my prayers rose in gratitude for her safe delivery. My love to the dear pledges of your affection, and both yourself and wife.

Ever yours,

BELINDA A. FOSTER.



MARCIA PARRISH RHODES

THE BUTLER FAMILY

BY

MARCIA PARRISH RHODES



“The best possessions of a family are its common memories. Those souvenirs constitute a sacred fund, which each member should cherish as beyond price.—*The Simple Life*.

The father of the late President Arthur interested himself greatly in the origin and history of surnames. Among those of which he made a special study was the Butler family. This is the result :

“The ancestors of the Butler family came from Normandy, and were known as Counts of Briony. One of the family named Havins Fitz Walter, came to England with William the Conqueror. His son, Theobald, accompanied Henry the Second to Ireland, and there secured the favor of the king by his zeal and ability in the reduction of that country. As a reward, he was given great possessions, and he therefore made that country his home. He was given the title of Earl of Ormond, to which was added, Chief Butler of Ireland,—the younger sons, having as surnames, Boetler or Butler.

“Anne Boleyn was a Butler, was a sister of the Earl of Ormond, and her name Margaret Anne. Anne Boleyn was engaged to her cousin, Pierre Butler, when she attracted the attention of Henry the Eighth, and her tragical fate is a matter of history. The coat of arms was a goblet, encircled by a vine, but the motto was forgotten by my mother, Aurelia Butler Parrish.

Her father, Ebenezer Butler, was a descendant of one of the younger brothers of the Ormond family, who fled to America after one of the rebellions in Ireland. The tradition in our family was that there were two who came together, one remaining North, of whom Grandfather Butler was the representative; the other, going South, of whom Pierce (was it Pierre,—a memory of the old name?) Butler, the husband of Fanny Kemble, was a descendant.

I have no doubt much of interest could be found relating to the fifty years before Grandfather Butler settled in western New York, and there surely is a genealogy of the Butler family,

—quite a book, which I read in Washington, some sixteen years ago, lent to me by Cousin William K. Rogers, Sr.

But when I come to Ebenezer Butler, I find myself on solid ground, for the fortunes of a man of strong will and self-reliance plunging into the wilderness of western New York, making a home, owning vast possessions, finding a place for himself where his influence was strongly felt,—is full of interest and life.

I can but add the deep regret we must feel, that when we had the opportunities, the words of those who *lived* those times, were not carefully preserved. And that is one reason I am anxious to record, though so much is lost,—all that I can remember of what I heard, from lips now silent.

It must have been soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, that Ebenezer Butler settled near Pompey Hill, in Oneida County, New York. He had been in our army during that war, and must have had, means, for he bought an entire township of land, built a home, had grist and saw mills, and a store, where the Indians exchanged their furs and handiwork for goods brought from Albany over an almost pathless wilderness. Here he married Rebecca Davis, whose beauty of person and character is a tradition in the family.

Five beautiful daughters and a son, grew up around them. Grandfather Butler's riches increased, he grew to be a man of consequence, and was sent to Albany as a member of the Legislature. His commercial interests became wider, and he visited New York city, bought ships, had agents there, and sent cargoes to England and Germany.

He was a stern man, his word was law. My mother says that he never entered a room where his children were, that they did not rise until he was seated. Indulgent in many ways, he commanded, not demanded, great respect.

But to his beautiful wife, he was ever the lover. My mother remembers the beautiful clothes and furniture brought from Albany and New York, and the exciting times when they were brought out and choice made first by the mother, and then by the five daughters.

As the girls grew up, they were sent to Bethlehem, the famous Moravian school. How many have had an ancestor educated there?

One can catch glimpses of the unique life around these young girls in their Western home, when they returned from what was to them the civilization of Bethlehem.

Little or no society, a wilderness around them, groups of Indians seen every day,—New York was still a slave state; and old Yat the coachman, Pompey the man of all work, and Mandy the cook, were strong in my mother's memory. Old Yat had been in the Butler family many years, and the attachment between master and man was strong.

While Grandfather Butler was in Albany one winter, the beloved wife was given up to die, and a trusty messenger was sent to bring him home. Traveling was on horse-back, and with all speed he came near the home with a sinking heart. The picture was so stamped on my mind by my mother's dramatic manner, that I never forgot it.

It was within a few miles of home, after night, bright only when the moon escaped for a time from the breaking clouds. The road was hilly, and far before him grandfather could see a powerful white horse, urged towards him by the rider. He knew it was Yat, and what word would he bring?

"Yat," he cried, as the man drew near. "What of your mistress?"

"Gone, Massa."

He had his home and daughters,—grown to keep it up, but his courage and heart were lost.

Misfortunes came to him. The war of 1812 and the Embargo, kept his ships loaded with their cargoes, from sailing, and they rotted at the wharves. It was little comfort to know after the War of 1812 was over, that the Embargo had injured us far more than the enemy.

My grandfather was now an old man, and the loss of his wife had taken away the happiness of his life. He had lost money, courage, will. Giving up all he owned, with the exception of enough to buy a small farm in Ohio, he again started for the West. Three wagons and two carriages contained goods and the family, and leaving Pompey's Hill, they went south to Pennsylvania, and crossed the Alleghanies over the western trail. They were six weeks on the way, traveling by day and camping

by night. This was in 1813, and it was truly plunging into the unknown wilderness. They reached the farm on Alum Creek, ten miles from Columbus.

It was a large family,—the oldest daughter, a widow with two children, having joined them. They could not be idle, but must turn their education to account.

Flora embroidered exquisitely, and painted on velvet and silk,—taught by the Moravian sisters at the Bethlehem school. My mother was competent to teach the more solid studies, and they opened a school in Lancaster.

The beautiful, intelligent girls, were a welcome addition to the small town. My mother, when speaking of her family, always added, “I was called the homely Miss Butler.” At this, there was always an outcry; for my mother, with her dark hair, oval forehead, arched eyebrows, and penetrating eyes, could never have been called plain.

Flora did not teach long. Two brothers, Christian and William King, were prominent men in Lancaster. They were neither of them young, and both bachelors. Within a year the school lost a teacher, and Flora became Mrs. Christian King. Then Mary came as additional teacher.

The Butler girls were too attractive to be without suitors, and Mary became the wife, within the year, of Richard Douglas, a lawyer, living in Circleville at that time. Aurelia followed her to Circleville, and opened a school, but in 1814 married Orris Parrish, a lawyer of Columbus.

THE ROGERS FAMILY.

“What a good deed to guard these fragments of the past, these glimpses of the inner life and fortunes of our ancestors.”

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Aunt Martha, or as she was affectionately called, Aunt Patty was the eldest child of the family. She became very deaf from scarlet fever when but a child, but to lessen the disadvantages of such disability, everything was done by her father that money and skill could command. As she grew older she was often her father’s companion in his trips to Albany and New York. The prettiest things brought home, were, after the mother’s choice, offered to Patty. Her sweet disposition

and beauty of person, together with a quickness of perception greatly supplying the defect of hearing, made her very attractive; and she was married quite young to a Mr. Hollister belonging to the New York family of that name.

He died in a few years, leaving her with two children, Juliet and Emily. She came West with her father, and remained with him at Alum Creek. Juliet Hollister, visiting her Aunt Flora King in Lancaster, met with a Mr. Samuel Rogers, connected with the King brothers in business; married him, and went with him to Circleville, where he settled as a merchant. Her mother and sister came to her, and it was there I have the first remembrances of my Aunt Patty and Cousin Juliet.

The former, in contrast with her sisters, was small, beautifully proportioned, with exquisite hands and feet, the oval forehead, and arched eyebrows—family characteristics—a sweet winning smile, and such a gentle, almost pathetic manner, due probably to her feeling of helplessness. I never saw her ruffled in temper, she seemed to understand by signs and movements of the lips, and never showed depression. Dear Aunt Patty.—I have only the pleasantest memories of her.

My cousin Juliet was so much older than I, that her eldest child Will, was just my age. Even in my earliest years, I was impressed with the idea that she was held in the highest love and respect by the whole kinfolk. Near relations are probably critical of each other, but never did I hear but one opinion of Cousin Juliet.

Cousin Sammie, as we called him, was a man of means. His handsome home was, as was customary in those days, next to the store,—spacious and well-furnished, and with him lived Aunt Patty and her daughter Emily.

Circleville is about twenty miles from Columbus, on the direct road to Chillicothe. Unlike any other town I ever knew, the public square and houses facing it, presented a perfect circle, from which the streets radiated like the spokes of a wheel. This arrangement, I am told, afterwards fell into disfavor, and was changed at much expense and trouble.

Like Columbus, Chillicothe and Lancaster, there were found an intelligent and well-bred society. The country had not the attractiveness of that surrounding Chillicothe, but the grazing

and stock farms of Pickaway County have become celebrated.

Here I made frequent visits when quite young,—Cousin Juliet dying when I was only eight years old. I had other relatives in Circleville, of whom I shall speak later, with children of my own age, and what good times we had in the Rogers home. There peace and plenty reigned,—maple taffy and sugar, walnuts, hickory nuts, a beautiful table, with all that would appeal to a child's healthy appetite. How happy and soothing the mental atmosphere of the home, and this was due to the presiding spirit of the house, Cousin Juliet. I remember her as though it was but yesterday.

She was of medium height, easy and gentle in manner, dark hair, but with a decided glint of red *rippling* over the whitest, most peaceful brow I ever saw. The eyes, beneath, dark and wistful,—you could go to her impulsively with any trouble, and with it all a most decided personality. Even yet, I can hear the winning tones of her voice. Perhaps some of our impressions were due to the evident devotion shown by Uncle Sammie to his wife.

He was a tall, handsome man, reticent, very quiet, but not stern; indeed, gentle, but no one presumed on Samuel Rogers. With fine business talents, and just and kind in his dealings with others, he stood high in the little business world about him, and he expected every one in his employ to give him their very best.

William King Rogers was the eldest son and just my own age. He was tall, slender, and delicate, refined and sensitive in his feelings and manners, demanding little and giving a great deal. The child is father to the man, and he showed even then many traits, prominent in after life. These traits were distinctly inherited from his mother. Sammie, the second son, was just the reverse. Strong physically, radiant with health and activity, handsome in person, strong of will, persuasive in manner,—his aim was to rule all things and it was through no fault of his that he did not.

With everything to make her happy, and so necessary in the home to infuse courage and right living, Cousin Juliet died suddenly when she had been married about eight or nine years. Cousin Sammie was never afterwards the same, the light had

gone out of his home. Aunt Patty was tenderly cared for, and he tried to fill the place of father and mother both.

THE ATWATER FAMILY.

MANLY BUTLER.

“I said my heart is all too soft,
He who would climb and soar aloft,
Must needs keep ever at his side
The tonic of a wholesome pride.
“Then up my soul and brace thee,
While the perils face thee,
In thy heart encase thee,
Strongly to endure.”

It was in Circleville lived also the second daughter, Belinda. She had been a belle and a beauty; she sought or asked for nothing in the pride of her youth,—all desired things came unsought. Imperious in temper, she felt the world was made for her. Tall, slender, very erect, keen blue eyes, very fair, she ever preserved under all trials the manner and courage of a queen. Seemingly with a wealth of suitors to choose from, she had married some time before her father's coming to Ohio, Caleb Atwater, a man the direct opposite in character of her own. He was a man of fine education, an ardent student in his chosen profession,—he loved study and research in the science of archaeology. He had made quite a reputation, and was considered one of the leading archaeologists of the whole country. The ancient mounds and earthworks of Ohio and still further west, were fine fields for research, and some of his books, giving the results of his labors, were eagerly welcomed. But at the same time, he was utterly unpractical. He lived with his head in the clouds and his feet hardly touching the ground. Everything must yield to his favorite pursuit.

Aunt Atwater had a legitimate pride, a large family, and a natural ambition for them. While there was a certain pride in the fame of her husband, there was little money in it. I remember his receiving a large, imposing foreign letter, notifying him of his election to membership in the ROYAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DENMARK. It was written in French, and I was filled with envy when my Cousin Lucy—my

own age, answered it, in the same language. In the results of his total oblivion of every day, and family duties, I have often in late years been reminded of Professor Alcott. Louisa Alcott's golden chariot, in which her father rolled smoothly over the last years of his life, came to my aunt in the love, ability, and care, given the whole family by Douglas Atwater, her eldest son, a man of sterling character.

There were also Belinda, Aurelia, Clinton, George, and Lucy. George was a most precocious, handsome boy, showing as he grew up—wonderful literary ability, and developing great journalistic talent. He died young.

Lucy, the youngest, was my own age, and also the age of Cousin Will Rogers. We all had mutual memories of those happy young days. Lucy developed striking success as a teacher,—her influence over her scholars both intellectually and in influencing their character, being remarkable. Her marriage to Mr. David Brown was a most happy one, ending all too soon, leaving her with three sons. She now lives with her son, the Reverend Dr. Lewis Brown, a prominent rector of the Episcopal Church, in charge of the important church of Saint Paul, Indianapolis.

My Uncle Manly Butler was the only brother of my mother. He had little of the strong personality characteristic of his sisters, and seems to have made little impression on me in those earlier years. He was an upright, religious man. I remember much better his beautiful wife. We were very proud of Aunt Abigail, born Phelps, and sister of the late Mrs. Odiorne of Cincinnati. The family moved farther west when I was quite young. I have met, since, one daughter, Amelia Butler, who has taught at Bryn Mawr and other colleges, and showed herself a woman of talent and marked ability.

THE KING FAMILY.

“In right family feeling lies the germ of all those fine and simple virtues which assure the character of right social action.”

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Aunt Flora King was rightly named. She loved all beautiful, bright things. Excitable, easily made happy, she felt the

need of a stronger character on which to lean, and this she found in Uncle King. Her embroideries and paintings on satin were considered works of art, and her husband delighted in the admiration they excited. Uncle King and his brother were called old bachelors, when the former married Flora Butler. He was in easy circumstances and in his indulgence and care, Aunt King seemed almost like a daughter,—indeed, not very different from that given to his two children, William and Flora. All household cares were relegated to faithful Zuby and her daughter Fanny, and it was a happy, easy, indulgent life led in the King household.

Lancaster society included many families whose names were part of our subsequent history. The Shermans, a large family, could well suggest the talented Beecher family. The father, a talented lawyer, and judge; Judge Charles Sherman, well known and esteemed in Cleveland in after years; General Tecumseh Sherman, one of the heroes of our Civil War; John Sherman, the great financier; and two daughters, Mrs. Reese and Mrs. Burtley, well fitted by grace and intelligence to fill the social positions they were called to later. Senator Thomas Ewing, also affectionately called "The Old Salt Boiler," lived in Lancaster,—his daughter, Ellen, becoming the wife of General Sherman. The Shermans lived opposite my uncle, and Senator Ewing farther up on the hill. Lancaster was to a great extent built upon the side of a hill, the ground around these homes a series of terraces, the effect being very beautiful. Uncle King's house was old-fashioned, and already looked old for that new country. It had been built and added to as became necessary, a part being brick, the remainder of wood. Rambling rooms and halls, a step here, two steps down there, made it delightful to us. By no means handsome, with its two Dutch stoops, each on a different level, covered with vines and white roses, with upper and lower gardens reached by flights of steps and filled with old-fashioned flowers, it had a charm of its own.

Summer evenings these stoops were the meeting places of neighbors. Judge and Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Reese, their beautiful daughter and her courtly, elegant husband Henry Reese, the Hunters and Ganaghtys, Effingers,—what a time they had. Aunt King, restless, fond of society, full of wit and animation;

Uncle King, a large man, quiet, uncommunicative, yet showing his enjoyment in the life around him; William the only boy, and Flora the daughter, held their little court on the lower stoop. Young people dropped in, lights sprang up in the parlor, the old-fashioned piano was heard, there was dancing.

Maria Hunter and Ellen Ewing, afterwards the wife of General Tecumseh Sherman, fresh from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, gave us beautiful vocal and instrumental music. To me, just a school-girl, it was delightful and bewildering.

The country around Lancaster was beautiful, and so different from that surrounding Columbus. The hills we could almost imagine mountains. We planned horseback rides to the summit of Mount Pleasant, and picnics, when we came home laden with mountain laurel and rhododendrons. Cousin William in appearance, was one's ideal of a young man. He was handsome, tall, dark eyes, a good dancer, a graceful rider, skillful hunter,—full of the enjoyment of the life around him. Flora was a great favorite, not handsome but very attractive, natural, vivacious, and above all, the indulged and petted only daughter of the house.

With this picture, I leave the King family. Full of love, life, and enjoyments,—need we care to pursue it farther? With all we know of life, can not we see death, changes, sorrow, drawing near?

THE DOUGLAS FAMILY.

“Oh, the spirit of places, the atmosphere which surrounds us when we go back in spirit to the homes we once knew.”

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

My Aunt Mary, the fifth daughter, married Mr. Richard Douglas about 1815,—he then living in Circleville, but afterwards removing to Chillicothe. As my mother had five daughters, my aunt none, and my father was an invalid for five years, needing constant care, I was with my aunt much of the time from my ninth to thirteenth year. The change between the two homes seemed to stamp indelibly upon my mind the impressions of each. My aunt and uncle came often in their carriage with coachman to Columbus, and I returned with them. I made my

first visit when not quite nine years old. I remember my aunt, dressed in a long, black silk pelisse, white leghorn bonnet, with a green dotted veil fastened to the bonnet, the other end drawn up by a ribbon and large bow, the veil thrown to one side. She was exceedingly graceful, with a stately carriage, and perfect self-possession. Her clear gray eyes looked into your inmost soul at once, you felt it useless to conceal or try to conceal anything.

Almost an invalid for years, the spirit seemed to triumph over the flesh. After sleepless nights filled with pain, her indomitable spirit rose to the enjoyments and duties of the day. Almost painfully devoid of color, her clear cut features seemed carved from ivory. She was generous and conscientious, but very exacting. Having no daughters of her own, her standard was perfection.

Coming as I did from a large family of eight children, where we sometimes numbered twenty, owing to the old-fashioned hospitality then observed, and where my mother had so many demands socially and physically upon her time, we were allowed great freedom within certain bounds, and the change was great. But I will not anticipate.

We traveled the forty-five miles leisurely to Chillicothe, stopping at Bloomfield for dinner and to rest the horses. It was an old-fashioned tavern, as the word *hotel* was unknown in those days, with beautiful well-cooked food, and oh, the loveliest old-fashioned garden. How I jumped from the carriage, stiff with the enforced rest, to revel in that garden, almost forgetting my hunger and the good things in store for me. Tall, white lilacs, lower purple ones, flaunting peonies, fragrant old man, phlox, and larkspurs. Then, after an hour's rest we went on. As the lovely evening came on, the country changed,—high hills appeared, with rolling hills at their base. But when Uncle Douglas said, "Here we are, almost home," no Chillicothe could I see,—simply high hills, one beyond the other. Then a turn in the road, and there was the town with the hills apparently encircling it,—our road of entrance had disappeared. To an imaginative child, it was beautiful.

We drove up a circular walk to a fine old house, and Hannah and Lucy were on the steps to meet us. How I learned to

love these two faithful servants, who lived with my aunt twenty years.

Chillicothe was mostly settled by Kentuckians and Virginians, many of them bringing their slaves with them, and then of course freeing them. Housekeepers then were not forced to labor over the still unsolved servant problem. Even to a child, the difference between social life in Columbus and Chillicothe was felt if not understood. In some respects the latter was like a Virginia or Kentucky town. There were not the many crude and discordant elements to be united. Society was a settled thing. Either you were of good stock, or you were not. If so happy as to belong to the first, want of money, plain living, a small house, were as nothing. One could see in the voice and manner the homage paid to refinement and good blood. There were many beautiful homes, and an elegance in living which compared favorably with "The East." The young girls were generally educated in Philadelphia, and were stamped with the Philadelphia seal in pronunciation and manners.

The long list of families I can so well remember: The Worthingtons, Creightons, James, Woods, Waddles, Reeves, Bond, Watts, Madeira, are only a small number of those I recall. My uncle's house was large, furnished in handsome style, and the library with two immense bookcases filled to overflowing,—on one, a large bust of Byron, on the other Scott.

Here I revelled. My aunt did not approve of novels, but I found Miss Edgworth's, Scott's, and several of Cooper's,—the Leatherstocking series not then having been written. When these were read, I found a barrel full of delightful Godey's Ladies' Book, and Graham's Magazines, in the attic, and developed a surprising inclination to spend my time there. But the most charming part of the house to me in my loneliness, was the clean, airy kitchen, with its wealth of tinware, shining white from constant scrubbing. Perched on one of these tables and listening to the wit and fun from Hannah and Lucy, I sat entranced until the swish of Aunt Mary's long silk garments, made me disappear. I was not actually

forbidden to be there, but there was a misgiving that if I was found there, I would be forbidden.

Here let me pay a well-deserved acknowledgment of all that I owe to this aunt. Time only deepens my gratitude, and makes me forget my tears and discouragement, through which all this was gained. Here I met many prominent persons, celebrated in the religious, scientific, and literary circles of Ohio. Young as I was, I always had the place beside my aunt, at the brilliant dinners she gave. I remember particularly Bishop McIlvaine, Doctor Daniel Drake and his equally celebrated brother Charles, and a young literary genius named Talfourd. This name quite puzzled me, as I heard Luke and his mother speak frequently of Sergeant Talfourd of England, who had just published *Ion*. How he could be in Ohio was a wonder to me.

My aunt and uncle had but two children, both sons. Luke was a student. How delightfully he and his mother discussed the books he read to her; how they enjoyed the wit and literary style of their favorites. Young as I was, these things made a lasting impression.

Among these books I remember, was *Rejected Addresses* by Horace and James Smith, just published in London. They professed to be rejected poems, offered for a prize, by Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Lamb, and others; and the keen enjoyment and remarks with which the peculiarities of each poet were imitated, gave me entrance to a new world.

Albert was different. Intelligent, but not wedded to books, he loved outdoor life, was a skilful hunter, and had innumerable pets. Among the latter was a large black bear, and "I snatched a fearful joy" in being allowed to give him his food. This was easily done, but taking away the pan, took all my courage. The bear objected, and I always felt him at my heels as I ran. Why I persisted in it, no one knows. Albert had a beautiful voice. He was "incurably religious," as Sabatier says about mankind, and the hesitation visible in his common speech, disappeared in singing and in prayer. This was probably the cause of his giving up the profession of medicine, after years of careful preparation, and becoming a banker. He was warm-hearted, with much

of his father's charm of manner, and took a high place in his native town.

How I wish I was equal to doing justice to the personality of my Uncle Douglas. That personality was strongly felt wherever he chanced to be. Standing among the foremost lawyers, he added to legal knowledge and logical powers, a keen wit and readiness irresistible. He was the idol of the children, and absorbed our delighted attention, from the time the old lumbering stage deposited him at our gate, until he left. I can feel his hand on my shoulder, and his voice saying: "And how is my bonnie dear?" Another sister was dubbed "Peter Piano," and a running flow of rhymes and fun made us happy. When staying with my aunt, there was a secret understanding between us, that when he looked wise after dinner, and retreated to the library, I should follow. Stretched on the lounge, and with eyes closed, he gave himself up to the soothing influence of what would now be called my massage of the head. An imaginative child, I followed this up with impromptu stories, the sparse hair being a forest inhabited by wonderful beings. The nose, mouth, and ears, were the homes of other wonderful creatures, having adventures and battles never ending. Strange to say, this ceaseless talk seemed to soothe or amuse my uncle, and after perhaps an hour, he would go to his office, making me happy with his expressions of delight, and a "ninepence" changed from his pocket to mine. My sisters visited Chillicothe often, and he was always the same dear, loving, Uncle Douglas.

THE PARRISH FAMILY.

"There are recollections that are sacred and eternal. There are words and faces that never lose their hold upon the heart.

"We may mingle in other scenes, and form other associations, but these dear familiar faces and loved scenes remain invested with fadeless beauty, and are exempted from oblivion and decay."

Orris Parrish and Aurelia Butler, my father and mother, were married in Circleville on March 5, 1816. I have a slip from a newspaper of that date, in which the license was re-

corded; also, the marriage the same day. Their bridal trip was made on horseback to Columbus, where they at once established their home.

My father was a young lawyer, full of energy and overflowing with courage and confidence. My mother was then twenty-four, and my father but two years older. Their first home was on Broad street, the second house west of High. The house between was the home of David Deshler, and his bank was on the corner afterward for many years. My father must have realized some of his anticipations, for he could only have been married a few years when we removed to a new home, with ample grounds, I being carried across the State House square in a cradle on the broad shoulders of Josey Kag, the man of all work.

The grounds of this new home lay between State and Broad, and Fourth and the alley back of Third street. On the latter were the handsome homes of Jeremiah McLain, P. B. Wilcox, John W. Andrews, and Demas Adams. These names bring up a multitude of memories connected with old friends of my father and mother. Dear Mrs. Wilcox, with her lovely face and winning manners. Mrs. Preston, just as charming. Mrs. Hannah Neil, devoted to all good works. Mrs. Alfred Kelly, whose home seemed then out in the country, and we always, in walking, asked if we "could go as far as the Kelly house." There was Mrs. Gustavas and Joseph Swan, Doctor Goodale, who made every one happy with the large means accumulated by his business ability. Mrs. Broderick and Mrs. Stirling were nieces of Dr. Goodale's, and were women of such strong character, of such great ability in the traits essential to the life of pioneer women—to me, in looking back, they seem to fill a unique place in the society of Columbus.

Auntie Broderick, as we called her, had a heart big enough to include every one. In sickness she was the first in good offices, for we had no nurses then. On joyous occasions she was necessary to assist in decoration and in making everything a success. Her home, plain and simple though it was, was headquarters for the young people—warm, bright and cheerful. Passing through many sorrows, she kept her cheerfulness and faith in people to the last.

Mrs. Stirling, at the head of Dr. Goodale's establishment, had scope for her executive and housewifely accomplishments. Hospitable as he was, her social duties might seem absorbing. But a strong churchwoman, she never forgot her duties as such; an exquisite needlewoman, her embroideries and all things necessary to beautify her home were remarkable. Her recipes were much sought for. So many others I would love to pay a just tribute to, but have not the space.

The Court and State Houses were of brick, a brilliant, ugly red, and the cupolas and woodwork a dazzling white. In the latter was the State Library, and it speaks well for the people of Ohio that at that early day the number and value of the books proved an intelligent interest in it. The librarian for many years was Mr. Mills, a dear friend of our family, and from whose wife I received my name—Marcia Mills.

The grounds around our new home were large, filled with beautiful forest and fruit trees. One in particular, called the Old Elm, was a grand old tree, from which swung a fine swing safely guarded, and in which it was our ambition to touch with feet the immense branches, seemingly in the clouds. This was the grand rendezvous for George, Sarah, and James Swan, Maria Wilcox, Sarah and Jim Doherty, Ann and Irwin McDowell (afterwards General McDowell, of the Civil War), Mary Noble, Ann Eliza and Lizzie Neil, Laurretta Broderick—all friends of my older sisters, Mary and Martha. There were eight children of us, and we lived a busy and delightful life.

We were sufficiently cared for, but had great liberty, under certain restrictions. We did not rule and govern the home, everything did not turn on the thought of the children, as it is too much the rule in these days, but we were happy, busy, had plenty of company, and were not a great deal from home. School, Sunday school and Church had their important place and due influence. Our father was a Circuit Judge, and often from home, but he had every confidence in the ability and judgment of my mother, and was often heard to say, "She could carry out any plan she had resolved upon."

I remember her as a queen in her home, tender, firm, above all deeply religious, hospitable when that word meant much more than now, looking well to the ways of the household, full of

ingenuity and taste with her needle, and prominent in all church work. In my earliest years there was no Episcopal church building, and but a small congregation. Our services were held when possible, in the old Dutch Church, on Third between Town and Rich streets. There were immense hay-scales next to it, a mystery to me for many years. Then I remember going to New Trinity, on Broad street near High. It was a handsome church for those days, and the first rector was James Preston, a man deservedly loved and esteemed. We crossed the Public Square diagonally to reach the Sunday school, and for many years the great stones, cut and ready for the new State House, lay unused, offering temptations every Sunday too great to be resisted, for us to climb and jump over, much to the horror of the older members of the family.

The dear old chants and hymns, the pealing of the organ, and the true congregational singing, are all dear to my memory.

The Episcopal Church had been established long before in Worthington, and Bishop Chase had established a school there before Kenyon College was thought of. Bishop Chase was a large part of the early history of the Church in Ohio. He was a dear friend of my mother's. Often her guest, and always an early riser, he frequently came around to take breakfast knowing how early we had that meal.

My oldest brother, Grove, was afterwards educated at Kenyon, and when a child, and my mother visiting Gambier, had the honor of being rocked in a maple-sap trough—no other cradle being found.

Mr. Noble kept the National Hotel, opposite the State House, and where now stands the Neil House. He had several lovely daughters—Eliza, Catherine, and Mary. The Robinsons had charge of the hotel, corner of State and High, called I think, The American. The influx of strangers, and, Columbus being the capital of the State—the members of the legislature, made such demands on these hotels, that many families received friends, remaining in the city, for the winter, as guests.

I remember particularly, Mr. and Mrs. Edward King, he being a member of the legislature—as guests for several winters. She was a daughter of Governor Worthington, and after Mr. King's death, married a Mr. Peters, the British Consul at Phila-

delphia, and a poet of much merit. A warm, lasting friendship always existed between Mrs. King and my mother. I have alluded to the difference in the society, in Chillicothe and in Columbus,—the former conservative, few strangers, and, life, for a pioneer town, on a sure foundation. Columbus was just the reverse. As the capital of the State, many came, connected with the government. All political influence and life, had there its headquarters. Strangers and adventurers were drawn to it. Persons of note were sure to come and be publicly welcomed. When the Ohio & Erie Canal was finished, and the joy of the West for a new way of bringing the East and West together found public expression, Governor De Witt Clinton of New York visited Columbus, and was the guest of my father.

The markets were excellently supplied,—all food very cheap. I remember a quarter of venison selling for twenty-five cents; eggs, three and four cents a dozen; butter, six and eight cents a pound. I can see my father now, with his market basket, and George Scott following after with two more, all filled to overflowing for our large family.

This family sometimes numbered twenty. Relatives and friends came, as we read in English earlier life, to make a visit, and remained months and even years. There were many needs not supplied, and my mother was a busy woman. Candles were all made in the house, moulded or dipped, and were the only means of lighting large rooms, except occasionally an Argand or sperm-oil lamp. Beef was put up, spiced or corned, the hams smoked or cured according to Epicurean recipes,—the sausages, tenderloins, and side-meat, all were tests and opportunities for the executive housekeeper to show her skill.

When very young I remember all the old-fashioned methods that reigned in the kitchen, and what a wealth of delight it brought to the young ones of the family. The immense fireplace with the crane and pot-hooks, the skillets, with iron covers on which hot coals were heaped, the reflector in which the direct heat of the fire browned the biscuit and cornbread to a turn; the roaster or spit, where turkeys, ducks and geese were roasted before the fire, basted and turned by the split until ready for an appreciative table. At a respectful distance we watched the heating of the great brick oven, near the fireplace. After

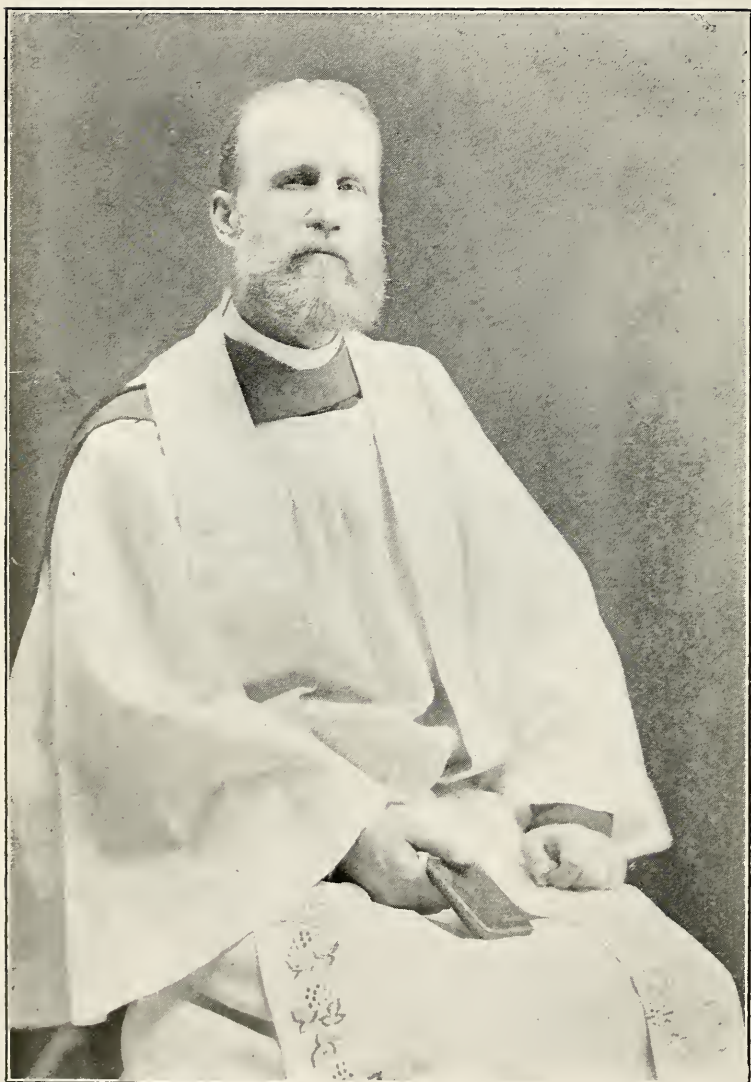
the light dry wood had burned to coals, they were scraped out, and pumpkin, mince, and apple pies, and an array of cakes, were put in on an immense wooden shovel, and the door closed. It must have required great skill to know just when the oven was the right temperature, but cooks were really cooks in those days.

Then the bread and rolls, and the baking was finished for several days. Days such as this, we did not dare to invade the kitchen. But there were other delightful times, when we could roast eggs with a straw put in to prevent an explosion; and sweet potatoes, also, while apples were roasted in the hot ashes until the golden juice bubbled out. Corn, stripped from the husks, leaned against the huge andirons, and were turned until ready for our feasts. What feasts we had, out under the immense cherry or apple trees. Were children ever so happy? My mother's maids were always from Radnor, nice, self-respecting, intelligent, Welsh girls. It seems to me they married so soon, but there were always sisters or cousins to take their place at once. We often afterward met these girls, in much more educated positions, and where they proved themselves equal to their new social duties. The servant girl problem was yet in the future.

My father, as I have said, was a Circuit Judge,—his circuit reaching to Sandusky City on the lake, then called Portland, and several times I was his companion. Squeezed into a little sulky, well-named and only intended for one, with a little leather trunk under the seat, containing my belongings. I had much converse with him, and was dependent on myself at an age when now-a-days children are hardly out of the nursery. My father knew everyone, and I was always kindly cared for. He was held in high esteem as a lawyer,—brilliant, forcible, and eloquent, but bitter and sarcastic when roused. Of an independent spirit in the earlier years, he sometimes resented the arrogance that judges frequently displayed towards young lawyers, and was once sent to jail by a justly exasperated judge, for contempt of court,—spending a delightful evening with brother lawyers, who came to cheer his loneliness. He had a fine library, and took much pains that his children should be well read. He died in his forty-eighth year, after several years

of semi-invalidism, and my eldest brother, Grosvenor, just ready to be admitted to the bar,—although only twenty, died of congestion of the brain, six weeks after.

The dear old home was sold, and for economical reasons my mother with her five children, removed to Delaware, where she had many old and dear friends.



REV. LEWIS BROWN, Ph. D.

THE BROWN FAMILY

BY

LEWIS BROWN



It has been my desire for a long time to put in form the personal recollections which cluster about my life-history. Every one has his individual experience. Events appeal to that inner witness which God ordains separately. From the past memory emerges with facts of indelible impress. The present is explainable viewed in such connection perfectly. We are but the complex resultant of that which has preceded and been assimilated.

CHILDHOOD IN CINCINNATI.

I was born June 4, 1855, in the city of Cincinnati and State of Ohio, at 237½ West Seventh St. The house was a two-story brick and stood back a little from the street, with stone steps going into the parlor. In the front room up-stairs I saw the light, as the chimes of St. Peter's Cathedral, upon Plum and Eighth Sts. were ringing the six o'clock anthem—"Adeste Fidelis"—"Come Hither Ye Faithful." The fact may account for two of my especial likings—Christmas and the Church. From my childhood Christmas has ever been a festival of peculiar joy. This anthem is part of the musical setting upon that day in all historic churches. In the light of such a circumstance my fondness for the season is no mystery. Among the family friends our house went by the quaint epithet of "two and three bits," thus commemorating the money in vogue, a bit being twelve and a half cents.

In 1857 we moved to 39 Barr St. This was also a two-story house, but it jutted out on the street and had a side and back yard. My younger brother David was born here in September of the same year, my elder brother Douglas having been born in 1854 upon Broadway. In this house my earliest definite impressions were formed. It is a pleasure to summon these from those shadowy days. In the back yard was a cherry tree which grew close to the fence. When the fruit ripened we had more or less friction with the neighbors, as the branches spread into their yard. The matter was amicably adjusted by letting them have what came over the fence. Upon the eastern

side of the house there was a side door which opened upon the stairs to the second story. Upon one occasion my father fell from the top to the bottom with my baby brother Dave in his arms. Strange to say the baby was not hurt at all and my father escaped with but a few bruises. We slept in the front room up stairs and I remember eating sugar with laudanum upon it when sick with a cold.

Upon the corner of Cutter and Barr Streets there was a vacant lot with a great sand heap. Once while playing I fell from the heap and cut a hole in my head upon the stones. I can remember coming home with the blood trickling down and alarming my mother greatly, who bound it up with a bandage and forbade me going there any more. My brother Douglas learned his letters in the basement of the Presbyterian Church upon the corner of Barr and Mound Streets. I was too young for that but used to enjoy going up to the place with the nurse to bring him home. Across the street a family lived to whom we became quite attached. Some one died there and I recall the curious impression made by crape upon the door and the difficulty of grasping what death meant. When these people moved away after their sorrow, they gave my father an oil painting entitled "The Wounded Dog." It is a very fine specimen of such work during the last century and is in our possession still. Next door to us lived a household by the name of King. The daughter was a dress-maker and married subsequently a Mr. Matthew Addy, who acquired great wealth later in the iron trade. One of my possessions was a little red Bible, given me by the servant girl Betty, who was greatly attached to all the family. It was lost for awhile and the feeling of joy lingers with which I clasped it when it was found. My brother Dave was quite ill and I went out into the yard and lifted my hands in imprecation against God, because I had gained the idea that He was responsible for such sickness. It came to me with peculiar comfort, when I was told that God was good and would take care of my brother and all of the family. I remember very well wearing a suit of blue cloth, with a cord and tassels about the waist, also one of gray with strips of black velvet down the pants. Upon Seventh St. busses ran to and fro. I recollect watching them curiously holding

on to the nurse-girls' hand. I attended Sunday school infrequently at the Presbyterian Church, in the afternoon, where my brother went during the week. At that time my view of religion was one of dread. The idea of punishment seemed to be in my mind and there was little pleasure in going to Church. I gained this impression in some way from the servants who connected any naughty act with the coming of "the bad man." As this personage was not very clear, his shape had an atmosphere of positive terror. It was long before I could stand the dark, so filled was it with creatures of baleful character. I constantly put my head under the covers of the little trundle-bed, when the light was removed. When in answer to my cries the bed-room door was left ajar, so that the voices from below could come up, I went to sleep in peace.

Our next place of residence was Lockland, some miles distant from Cincinnati, upon the Hamilton and Dayton R. R. We took the house of a Mr. James Skardon for a period of months. It stood upon the corner of a country street and had a large garden behind. Upon the side away from the north and south road the ground sloped down to a little brook, with trees upon each side. Here we sailed boats and waded upon summer afternoons. We raised all kinds of vegetables in the garden and had chickens in the barn-yard. There was also here a horse and carriage. Upon rainy days we used to play in the carriage, imagining ourselves taking journeys. In the villages were locks, where the canal boats came to and fro. The sound of the water falling down always filled me with alarm and I never cared to go there, unless I had hold of my father's hand. About a quarter of a mile north of the house was a school-house where my brother Douglas went, and back of it woods, where we used to gather hickory-nuts and acorns. Upon Fourth of July we had a fine time firing shooting-crackers and wearing soldier-caps of colored paper which my father and mother made. Tin swords and wooden guns were carried and my brother had a drum which seemed never out of his hands. Our friends from the city visited us here. Cousin Mary Garrison came, bringing Walter and Mamie, the two older children. We had a great time with them playing and were sorry to see their carriage go home. My third brother was born here—

William Pratt Brown. He was taken sick and died shortly after birth. I was ill at the same time with typhoid fever. I can see distinctly the minister coming to our house and my mother crying bitterly. I did not go down stairs. It was in the winter time, as I recollect. The little casket was taken away in a hack and I think that my mother and father left me in charge of an old lady who lived across the street, named Auntie Capon. I did not get well for some time and had to learn to walk again. My father used to carry me down stairs wrapped in a large shawl.

After my brother's death the place seemed very lonely to my mother and so we moved back to Cincinnati and took the house No. 32 Elizabeth St., between Central Ave. and John. Here life widened out in many ways and boyhood actually began. I can see the house very plainly. It was two stories high, with an attic, in which was the girl's room and our trunk room. It had a front, side and back yard. In the back yard was a wood-shed and grape arbor. There was a picket fence and gate in front.

Next door to us lived an Irish family by the name of Foley. Mr. Foley was a teamster and had many men under him. There were a number of children, two of whom were called John and Molly. Mrs. Foley was an excitable sort of person and had her gusts of temper. The household was naturally of Roman Catholic persuasion and attended St. Peter's Cathedral. Across the street lived a boy, Louis Beauchamp, with his grandmother, who has since gained notoriety as a temperance advocate. Midway in the square James Walker lived, who was engaged in the brewery business. His little girl "Mamie" was the belle of the street. Farther up the street Charlie Cheeseman lived and upon the lower square William Skardon, a brother of our old landlord, manufactured clothing. Upon the corner of Central Avenue was Frank's grocery, held in high regard by all the boys because there always stood upon the pavement a pile of sugar and salt barrels. It was considered a treat to scrape these when they were empty. John Kilduff had another grocery upon the corner of John street. Many events cluster about these days. When it rained the garret became our play-ground. Boxes were turned into stages and chairs turned down for horses.

With glee we traveled from place to place, known to us by actual experience. From the window I remember watching a great fire upon the canal and wondering whether the flames would ever be checked. My first school was upon Clinton street between Central avenue and John street, where I learned my letters from a private teacher: later the Eighth District School became the Mecca for education and it was situated upon Eighth and Ninth streets, running through from one to the other, and between John and Mound streets. Our teachers, were Misses Hudson, Findlay and Boyd, and Mr. John Chamberlain—the principal was Mr. Frank M. Peale. Mr. Mason was our singing teacher and Mr. Louis Graeser taught us gymnastics. The old school was pleasant and the months slipped by imperceptibly. During the days of the Civil War, at times we picked lint for the hospitals and any notable victory meant a half-holiday. Recess was a noisy time and the play apt to be boisterous. One game particularly liked was called cavalry charge. The small boys used to ride on the backs of the large ones and try to pull each other off as they met. A boy named Atkinson always carried me. It was apt to be dangerous. Holiday time and vacation were always heralded with joy. Generally speaking my brother and myself were counted as bright pupils and stood high upon the roll in every grade.

Upon Central avenue, opposite Elizabeth street, was D. B. Pierson's lumber-yard. This was a great place in which to play. We climbed up and down the piles of boards and had many a game of hide and seek in the yard. There was a singular fascination in watching the shadows play across the lumber. Sometimes apertures were left that formed hiding places. Here upon rainy Saturdays we would sit imagining ourselves hunters, scouts and belated travelers. The world of books seemed to give us just such spots in which to live over their incidents. Upon wintry nights bon-fires were frequently kindled out of boards gathered together and potatoes were put to roast in the embers. They never came out brown—always charred black, but our appetites were not fastidious and a little salt made them taste better than those well-cooked at home.

Thanksgiving day and Christmas came with especial delight. Thanksgiving day always meant a fine dinner and usually a long

walk in the afternoon with my father, to settle the food which had been so heartily consumed. Walks were also a feature of Sunday afternoons and many a building was noted upon our rounds, that had excited the interest of people generally. My father always carried a cane and usually treated us to something "good" in the line of cakes, candy or soda water. Christmas was the great day of the year. There was a mystery surrounding it for weeks; purchases were hidden from our eyes; everything was done to deepen our final joy. I once hunted for presents boy-like and was detected. It was the last time I did so, for it seemed both to anger and pain my parents. We were threatened with the loss of the present entirely, which was a fine oak sled, for our misbehavior. Christmas morning we were ushered down stairs where our gifts were laid out in rows. Breakfast was made especially nice, but I never could eat any. The excitement always took my appetite away.

We went to Sunday school at St. John's Episcopal Church. My father was a Baptist by inheritance and my mother inclined to the Episcopal faith. Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Odiorne, of Dayton street were charter members of "St. John's" and also family connections. Through their influence we were induced to attend the church. The Sunday school was in the back part of the basement and had box-like seats in tiers. I sat upon the back row and was abashed at the start because I wore curls, which were the derision of the other boys who called me a girl. Here we were taught all of the Bible stories from colored pictures which hung upon the wall. Later we were transferred to the larger room and placed in classes. I sat by the door leading out to Plum street. Christmas and Easter were always memorable occasions. At Christmas we gathered together upon the "Eve," sang carols, heard addresses and received books and cornucopias of candy. A Miss Wells took us to and fro, and I remember how dark the night and bright the stars seemed. Easter was memorable for the custom of presenting some emblem in flowers symbolizing the name of the class with an appropriate text. The Rector called each class in turn and two members responded. I usually was fortunate in being given such duty. One time we had a light-house with the text: "I

am the Light of the World" and another time a sword representing "The Sword of the Spirit." Rev. J. B. Homans was in charge and he had one remark fitting each case. "Now this is exceedingly beautiful." Twice I received the "Standard Bearer" a bound magazine for proficiency. In summer we went upon picnics—once to College Hill—and at other times upon the railroad or the river. The Superintendent was W. J. M. Gordon, who kept a drug store upon Eighth and Central avenue.

The home of the Odiorne's was always a privileged place. Aunt Odiorne used to give us doughnuts and once we each received a little toy tub filled with candies. The Irish girl named Mary was a great favorite with us all. At this time their residence was upon Eighth street, between Race and Elm—afterwards at 163 Dayton street.

The Civil War added its events. My earliest recollection had to do with President Lincoln whom I saw in a carriage at the corner of Mound and Seventh streets, from the balcony of Crowther's drug store. Mr. Crowther was a friend of my father's. This must have been in 1861. Mr. Lincoln impressed me because he was so tall. He got up in the carriage to acknowledge the cheering of the people and it seemed to me that he would never straighten out. Drilling was a feature upon the streets, especially when Morgan, the Confederate cavalry leader was said to be near. The Guthrie Grays or Home Guards to which both Mr. Odiorne and my father belonged were constantly practicing the tactics. There was a military hospital opposite Washington park upon Race street. Several times I carried Sunday school papers there and gave them to the guard. Another noted hospital was upon Twelfth street. In this vicinity there was a camp most of the time and long trains of mules with white-covered wagons were congregated here. I saw two military funerals, those of General W. H. Lytle and General J. J. McCook. The mournful music, crowded streets, long processions and the riderless horses walking behind the hearses, led by a soldier, appealed strongly to our young imaginations. McCook's remains lay in state at the old city hall upon Main street. Here the soldiers on guard pacing to and fro, the masses of flowers perfuming the air and the police keeping the crowd moving, are vividly impressed on my

memory. There was a Pontoon bridge across the river. This was before any other had been built. The levee was usually crowded with boats waiting for the ice to break so that they might go upon their way to Madison, Louisville, Evansville, St. Louis and farther south. It was a great treat to go down to this spot upon Saturdays.

Sometimes my father would get a carriage and take us for a long ride. We visited two Jewish families, Heidelbach and Seangood—known as “White Jews”—and took dinner at their homes in Clifton. A great delight was a visit to the theatre. We went to Wood’s and the National upon Sycamore street. The plays that still charm are “Cinderella” and “Mazeppa.” We also went to see Gen. Tom Thumb, his wife and Minnie Warren, the Glass-blowers and a panorama of “The Fight Between the Monitor and Merrimac.”

On Thanksgiving day we ate our dinner at the building erected temporarily for the work of the Sanitary Commission, of which Mr. Odiorne was a prominent member. The request had been publicly made that all citizens forego the customary feast at home and come to this place, paying the sum designated to help along the Union cause. It was a very cold day and the building, being a mere shed, far from warm. Huge stoves were placed here and there and kept at a great heat. My father, however, felt that it was a proof of patriotism to attend and we stood the inconvenience nobly.

The day of Lincoln’s assassination was one of especial prominence. It was April 14, 1865 and had been set apart as an occasion of rejoicing over the termination of the Civil War. It was a public holiday and the streets were filled with glad crowds. At night the houses were illuminated and flags displayed to the breeze. Our front windows had colored tissue paper fastened to them with the names of Union generals in black in the center. Behind this lighted candles stood and the effect from the outside was happy. We boys had prepared a stuffed figure of a man to represent Jefferson Davis. This was placed upon the car track of the John street line and a line tied to the shoulders ran along the ground to a spot behind the corner grocery, where safe from detection, we could jerk the effigy away after the car had stopped. For awhile this worked

very well, but at length the conductor and driver first deceived came around again and our little game was squelched. My mother was always an early riser and after she had gotten the maid at work upon the breakfast, usually sat down in the dining room to read the morning paper, until the rest of the family descended. Upon the 15th of April she saw the black headlines announcing the President's assassination and she cried out in terror to my father, who tried to calm her by saying that it was probably not true, as he quickly reached her side, only half dressed. I can see their faces still pale with excitement and the gloom which seemed to have fairly come in through the side door. The days that followed were funereal in character and a public demonstration of grief was made in the form of a procession with a catafalque. The churches and public buildings were all shrouded in crape. The whole city seemed to unite in lamentation and it was dangerous for pro-slavery men to appear upon the streets. A Methodist minister, Rev. M. P. Gaddis, delivered an eulogy in his church upon Seventh street, above Central avenue, and my father took me there with him to hear it. Above the pulpit was a flag, outlined with crape.

My mother was a beautiful reader and used to read out loud to us children in the afternoons when we got home from school and also upon Sundays. She read successively Irving's "Alhambra," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and other classics from the best literature. I was always fond of imaginative books such as "The Arabian Nights," Grimm's "Fairy Tales" and like works. The "Rollo" books were great favorites. Upon Saturdays we were permitted to go down to the Young Men's Mercantile Library, to which my father belonged and read under the direction of Miss McLean, the Assistant Librarian. These were "red-letter" occasions and nothing meant so much to us in solid amusement. A form of literature forbidden was the "dime novel"—a series of books in paper backs filled with blood-curdling adventures among the Indians, pirates, burglars and kidnappers. These were passed around at school and were fairly devoured in secret. They were responsible for the adventurous spirit which culminated one Saturday in a great fight in the old burying-ground, where Wesley avenue now stands, between two companies of boys representing Indians and

soldiers. At that time the graves were being opened and the bodies removed to make way for houses and streets. There were gruesome sights to us in the exposed skeletons and the more timid of our number beat a hasty retreat rather than remain to combat in such a place.

We used to have curious experiences with hired girls. One I remember got drunk and chased my mother around the dining room with a butcher knife. It was quite a relief when a policeman came, loaded her into an express wagon and put her in the Ninth street "watch house." Upon the northeast corner of Elizabeth and John streets was a family, occupying the lower floor of a tenement house. The father died. He was an Irish Catholic and they had a wake for him. The body was laid upon chairs, and candles were kept burning about it by night and day, until the day of the funeral. The noise at night was hideous, as all who came partook of whiskey and got uproariously drunk. We children looked in at the door, which was wide open and made our comments upon the scene.

CIRCLEVILLE.

Our summers were spent in Circleville, Ohio, the birthplace of my mother. We usually went there the last of June and returned the first of September, in time for the opening of school. The town was endeared to us from long associations. My first recollection clusters about my grandfather's house, which had broad steps from the back yard leading into a basement kitchen. I can see my aunt going down there to a huge fire-place. In the front room my Uncle George is lying down upon the floor, with a chair turned upside down and a pillow against it. The front door is open and I run there to see the stage come thundering down the street. Another recollection is in connection with Chillicothe, where I went with my father and mother on a visit to our relatives. I am permitted to stand by the coach door and look out at the whirling trees and fields. We usually stopped at the Pickaway House. This was kept by Mr. and Mrs. Coverdale. Tom Coverdale, a younger brother, kept the bar, and his wife, Emma, was assistant housekeeper. They were all English people and very kind to us children. Mr. Coverdale was in the army during the war, but later came

home and operated the gas works. His daughter, Mollie Coverdale, I thought was the handsomest woman that I ever saw. She married a Mr. Josh Childs, a school teacher, and they had one boy, John by name, who was fairly idolized. In the same house lived Mr. Augustus Hawkes, proprietor of the stage and bus line. He had a heavy gold watch-chain with seals hanging to it. Next door lived Mr. and Mrs. Otis Ballard in a part of Aunt Atwater's house, whose husband was dead, but whose son Richard was our play-mate. The house had a side yard and a sloping back-yard with a wood-shed upon the side. Here we had all kinds of pranks and did most of our playing. The coaches and omnibusses were always a source of enjoyment. Jeff Bye was one of the drivers and many a ride was given us to the barn or down the street. A Mr. Nichols was the agent and he did not like us very much and would send us home if he found us riding. In front of the Pickaway House people used to congregate to see the stages come and go to Columbus, Chillicothe, Kingston and Lancaster. Across the street was the Court House and in the cupola upon top we passed many hours. The jail was in another building to the north and I was there one afternoon when some boys were being sentenced for throwing stones. The judge seemed to enjoy directing his remarks at all the boys present. The canal crosses the Scioto river, and it was an event to go down and pass over on the bridge with the water thundering down at our side. My cousin had a boat which he rowed sometimes, but there was always an element of fear in its use. Upon the river-bottoms broom-corn grew and its harvesting was one of the industries of the town.

Uncle John Groce and Aunt Ellen lived upon East Main street. They had three daughters—Mary, Ellen and Jennie and one son, Charlie. We used to go there a great deal, play in the yard and take rides to the farm. When we were invited there, the dinners were something "gorgeous." Old Aunt King lived near by and her garden was always filled with old-fashioned flowers, which she would pluck and send in profusion to my mother. At a later date my grandfather lived upon East Main street, opposite the Methodist Church. My Aunt Belinda Foster looked after him and the cottage had four rooms below

and two up-stairs. My grandfather usually sat in a rocking chair in the front room and we took turns in reading the paper to him. In the front yard grew flowers along the fence, my aunt's peculiar joy. My grandfather was a very large man and the porch shook when he walked across it. He was fond of raisins and used to give them to us when we had finished reading. Next door lived a family by the name of Pedrick, where there were several girls with whom we used to play. Near by was a black-smith shop and wagon yard. We could come through this place into my grandfather's yard. My grandfather never talked much to us, but every one who came to the house greeted him most pleasantly. His bulk increased with age and he became a great care to my Aunt Foster. She was almost burned to death trying to keep him from falling into the fire. The marks of that ordeal she carried to the grave. Alfred Burnett, the humorist, visited Circleville one summer and Dave ingratiated himself in his affections to such an extent, that he gave him a pass. His portrayal of the Arkansas preacher is yet fresh in my mind. My Aunt Aurelia was married to Mr. Henry Coontz and they lived upon the way to Columbus about two miles from town. It was genuine country and we loved to go there and stay. The barn-yard, orchard and fields were all very attractive. Across the creek there was a large quantity of mint, growing without cultivation. George Lerch, the boy at the Pickaway House used to take us there with him and bring it back for use in the bar and dining room. An event at the Pickaway House which stood out with especial prominence was a ball given by the Coverdale's in honor of a Miss Elias, whose father was the proprietor of the St. James Hotel, Cincinnati. William Boling, the Sheriff, did the "calling off." We boys sat beneath the tables, upon which the fiddlers played and watched the couples as they moved to and fro. We were delighted at being permitted to stay up and see a "grown-up party." The Episcopal Church, to which my aunts belonged, worshipped at first in a white meeting-house rented from the Lutherans. Later a new church was built, which still stands. We played upon the rafters and watched the edifice as it went forward. The congregation had many prominent people—Geo. Fickardt, William Marfield, the Moore's and the

Stribling's. Across the street was the Roman Catholic Church, also going up. The old cemetery was north of my grandfather's home upon Main street, about three blocks. My grandmother and Uncle Richard were buried there. My mother had the remains taken up and re-interred in the new cemetery north of town. She also had a stone placed there, giving the names and dates. Mr. Bentley Groce lived near and we used to go there and play with his sons. One of his sons was a Captain in the army and was killed in battle. He was buried with marked "honors" and a handsome monument placed over his remains. One summer there was a rat-killing tournament in the town. Two citizens started out with as many helpers as they could interest killing rats in barn-yards, stables and wherever they could be found. The one who produced the most tails was decided victor and the other one had to pay the forfeit of a dinner for him and his company. We were much interested in some "Wizard Oil" people who sold goods and gave a free concert at the same time. Large crowds followed them, carried away with the singing and thrumming upon the banjo of plantation melodies. Down at Kingston lived Aunty Atwater's sister and her family. It was a great treat for us to go down and spend the day there. "Uncle May," as we called him, kept a grocery store and the horses and vehicles tied in front of it were a source of amusement always. Emma May was always kind to us and the sons of the house were boon companions. Upon one occasion a prominent woman of Circleville drowned herself in the cistern. The fact impressed us greatly and seemed to make a sombre cloud in the sky. Acker King was the undertaker and I can see the funeral procession passing along the street. In fear, I stood holding the hand of our nurse-girl and wondering what it all meant. South of town Mr. Hawkes had a large peach orchard. We boys went there and helped the man pick the peaches and then rode in the wagon about the streets, as he sold them. It was our first taste of business. Baseball enthusiasm was high and a game played between the nines of Circleville and Lancaster interested the fans. Dan Hoffman, who afterward married Cousin Lucy Gillette, made a great catch in center field. Cousin William Rogers lived upon a side street and we used to go and play in his father's yard. My Uncle Douglas

was his partner at one time. There was a member of the family who went by the name of Aunt Patty and was a peculiar talker because her palate was gone. I was always afraid of her, because she made such strange sounds. The next town west of Circleville was Williamsport. We drove there once so that my mother could drink the sulphur spring water for her prickly heat. Everything hereabouts lives in our mind. We always went back home with regret, mitigated partially when father met us at the little Miami depot with a hack, in which we rode at twilight through the streets. Our house seemed close after the vacation but when the gas was lit and the shutters opened it speedily took upon itself the old familiar aspect.

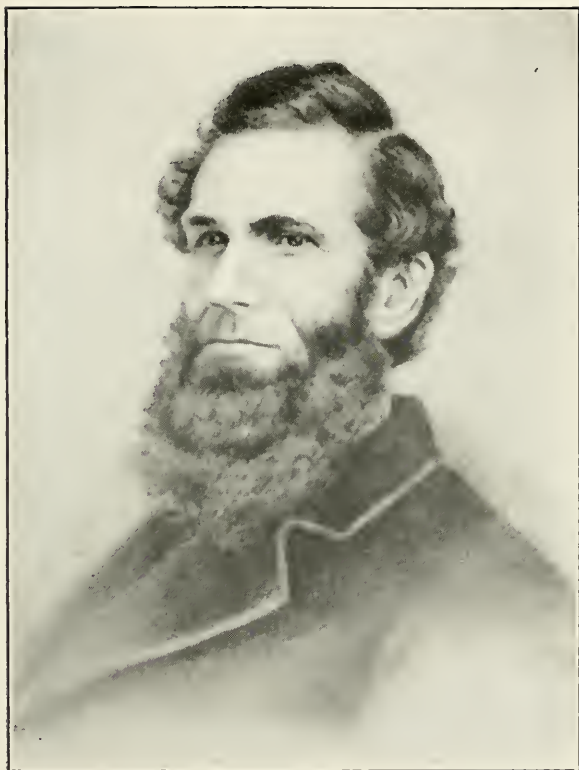
A peculiar happiness of these days was connected with a trip with my father and mother in 1864 down the St. Lawrence, river to Montreal, and then to New York and Philadelphia. We stopped at Niagara Falls at Fulton's International, Mr. Fulton being an old friend of my father's. The falls, the shops, Goat Island Tower where I stood trembling with fear, the drive across the suspension bridge with the wires vibrating under the report of a cannon fired in connection with McClellan's candidacy of the Presidency—all are indelibly stamped upon the memory. Shooting the Rapids proved very exciting, especially LaChine just before Montreal where an Indian pilot came on and took us through. I can see still the white foam about the boat and the lunge we made as we passed through the jaws of the treacherous rocks. At Montreal it was so cold that my father bought me an overcoat of gray wool with black and white vegetable pearl buttons. We stopped at the St. James Hotel and the waiters were most attentive. In New York a Mr. Rose showed us much attention and in Philadelphia we stopped with my Uncle Philip. Here I went out with my Cousin Ed and Natalie. My Uncle Lewis was particularly devoted. Coming back we came across the Allegheny mountains and around the Horse Shoe Bend.

BOYHOOD IN CINCINNATI.

In 1866 we moved into our home at 64 Hopkins street. It was upon the corner of a side street—Livingston by name. Across this lived the family of Mr. Staats G. Burnett and down

the square that of Mr. Anson B. Mann. This house was most commodious, having double parlors, a dining room and kitchen upon the first floor—three bed-rooms, a sitting and bath-room combined upon the second—a girl's room and large attic upon the third. My mother who was a premium housekeeper soon had the place in perfect order. Ere long our many friends and relatives visited us and enjoyed our hospitality. These were the Odiorne's, Kecks, Shaffer's, Lockard's and Garrison's. Across the street lived the Leonard's. The little child was called Miles Greenwood Leonard and used to pronounce his name imperfectly. His father was the Captain of the Eighth street engine house upon Cutter street. "Miley" died of typhoid fever and I can see yet the little white coffin carried out of the house, everybody in the neighborhood being affected to tears. Further up the street was a family by the name of Ingalls, the father white and the mother colored. To a boy this peculiarity was very perplexing. The eldest son was called Hiram. The Burnetts were very neighborly, the children were Will, Arthur, Julia and an older sister Edith. Mrs. Burnett was very handsome. The baby called after the father died and my mother consoled Mrs. Burnett greatly. We boys seemed more sedate here than upon Elizabeth street and did not play as much outside. Our great delight was in books and these we began to read in large numbers. My brother Douglas and myself now went to school at the First Intermediate upon Baymiller street, between Clark and Court streets, but Dave still remained at the Eighth District.

In 1867 there was an epidemic of cholera in Cincinnati and my brother Dave fell a victim to the disease. His case was very critical and the doctor spent most of the day working over him, my father assisting and the neighbors helping in every way possible. My mother was too nervous and sat down stairs crying bitterly. Dave finally grew better but his recovery was little short of a miracle. While the scourge lasted death claimed from eighty to a hundred daily. It was a time of great anxiety. I rose to the dignity of long pants and suspenders this same year. It was a delight to leave my coat off and walk up and down in the June sunshine airing these new possessions. Another



DAVID MEEKER BROWN

brother was born here, Fred by name. He was a most affectionate, lovable child and endeared himself to everybody.

The glimpses of these days are bright with Christmas joys, play-hours upon the street, election parades and visits to the engine house for tickets at the close of election, school friendships and memories, walks with my father upon Sunday afternoons and hours at home by the dining-room lamp where stories fascinated greatly. The period throughout is one of absorbing interest.

The teachers at school were Professor Carnahan, Miss Hoyt, Miss Bridge and Miss Ashman. I studied German with Professor Aufrecht. Professor Victor Williams gave us lessons in music. My principal friends among the boys were Solomon Levi and Arthur LeBoutillier, both of whom lived upon upper Hopkins street. A delight of winter was to coast with these boys down the centre of our street upon a bob-sled and at intervals to go to the Red Stocking baseball grounds at the foot, which was frozen over and skate upon the ice. The fires of drift-wood upon the banks were especially inviting and the graceful evolutions of the skaters very attractive.

My brother Dave and I took up the business-card gathering fad and spent our Saturdays collecting from every part of the city. Sometimes we received display cards and the joy of such acquisition was intense. Before we left the city for the West our collection had reached the thousands. My father was a fine horse-back rider and in his boyhood days had the reputation of being able to ride any kind of an animal. Out of this period I have a glimpse of him appearing upon a horse, bound for the country somewhere. To my childish imagination he seemed very tall and quite formidable.

OTTAWA, KANSAS.

In 1868 our house was sold and father embarked in business in Ottawa, Kansas. Our relatives, Major and Mrs. Lucy G. Hoffman were there and were instrumental in getting us to go. My father had been for seven years in partnership with Mr. E. C. L. Mustin in the regalia business at the corner of Main and Fourth streets. He lost money there and so determined to draw out and go elsewhere. Squire

McLean purchased our home for \$6,400, a price a little under the appraisement. As there had been an especial outlay in putting the house in order by painting and other improvements for the auction sale, my father was chagrined at the result. It was a great undertaking to pack and get our possessions in the car for their long journey. My Aunt Belinda went with us and also a girl who lived with us, Etta Wilson, who was a ward of Mr. H. M. Cist of College Hill. The last four days that we were in the city we stayed with the Shaffer's and Garrison's. We went by the Ohio and Mississippi railroad to St. Louis, from thence by the Kansas Pacific and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston railroad. It was all primitive travel for us and every aspect afforded interest. The so-called depot at St. Louis was naught but a shed and I remember with what zest we ate the lunch which had been put up for the journey. Fred was an infant and was not very strong. Every attention was paid to his comfort. The L., L. & G. railroad terminated at Ottawa, so that when we got out we saw merely the trackless prairie stretching beyond. The streets were unpaved and the soil a black, sticky loam. Board walks stretched over the principal streets in every direction. We stopped at the Ottawa House while our home was being put in order. This was kept by Hiram Deggins and his wife. As soon as our goods came and were unpacked we took up our quarters at our permanent home, which was connected with my father's dry goods store on Main street. We lived above and back of this place. Behind the store room was our dining room and kitchen. At one side was the door leading into the hall and up the stairs, where were parlors and bed-rooms. Subsequently an addition was added of a single room over the wood shed, which was where we boys slept. Behind was a large yard stretching to the alley. Across the street from us was the county jail and south of us there were few houses, although later this was built up considerably. I was impressed with the vitality of the air and level character of the ground. Emigrant wagons with their white canvas tops passed. Wild and civilized Indians were seen everywhere and saloons flourished. Everything was new and bespoke a place undergoing growth. Our rela-

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tives, the Hoffmans, lived about three squares to our west and between us the railroad was projected, going south. The public school was just across the railroad and its Principal was a Mr. Val. E. McKinney. There were three churches at the start, Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist. Later a Congregational church was built. To the southeast the town was hilly and beyond stretched the landscape in unbroken expanse. Flowers dotted it in every direction. One especially, called the devil's shoestring, was in great profusion. The families that we knew were the Elder's, Horace Smith's, Franklin's, Griffin's, Shulze's, Dr. Davis's, Stacker's, Brown's, Lathrop's, Reed's, Shiras's, Atkinson's, Shomo's, Adams's, Esterly's, Ridell's, Wasson's, Tone's, Sears's, Maxwell's, Glover's, Stillings's, Holt's, and many whose names have now disappeared from memory.

School life was interesting because so different from that in Cincinnati. There were only two rooms in the building, the primary and advanced. In the latter, grades were indicated by classes. The superintendent was a Scotchman named McHenry. There seemed always a certain amount of rebellion in the air and a good part of the Principal's work and that of the subsequent assistant lay in detecting and forestalling this condition. Music and drawing were taught by expert teachers. At recess we played back of the building, but the games were rough in character, as befitted the wild life of the West. The superintendent of public instruction in the county was a Professor Fales, and his wife, a teacher, accompanied him on his stated visits. Once when fuel was scarce and expensive they were censured for burning corn in their stoves. Recitations, debates and public exercises were a frequent source of interest. Parents and friends on such occasions filled the room to overflowing.

Wood fires were a great charm to us, having come from the region of soft coal. My father bought wood by the cord and it was piled up in our back yard. There my brothers and myself had the duty and pleasure of sawing it up into suitable lengths for the various stoves—kitchen, upstairs, and in the store. Sometimes the fuel was scarce and only gotten at the last moment when the snow was falling. Well wrapped

up in coat and comforter, we passed many an hour over this needful work. Splitting and piling the clear hickory, oak or ash was an art worthy of laudation. At intervals black walnut was thus sacrificed. When we were dilatory in doing our chores my father would come out in mild disgust and show us what real work was like. There was no stove in our bed-room, but a drum in the room leading to it, heated it from the kitchen. A like receptacle warmed the spare room from the store. We had to carry wood from the woodhouse upstairs and keep it in a box made sightly on the outside by paper.

The Indians were always a source of interest. They traded regularly at certain stores and could be found lolling about the interiors or stretched out upon the adjacent sidewalk. Dressed in clothing of skins, shirts of calico, with blankets of bright hue, long feathers in the hair, they added the element of the picturesque to our experience. Braves, squaws and papooses abounded. Ponies and dogs were everywhere. The tribes most noticeable were those of the Sauks and Foxes, and their reservation was about thirty miles west. Keokuk was the chief and the interpreter went by the name of Kelly. Dave and myself became acquainted with the latter and he let us ride his old white pony down to the river (*Marias de Cygnes*) to water and also at other times. He gave us Indian bags and other belongings, which we cherished with pride. The squaws brought berries in the spring and in the fall for sale. They were great traders and indicated prices by raised fingers and "bits," a "bit" being twelve and one-half cents. An especially interesting event was a war dance given by them. The citizens raised one hundred dollars and they came to town one day in war paint and marched through the streets beating rude drums and screeching defiance. West of town they halted and made a circle with their ponies in which they squatted. Then they arose to full height, brandishing tomahawks and spears, yelling in blood-curdling fashion and moving back and forth to the crude music. It was dramatic and devilish. A repetition was expected at night, but the crowd which assembled was doomed to disappointment. The money, which had been paid in advance,

had been spent for whisky and the braves and squaws alike were dead drunk in their distant tepees.

Two cyclones visited Ottawa, both doing great damage. The storms came with little premonition and broke in fury upon the place. The whistling of the wind and the pealing of the thunder struck terror to the heart. The downfall was funnel-shaped and wherever it fell ruin followed. It took the iron and tin roof from the Holman grocery next door and carried it four hundred feet across the Court House yard. It lifted wagons and carriages like balls of yarn and deposited them down by the bridge to the north. It laid low churches and stores as by dynamic power. In the few minutes of its reign it changed fairness into desolation, beauty into a wilderness. Sadly did we follow the course of destruction. Impairment of limb and loss of life were visible upon all sides.

The grasshopper scourge was a novelty. These insects breed in the Rocky Mountains and become so numerous that once every seven years they descend into the plains for food. They never come farther east than the western tier of counties in Missouri. We were advised of the coming of this destructive army some days before their final arrival. I can remember well the exact moment. The day was intensely sultry with that dry heat that presages a storm. Suddenly the sky was black with insects. The sun even was obscured. Upon grass and bush they settled and a short while saw everything barren. Their voracity was unquestioned and their curious whirr and chirp seemed positively ghoulish. Some one sent from Missouri for a product of the Kansas soil and a peck of grasshoppers was returned with the remark, "This is all the blamed country can raise."

Our second house my father built himself. About a mile southeast of the store he purchased lots upon an attractive corner. Here the plans were evolved for a house of ten rooms, a most ambitious structure for the town. My parents labored over every feature of the building and when it was completed it seemed to our eyes a veritable palace. There were porches upon the side and in front. The back yard had a woodhouse and chicken coop in it. Just across the street lived a family named Reed and we used to play with the one

child, a boy, a great deal. Mr. Reed was a carpenter and did odd jobs. His wife "bossed him" and had a fiery temper. Beyond us, up the lane, was Ottawa University, the Baptist denominational school, which never went beyond a preparatory stage of existence. Professor M. L. Ward was the preceptor and he had a corps of teachers under him. Rev. Robert Atkinson was the financial agent and he had procured from the Indians a gift of three thousand acres of land, which were in cultivation, for the benefit of the institution. He was a typical Scotchman and had a wife and children. Maggie, the daughter, was one of our school friends. Our experiences here were very pleasant and the public exercises always drew a large attendance. My brother Douglas was one of the "stars" and recited "Bingen on the Rhine" with marvelous effect. He also ranked high in Latin and other studies of his grade. A noted so-called commencement was held at the Baptist Church and my theme was "The Alabama Claims." My father seemed quite pleased with my effort and gave me great credit for rivalling my brother in a field up to that time peculiarly his own.

We entertained a great deal in the new house. Thanksgiving and Christmas were great events. The dining table was placed in the large sitting room and the Hoffmans and Wassons came. There were twenty at the table at a time and to my childish eyes the room seemed crowded with people. My mother's chief delicacies were turkey with oyster dressing, cranberries and raisins, cold slaw with piquant sauce. We ate and ate and then went outdoors for a long walk to aid digestion. There was always an atmosphere of delight throughout the home. My father took especial pride in extending hospitality and my mother's customary thoroughness made each detail perfect.

My brother Douglas got a certificate to teach and took a school about twenty miles away for the winter term. Upon one occasion Dave and I went down to visit him. Mr. Reed had a black pony noted for steadiness and good sense that had been purchased from the Indians. This we hitched to a buggy without a top and took our way across the prairie to our destination. It was a bright day in February and the

roads were in fair condition. We made the trip down uneventfully, arriving about dinner time. My brother boarded with a Quaker family. I remember that they had mashed rutabaga turnips for dinner and apple butter. We started back about three o'clock and shortly afterward the weather changed and a norther came on. It grew dark, chill and stormy. Both Dave and myself became numb with cold. Fortunately the pony knew how to find his way. In common with such sagacious animals, having gone over the road once he could retrace it. We reached home about seven o'clock, my brother underneath the covering, where I had persuaded him to seek relief from the cold, and I simply holding the reins in my stiffened hands, hardly able to speak. The fire in the house never felt so good and it seemed as if my limbs would never regain their sense of feeling again.

At this time I began helping my father in the store. The business fell off and the regular clerk, Walter Post, got a position elsewhere. It was my work to open the store, wait for my father to relieve me and then come to breakfast; go home to dinner and bring his or else have him go home and bring mine, and then stay down to close the store at night. I enjoyed greatly the walk to and fro. In winter time, under the star light, the roads crisp and ice-clad, it was a pleasure to drink in the keen air, and in summer the sounds of insect life and the flower-laden commons gave me deep delight. Once I remember coming home in a great storm, finding my way by the flashes of lightning and climbing along the fence at the foot of the hill which terminated at our house. I can hear the murmuring of the swollen brook yet and see the peculiar glimmer which the periodical outbreaks caused. A great delight of these days was visiting the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Shulze. Mrs. Shulze had that charming literary personality that won my deep admiration. Books were a never-failing theme of enjoyment. Many were the evenings that I found her rare taste an "open sesame" to the best literature.

My brother Fred was my especial charge. He was a most lovable child and had that clinging, affectionate way that draws one irresistibly to its possessor. I used to dress and un-

dress him, sit by his side as he went to sleep and more or less look after his welfare. When I left the house he followed me to the gate and watched me out of sight, and when I returned was the first to voice a greeting. Once he was very loth to have me go and, as I disappeared down the hill, sobbed out his sense of loss. I came back and comforted him and then, bravely keeping back the tears, he went into the house to await my coming in the evening. His pet name for me was "Nonny," a nick-name for jokes occasioned by my claiming that I should have been called by the full name of my uncle, John Lewis Brown rather than simply Lewis Brown.

Our parents taught us to be orderly and neat. At their bidding Mr. Reed made us little wooden boxes with lock and key in which to keep our treasures. We also kept weekly accounts and as we were paid for errands and work, usually ten cents a week, it was quite an undertaking to make the books tally. My father's brother in Philadelphia, Uncle Philip, was very much attached to him and loaned him money to build the house. Periodically my father and mother went east, where the Brown relatives lived. It was a great source of happiness to my father to meet his kin. He would speak of them all in detail upon his return and refer to the days of his childhood, when his brothers and sisters were about him in the parsonage. His father was a Baptist minister, the great friend and college mate of Adoniram Judson. He expected to go with this great missionary to India, but his health prevented, and so he remained in America. He preached at Scotch Plains, New Jersey, and Great Valley, Pennsylvania.

A great sorrow came to us in the death of my youngest brother Fred. My father and mother went East, taking him with them. They visited Philadelphia and then returned through St. Louis, where the fall stock of goods was purchased for the store. Fred had a severe fall in the cars and bruised his face badly. Shortly after returning home he was stricken with typhoid fever. It proved very treacherous and we fought it inch by inch and day by day. It was an alternate hope and fear that greeted. At last disease triumphed and he passed away December 17, 1871. I shall never forget the

blank that came and how the silent house with his dear form in it seemed full of mysterious awe. When we returned from the funeral I sobbed in my father's arms and mingled my tears with his. His dear spirit lingers about me always and the aching void made by his departure has never been filled.

Owing to the stagnation subsequent to the grasshopper visitation my father's business failed. For some months he sold a little, but at length secured a purchaser for the stock at greatly reduced rates. He was then attracted to Denison, Texas, through the friendship of a Mr. Tone, who had been the editor of our weekly paper, and had given up his post to embark in real estate lines. Through him lots were purchased in the new place and a visit projected to make arrangements for removal, should indications seem propitious. My father was broken down in health and greatly depressed over financial reverses. My mother begged him not to make the long journey in his debilitated state, but he was anxious to get in touch with new conditions and if possible retrieve his heavy losses. I can see him now as he bade us all good-by, wearing a beaver cap and muffled up in a great black and white shawl, outside of his overcoat. Northers were a feature of Texas, so he was told to be prepared for such change at any moment upon the way down. I was sick with pneumonia and lay upon my bed in the back bedroom upstairs above the kitchen. We did not hear from him for several days and then the cruel tidings came both by letter in anticipation and telegram in confirmation of his death. My brother Douglas had preceded him some months and was then in the postoffice at Denison. He met my father there and called a doctor at once when he came. Pneumonia in its worst form developed and, lacking the care of his home, in a land where everything was crude and inadequate, he shortly succumbed. My mother awakened me the night he died, not knowing of his illness, with the statement: "Your father is very sick and will not recover. He is calling me 'Lucy' over and over again." It was a startling proof of the closeness of union which existed between them. My brother afterward confirmed the fact by asserting that in father's delirium he repeated my mother's name over and over. Dr. Davis and Major Hoffman came

to us and announced his death, which news they had received by wire. My mother was prostrated, and the city partook of our grief. On the day of the funeral the schools were closed, as my father was a member of the School Board. Rev. John Elliott, a Presbyterian minister, officiated at the funeral and interment. I was just able to be about and my mother was my peculiar care. By her side at the open grave I took the responsibility of looking after her, which became my cherished duty for forty-two years. I can never forget the night my father's body came. I listened through the window to the creaking of the undertaker's wagon as it ascended the hill. Its gruesome sound struck a chill to my heart. When I looked at my father in his casket and touched my lips to his forehead the idea of death in its fullness dawned. That cold, icy touch showed me what inanimate clay meant.

How shall I put in words an estimate of my father? He was the kindest and best of men, as tender as a woman, as patient as humanity. In sickness he was an ideal nurse and watched at the bedside with painstaking care. He idolized my mother and was never happier than when planning something for her comfort. He was proud of his home and children. Any success that came to us at school filled him with delight. He loved to sing and play upon his flute. When especially touched the tears came to his eyes almost unbidden. He had so much feeling in his composition that he could scarcely read a passage in a newspaper or book of an emotional character without a quaver in his voice. It was such a pleasure to do anything for him because he was so genuinely thankful. "Well, bub," I can hear him say, when he came into the store, "how are things now?" If a good sale had been made (which I usually concealed till he could see the cash drawer himself) his face would light up and he would give me a warm embrace. He carried always an air of comfort, and whatever our previous troubles had been, when he came in sight all disappeared. He was sincerely good and dear beyond words to express. He made the name of "father" luminous.

Life meant now work. I had ere this taken up such duty and clerked for a confectioner, from whom I received three

dollars a week. It was in the spirit of an experiment that my first venture was made. My employer was a German by the name of Keller. He had been a carpenter and had taken up this vocation by accident. His peculiar innovation was in making lemonade with an infusion of citrate of magnesia. He introduced a number of reforms and was notable for his parsimony. My next employer was a real estate broker by the name of Fisk, Calvin being the given appellation. He was something of a character and very shrewd. I received four dollars a week from him and had to keep his office in apple-pie order. It was my duty to get down early in the morning and make the fire in a small cannon stove. I used to get the real estate transfers from the Probate Court and put them in the newspapers. Fisk was a great Baptist and was converted in a revival conducted by a minister from Lawrence.

Religion presented its customary phases for a frontier town. Although my mother was an Episcopalian by choice, we attended a Baptist Sunday school. The Episcopal church was unknown and the Baptists were strong and dominant. As my father's family were all members of this denomination in the East, it was natural for us children to gravitate there. The pastors were Rev. J. S. Kalloch, Rev. John White and Rev. Mr. Ridell. I was converted under Rev. Mr. White and was baptized in the Marais des Cygnes river upon a cold day in winter. My father hurried me home after the ceremony, but I was none the worse for it. Protracted meetings were a frequent feature of our life. Evangelists would come and sweep the town with their frenzy. At one time they even held services in the saloons and the schools were closed that children might be better interested.

When the Episcopalians started services my mother and I were confirmed July 28, 1872, in the first class. Bishop Vail and Rev. Mr. Norwood stopped at our house. An upper room over Stacher's store was rented and the clergyman came to us semi-monthly. We had an excellent choir and some of the best people attended. Rev. Mr. Norwood was a deacon who came from Nova Scotia and Rev. John K. Dunn of Lawrence accompanied him periodically to celebrate the

holy communion. Rev. Mr. Norwood told us a remarkable incident concerning prayer. He was very poor and was working his way through the divinity school in Nova Scotia. Upon a given Sunday the appointed lay reader for a certain wealthy church, without a rector, was taken ill and could not officiate. The Warden came to him and asked him to take the appointment. He shrank from accepting because of his shabby clothes. In his perplexity he turned, as was his custom, to the Almighty and asked His help. He had scarce finished praying ere there was a knock on the door and a bundle was handed in. Opening it, he found that it contained a suit of clothes, his exact fit, of most excellent texture and finish. He put it on, went, and was the recipient of unusual attention. He received the call to the church and expected to take up his life there as soon as priest's orders were conferred. He met his wife in the Sunday school and was happily wedded. He never discovered who it was that sent the clothes, and always considered the matter a significant token of providential response to prayer and was firmly convinced that no extremity could not be met by like faith.

Our next minister was a Philadelphian, Rev. Preston Fugate, a man of rather imposing appearance, whose egotism was marked. He carried with him on his calls an envelope with laudatory newspaper clippings, to which he speedily referred and which he took pleasure in reading with explanatory comments. He was a man of ability and preached an excellent sermon, couched in sonorous words. One sentence always lingered in our minds, "This is not the chimera of a heat-oppressed brain, but sound logic." He loved to change his surplice during the singing of the hymn before the sermon and preach in a black silk gown. This was a common custom in those days. As he sailed down the middle aisle coming from the robing room in the back of the hall he looked like a Spanish galleon "full-bellied to the wind."

My brother David clerked for a man named Shumo (who kept a candy store). He was a universal favorite because of his genial qualities and love of fun. Everybody liked him and his fund of stories was inexhaustible. He was especially

fond of dogs, and every dog in the town wagged its tail when he appeared. He was a great mimic and could keep a room in laughter. Mr. Shumo had a wife who was something of a termagant. David quoted her as saying as strictly in keeping with fact, "Joe Shumo need not think he can make me his penny dog." He certainly never thought so or acted upon that basis of supposition. David got tired of Ottawa and longed for Cincinnati. Suddenly he disappeared and we were greatly distressed. After some days we received a letter from Cousin Mary Garrison, who lived upon Eighth street, between Race and Vine, in Cincinnati, stating that he was there. We learned subsequently that he journeyed partly on foot and partly on freight trains and had arrived more nearly dead than alive. He had an attack of fever, but came through and was apparently none the worse for his experience. We sent the money for him and he returned much crestfallen, but loud in praise of Cincinnati. Shortly after this Cousin Mary visited us, bringing her son Ralph with her. We had a delightful series of social gatherings in her behalf. The weather was torrid and my mother amused us all by saying one night, "Mary, I am fairly sizzling." I accompanied my Cousin on her way home back as far as Leavenworth, where she stopped to see friends. It was a memorable circumstance in my humdrum life. We stopped at the hotel, which was on the banks of the "Kaw" river, and visited the fort and penitentiary. We took a delightful carriage drive and every moment possible was given to sightseeing. I parted with both cousins deeply appreciative of their kindness.

It seemed the natural thing for us now to return to Cincinnati to live. With my father and brother gone Ottawa lost its hold upon our regard. Douglas was still in Texas, where he had stayed after my father's death. Thus the burden of removal fell upon me and day after day, with the assistance of such help as could be had, furniture and household effects were put in shape for shipping. I had been employed since my father's death also. Stacher & Brown had a dry goods and clothing store upon Main street. I took a clerkship with L. N. Stacher and soon had as patrons most

of those who formerly came to our store. My lot was a pleasant one and although the hours were long (from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. on ordinary days and until 11 p. m. on Saturdays) I managed to get along with credit to myself and satisfaction to my employer. My employer expressed great regret when he learned of my contemplated departure and gave me a letter of recommendation of a most flattering character. My brother Dave had preceded us some months and had obtained through Mr. T. G. Odiorne, a family connection, a position in the First National Bank. He lived with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wells upon Baymiller and Clinton streets, Mrs. Wells being a niece upon my father's side. Our friends in Kansas were most thoughtful of us in our last days and we closed our six years' sojourn with the good will of the entire community.

CINCINNATI AGAIN.

Our first home in Cincinnati upon returning was upon Clark street, opposite Baymiller, where the street cars go north. It was a two-story house, with basement and attic. My mother in her customary happy way rented it of a pork packer who was in business upon Freeman and Clark, at most reasonable terms. My first position was with the house of William Glenn & Sons, wholesale grocers, on lower Vine street. I filled the place of entry or bill clerk. There was something very interesting about the life in this place. Sugar, molasses and all kinds of staples filled the huge building to the roof. A large trade was carried on in "New Orleans sweets" and the sidewalk was usually covered with hogsheads and barrels. A large force of employes, mostly young men of the first families of the city, shared the labors of the concern. The firm was composed of William Glenn, his son James, and son-in-law, Richard Dymond, Joseph Ebersole and Frank Dunham. "Jimmy" Glenn, as we called him, had a high idea of his ability to write a business letter and was never happier than when called upon by one of the boys for help in such line. Richard Dymond made the prices. In the upper office were Mr. Mullen, head bookkeeper, and W. W. Myers, afterward my Sunday school superintendent. William and Joseph Ebersole, Jr., had charge of the shipping.

The members of the firm were all prominent Methodists and were the mainstay of St. Paul's Methodist Church, upon Seventh street, near Mound. Of the boys who were my principal companions Poynter, "Nelse" Perry, and Joe Evans are especially remembered. Perry lived on Mt. Auburn and Evans upon Seventh street, opposite John. Glenn's was considered a prized place to study business methods and the sons of the most wealthy families were brought there for that purpose, at little or no wages. One young man came after graduating at Harvard and spending some years in Germany, fairly beseeching work. All available openings were filled. He was offered the job of whitewashing the cellar walls and was game enough to accept it and earned commendation for the thorough manner of its performance. An opening now occurred in the First National Bank, where my brother had been for quite awhile and so through the influence of Mr. Odiorne I took my place in the general bookkeeper's department. My duty was to keep the accounts with the banks and bankers in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia. Our chief was William B. Nichols and the others under him were Theodore P. Farrell, Horace W. Woodruff and my brother Dave. We were a happy set, although the balancing for the entire bank was in our hands, keeping us many nights close to midnight, and kept always our good humor and loyalty. When we stayed down for supper we went to Phillip's restaurant upon Race street. The occasion had a spice of adventure in it and our additional work was rendered pleasurable. Two weeks vacation were given us in the summer and a Christmas gift of one-half of one per cent. upon our annual salary. Our officers were L. B. Harrison, president; A. S. Winslow, vice-president; Theodore Stanwood, cashier, and George P. Forbes, assistant cashier. In the bank, occupying the various positions, were W. M. Sanford, receiving teller; Henry Guild, paying teller; Alexander Hinchman, William and Joe Murphy, Dave Mitchell, Frank Bartlett, Jack Clark and Mr. Ellis. Stanwood was a musician and played the organ at the Unitarian church upon the corner of Sixth and Mound streets. He was very pompous and moved around the bank like a demi-god. Harrison was backward, Winslow shy and Forbes

gracious and kindly. The bank was upon the second floor of the building on Third and Walnut streets. My desk was at the southeast window, giving me a pleasant outlook. I did my work standing, only sitting down for luncheon about twenty minutes. We began work at 8 a. m. and closed at 5 p. m., if the books were in balance. We were a very congenial lot and proud of the "First National." We played a match game of ball with the "Third" once and beat them badly. There was much "crowing" over the fact subsequently for a long time. Sometimes we went out for lunch to "Loring's beanery" or "Julius Hengstenberg's." The latter had a place in the basement where the floor was sanded and the tables scrubbed immaculately. The bill of fare was simple, but most palatable. One Christmas my chief, Mr. Nichols, surprised me with a handsome copy of Longfellow's poems. It was so unexpected that the pleasure has never waned.

After the family had survived an epidemic of smallpox we made up our minds that the Clark street house was unhealthy and moved to Findley and Baymiller streets, the second house west of the Church of the Cross. This was a much more pretentious place of two stories and a mansard roof, an iron fence in front, with side and back yards. It contained eight rooms and two attics. Old friends were in the neighborhood—the Lockard's and the Odiorne's, and the whole atmosphere was attractive. My mother showed her remarkable taste and generalship in making the house very shortly singularly beautiful. Our various belongings fitted in so well that ere long it seemed as if we had lived there always. It was a pleasure to come home at night and we usually walked all the way as a relief from the confinement of the bank, and greeted her sitting on the front steps or in the library. The cozy fireplace in the latter, piled high with anthracite, spoke cheer and peace after the day's toil. Here books and magazines abounded and friends came in with words of grace. We had a cook named Dina who kept things as my mother desired, immaculate, and also could turn the dining room into an appetizing temple.

We had been attending service at St. John's church again, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Odiorne and sat under

the gallery upon the east side. Rev. Dr. Davidson was the rector and afterward Rev. P. B. Morgan, an evangelist of note. The choir was celebrated throughout the city. Mrs. Edmund Dexter was the soprano and had a voice of remarkable compass, although her enunciation was poor. One Christmas day we had a curious experience. A clergyman came to officiate in the absence of the rector, who got drunk upon the communion wine, which had been placed temporarily in the vestry room. As he passed through the stages of intoxication his utterances grew worse and worse. The congregation noticed something wrong at the start, and, as the reason dawned upon them, passed out one by one, leaving the unfortunate inebriate talking to empty benches. Rev. Mr. Morgan was a generous man and loved to have the young people at his home. We had a number of very pleasant gatherings and met his family at his residence upon West Sixth street. He preached extempore and the church was full, for the method was new in an Episcopal pulpit. Our Christmas entertainments and picnics down the river in summer were sources of delight. Mr. Gideon Burton had charge of the young people's Bible class. I remember hearing at different times Bishops Jaggar and Penick, Rev. Messrs. Kinsolving, Norton, Reed, Bradley and Wines. Rev. Mr. Bradley came from Christ church, Indianapolis, and conducted a mission. He played a little cabinet organ and sang "Moody and Sankey" hymns. His methods were criticised by the more conservative members, but the impression made attracted outsiders and the general effect was good. Great excitement was occasioned one Easter because an altar cloth was used. A simple table with four legs had done service for years. Young Mrs. Burton embroidered a maroon cloth and put upon it in gold letters I. H. S., and edged it with gold fringe. One member of the congregation would not come to the communion and left the church in wrath. Others stayed away for awhile. Afterward the tempest blew over and all was serene once more. During Mr. Morgan's regime the high pulpit came down and a lecturn did the work for sermonizing.

When we moved from Clark street to Findlay we ceased attending St. John's and worshipped at the Ascension Mission of

St. Paul's Church. Services were held upon Sunday evenings in what was known as the Church of the Cross, which a German Lutheran organization rented, glad to eke out their income by such method. Mr. Henry C. Schell, a churchman from Geneva, New York, was prominent in this congregation. He called upon us and gave us a warm welcome. Others there were Mr. W. C. Otte (now rector of a flourishing church in the Diocese of Indianapolis), Mr. W. G. Ross, who played the organ; Mrs. J. J. Tranchant, Mrs. Nichols, Miss Meade, Mr. and Mrs. Saffin, Dr. and Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Knight. Rev. Mr. Edwards, whose son was afterward archdeacon of the Diocese, was the first minister. After him came occasionally Rev. Messrs. Rhodes, Babin, Frank Brooke (present bishop of Oklahoma), and at length Rev. John Milton Stevens. He was a Berkeley divinity man and was brought up under Bishop Williams of Connecticut. He had a very attractive personality and won the hearts of the little congregation at once. I was appointed Superintendent of the Sunday school and a teaching force speedily rallied about that developed the attendance to amazing proportions. St. Paul's church was a most kind parent, and the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, the rector, stood ready to assist in any manner needful. Mr. Rufus King was a prominent friend and pledged money generously in our behalf. Mrs. Huntington, whose Shumway memorial at Fairabault is a conspicuous proof of genuine consecration, was most kind. A delightful Christmas festival was held upon Holy Innocents' night in 1876 and the carol "Holy Night" was especially well sung. Bishop Jaggar broached his plans touching city mission work and desired the Ascension Mission as its foundation. So Rev. Mr. Stevens retired and the bishop took charge, changing the name to St. Luke's Chapel. The building was purchased and Rev. J. Mills Kendrick was called as assistant minister. We took over at this time the Chapel of the Redeemer and both places had large Sunday schools. I was enrolled as a postulant and Mr. Odiorne arranged for my entrance at Bexley Hall, Gambier, the seat of Kenyon College. I visited the place with him and Mrs. Odiorne at commencement in 1878, stopping at Harcourt, the guest of Mrs. Dr. Alfred Blake. I enjoyed the services and ceremonies greatly. Mr. Henry D. Aves, now bishop of Mexico, delivered the principal oration, afterward

published in the *Standard of the Cross*. Through Bishop Jaggar's influence I received the promise of a scholarship fund in the hands of Mr. A. H. McGuffey of Cincinnati, set apart for the benefit of students of the university. In leaving Cincinnati I was the recipient of a student lamp and a black alpaca gown in token of the affection and good-will of my Sunday school associates.

GAMBIER.

Kenyon College was the Mecca of the churchmen of Ohio. It had been founded by Bishop Chase in the 20's and represented the gifts of devout Englishmen. The very names were perpetuated in the building. Lords Kenyon and Gambier and Lady Ross are inherent in the very walls. The president was Rev. Dr. William B. Bodine. He was a man of genial ways, a most interesting preacher, with a memory that was exceptional and a gift of extemporaneous speech that was equal to any emergency. His fund of anecdote seemed inexhaustible and he exercised a kindly sway that made him an universal favorite. He was rarely ever at home, because of the necessity of presenting the claims of the institution for both funds and students. His worth to the college can hardly be over-estimated. Many of its greatest endowments are the result of his painstaking care. He was never happier than when entertaining distinguished visitors and he made "The Hill" luminous in places of note throughout the country. His wife supplemented his efforts and his large family of children were the pets of innumerable students.

The professors at the seminary were Drs. Fleming James, Cyrus Bates and Abraham Jaeger. Bishop Bedell gave instruction in pastoral theology and Prof. Sterling of Kenyon occasionally lectured upon subjects of a scientific character in relation to religion. Dr. James was a Virginian and an alumnus of the celebrated university of that State. He had served in the Civil War on the side of the South and was nominated to his chair by Bishop Dudley of Kentucky. He was one of the kindest and best of men, a strict disciplinarian and yet most considerate. When the students were sick he had the tenderness of a woman. His house was ever open in hospitality to us and Mrs. James was as friendly as her husband. No one exercised a stronger influence over the theologians and his genuine piety was a con-

stant summons to deep religious consecration. Rev. Dr. Bates was a remarkably fine teacher. His thought was as clear as crystal and his illustrations wonderfully apt. He was the ablest preacher in the faculty and his sermons were heard with profound attention. Dr. Jaeger was a converted Jewish Rabbi from Memphis, Tennessee, who had married a daughter of Professor Wilmer (brother of Bishop Wilmer). His knowledge was prodigious, but his delivery was so erratic that the congregation was more or less amused whenever he appeared in the pulpit. He represented Leipsic and Bonn in German degrees and his instructions in the philosophy of history were of incalculable worth to appreciative students. Bishop Bedell was the acme of culture and persuasion as a speaker. To a voice of exquisite modulation—like a perfect flute—were added all the graces of a finished orator. Action and gesture were of surpassing worth. It was a rare privilege to sit under such a word painter and master of rhetorical argument.

Our studies took up most of the day. Friday we had faculty meetings in the seminary library, which were heart to heart talks from the professors upon some religious theme. There were no recitations upon Monday, as most of the men filled vacancies as lay readers upon Sunday and could not get back in time for morning class. At first I took up academic work in the college, making up the customary canonical literary studies. I was under Professors Strong, Sterling, Tappan and Rust. The dominant one of them was Professor Strong, whose work in literature was distinctive and superlative. He made the great characters of letters live anew and his summing up of their place in history left no revision possible. My seminary hours were filled with instruction in Greek, Hebrew, Divinity, Polity and History. At the end of the first year I passed the preliminary examination and was duly matriculated. On Sunday I took charge of Christ Church, at the Quarry, where I read the evening service in a student gown, taught a Bible class and read an assigned sermon. Sometimes I spoke without notes. It was all necessarily crude, but the experience was invaluable. I used to call upon the people in their homes and found them most appreciative. In my second year, through the kindly intervention of President Bodine, I was engaged by Rev. C. H. Babcock, D. D.,

of Trinity Church, Columbus, to take charge of the Mission across the river in that city in a suburb called Middletown. It was in the midst of round-houses and business plants. We used to gather at Trinity Church upon Sunday afternoon and take a Herdic to our destination. Mrs. General J. G. Mitchell, the Misses Deshler, Smith, and Geiger, and Mr. Bailey were most regular and devoted. We had a fine school and the attendance at evening prayer, which came at the close, was gratifying. We had a curious experience at Christmas when we gave the girls dolls and the boys knives. We found a number of the boys in tears because they had not received dolls. Thereafter we made no distinction. One of the women who brought her child to be baptized rather startled us by inquiring whether "Episcopals had big or little baptism." She explained by saying that "Big baptism is a sham but little baptism don't hurt and does good." I made my calls upon Monday morning when the parish was "in the suds," but many a warm friendship was made over the wash-tub. One year the larger part of the Confirmation class at Trinity came through Middletown Mission. At the seminary I took up library work in connection with Mr. George Rogers. We catalogued the collection of books making up the seminary library. Many were priceless in character on account of age, and were gifts to Bishop Chase by English churchmen. Autographs make them additionally valuable. Fellow-students there were Charles D. Williams (now Bishop of Michigan), William M. Brown (formerly Bishop of Arkansas), Henry H. Smythe, Henry D. Aves (Bishop of Mexico), C. C. Leman, A. H. Prentiss, G. B. Van Waters, J. H. Davet, E. M. W. Hills, F. S. Juny, S. W. Welton, Douglas I. Hobbs, W. H. Osborne, Rolla Dyer and Sherwood Rosevelt. We were a most companionable body and made the walls ring with our songs and merriment. Bishop Bedell was our instructor in Pastoral Theology and the hours we spent at "Kokosing" were greatly prized. His hospitality was profuse and at Christmas-time all of the seniors and theologues upon the hill were entertained at dinner. It would be difficult to put in word all that this meant to under-graduates. Mrs. Bedell had her couch moved to the table, as she was always in poor health and at the other end the dear Bishop sat, a perfect picture of a mediaeval saint. We were constantly visited by

members of the Episcopate, who usually preached in the college chapel. Of these can be named Harris, Cox, Kerfoot, Peterkin, Perry and Jaggar. Bishop Williams of Connecticut delivered the Bedell lectures in 1881. His visit was a delight. At the seminary he met us all informally and told stories, as he alone could, by the hour. In my last years at Gambier I superintended Harcourt Sunday School and had as helpers Miss Bessie Blake and Miss E. C. Neff. The townspeople were always very kind. We boarded at Miss Annie Putnam's, just back of the seminary. Of the citizens I remember especially the French's, White's, Cracraft's, Butler's, Neff's and Fern's. At Harcourt School Mr. and Mrs. J. D. H. McKinley and at the grammar school, the Nelson's were always thoughtful and helpful. I took my degree in June, 1882, and was taken ill in the recitation room. Bishop Bedell kindly sent over Dr. Welker to look after me and came himself in constant inquiry. On one of his visits he had me read to him a sermon for criticism. His judgment was always courted, because of his pre-eminence as a preacher. My sermon was upon "Solomon" and he expressed pleasure over the diction. I was ordained in the Church of the Holy Spirit by Bishop Bedell (for Bishop Jaggar who was in Europe) with my class-mate, James H. Davet, June 28, 1882. A curious incident took place in the vestry room. My vestments were made for my dear mother by the Sisters of St. John's Church, Washigton, and a beautiful cross with I. H. S. was embroidered upon the front. Embroidery of any nature was then unknown upon surplices in Ohio and this departure attracted instant attention. Dr. Bodine, whether playfully or as a monition, drew attention to my surplice saying that it had the "Mark of the Beast." Bishop Bedell said "That is not a proper surplice, sir," but adding, "it is too late now for change." I supposed that if I had been his candidate in lieu of Bishop Jaggar's he might have compelled a change, but as he was performing a duty for another he had less authority. Bishop Perry of Iowa was present in the chancel and the sermon was preached by Rev. W. D'Orville Doty, D. D., of Rochester, New York. It was a scientific discourse prepared for Griswold College and pertained little to our occasion. I graduated at the head of my class and was appointed to read "The Gospel" in the ordination service and received my degree at Rosse Hull last. The Bishop used the

formula in taking me by the hand there—"Thou O Man of God * * * follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." The words seemed a little far-fetched for a mere ecclesiastical stripling like myself, but they were accompanied with so much emotion that they touched me deeply. My cousins, Albert and Annie Douglass, of Chillicothe, with their family had been making their home in the Badger cottage for a couple of years, while the youngest son, Joseph, was taking his course at Kenyon. They were present throughout the Ordination and graduation. Also, a boyhood friend of mine, William Walter of Cincinnati, who almost was deprived of attending through my absentmindedness. I locked the door of my rooms at Bexley Hall, with him inside, as I hurried to get to church for Morning Prayer. He crawled out of the window and jumped down to the ground. It chagrined me not a little when I found out what I had done. The next Sunday, July 2, I preached in the morning at the Church of the Holy Spirit at the request of Bishop Bedell, who was present in the church with Rev. Dr. Bodine. My subject was "The Prime Requisite" and the text, St. Matt. VI. 33. in the afternoon I preached at the Quarry Chapel. Upon July 9, as I was quietly seated in the seminary pew awaiting the Morning Service to begin, Bishop Bedell sent word to me to come into the vestry room and asked where my sermon was. As I had no thought of preaching, none was in my hand. He then sent for Dr. Bodine, who came in and preached an extempore sermon of great power. He said that the text was suggested by the first lesson and it recalled a sermon he had prepared from it twenty years before. It showed his marvelous memory and created a profound impression. Upon July 23 and 30 I took duty for Rev. F. M. Hall at Trinity Church, Newark, where the visit was most pleasant.

TROY AND GREENVILLE.

At the request of Rev. F. K. Brooke of St. James Church, Piqua (now Bishop of Oklahoma), I was assigned by Bishop Jaggar to the Mission Churches at Troy and Greenville. My rooms at the Seminary were speedily dismantled and everything packed and upon Saturday, August 5, we left for our new destination. During the week previous at the suggestion of my

good mother and with the assistance of Miss Annie Putnam, we held a farewell reception at the Putnam home. It was a most pleasant affair and our friends, including the dear Bishop, whose kindly face always appears when "Kenyon" is mentioned, lent especial dignity to the function. We stopped over night on our way to Troy with Rev. and Mrs. Brooke at their hospitable rectory in Piqua. Next morning, Sunday, we drove down to the Trojan parish and conducted service. Rev. Mr. Brooke celebrated the Communion while I preached. Trinity Church was a square building without a recess chancel, this place being indicated by a platform upon which Lecturn and Altar stood. A curtained alcove at the side served as robing room. We took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Allen. For awhile we stopped at the hotel, but later took rooms in the Kramer boarding house upon Main Street. The congregation was very small but that simply increased its devotion. Of those who composed it I recall the Allens, Miss De Frees, Miss Taylor, the Eddys, Dr. Horace Coleman and daughter, Judge and Mrs. Johnson and John DeWeese. Everybody was hospitable and we enjoyed the various gatherings greatly. The ministers of the different religious bodies called and the townspeople were most kind. Judge Johnson, who was on the vestry, was a "great wag." He presided over the Probate Court and came to me with the announcement that he intended to turn all marriages over to me, that he could. One day he sent word that he had just given a license to a parsimonious old German, very wealthy, to marry a young girl. "I told him," he said, "that I thought you would perform the job for \$100.00 willingly." I waited much amused. By and by a buggy drove up in front of the boarding house and an old man got out, leaving the girl to hitch the horse, and inquired for me. Coming into the parlor he said, "What you charge for marrying me." I answered, "Oh! that is a matter that rests with the groom. There is no stipulated amount." "Well," he replied, "I can get married for a dollar in Piqua and so I pays no more in Troy." The account of the meeting when I told it created no end of merriment, because of the rivalry between the towns. The Pequots long gloried in the fact that their town set the mark even in marriage fees. Greenville, my other charge, was also small in membership, but there was abundant vigor among

the communicants. The Perry's, Lansdown's, Matchett's, Warring's and Webb's were prominent. I stopped generally with the Webb's. Mr. H. A. Webb kept a store and painted portraits. We had a good Sunday school and a fair attendance at worship. At a general gathering of the clergy held in the place in connection with the Clericus, Rev. Mr. Webster of Christ Church, Dayton, was accosted by a small boy, as he was entering the church building with the query, "Mister, where are the dogs." Somewhat mystified, he said, "For what?" "Uncle Tom's Cabin! Is not this the company expected today." No, my boy," was the answer, "this is not a show but an Episcopal conference." In Troy I found relatives of my father's family in the person of Aunt Fronie Peck and her daughter Cordelia. They were Lewis's and claimed kinship with Grandmother Lewis, my father's mother. After working in this field for six months, alternating between the towns upon Sundays, Bishop Jaggar summoned me to Cincinnati, to take charge of St. Luke's Chapel and the Chapel of the Redeemer, the former being my old stamping ground. In December, 1882, I had visited Cincinnati, with my mother, to marry my brother Dave to Miss Fanny Peter at the Church of the Atonement, Riverside. My brother at that time had left the First National Bank and was a traveling salesman for Thomas Emery & Sons.[†] During my stay I saw and talked with the Bishop about the vacancy at St. Luke's, occasioned by the appointment of Rev. James Kendrick, afterward Bishop of New Mexico, as General Missionary of the Diocese. I also attended the Oratorio of "The Messiah" at the Music Hall, an annual feature there holiday week.

RECTORSHIP IN CINCINNATI.

I assumed the assistant ministership of St. Luke's Chapel Sunday, February 4, Bishop Jaggar celebrating the Holy Communion and speaking gracious words of commendation. I preached from St. Matthew ix:13 upon "Repentant Sinners Called By Christ." In the afternoon I superintended the Sunday School at the Chapel of the Redeemer and in the evening preached at St. Luke's again. My impression is that we stopped at the Odiorne's and Garrison's temporarily. The friends whom I had made formerly when in charge of the Sunday School were

out in force and the first Sunday was most auspicious. Our first home was at what is now 806 Findlay Street, upon the north side, three doors above Linn. Here we gathered our goods and chattels together and began housekeeping. My dear mother very soon had the place inviting and attractive. My study was the front room up stairs, which also served as a bedroom. There were six rooms and two attics. It was all compact and comfortable. Very shortly it was the scene of hospitality and good cheer. In my work my mother entered completely. She was made president of the Aid Society and put new life into the organization. Her value as critic of my sermons was pre-eminent. She had so keen a literary sense and such a wonderful command of language, that any suggestion meant a marvelous change for the better. She was so instant in seeing excellence that her commendation rested upon fact. Her beauty of diction made even a postal card from her a prize. It was a superlative privilege to have her as a listener and every success that has been achieved since is largely due to such oversight.

St. Luke's Chapel was the Bishop's Chapel and the family of Bishop Jaggar were regular in attendance. The Bishop lived for awhile upon the corner of Dayton and Baymiller. His children Mary, Louise and Tom all came to the Sunday School. Afterwards his place of residence was Avondale. My first critical experience grew out of the Ohio River flood. The water covered the lower part of Cincinnati up to Pearl Street and put out the gas when it reached the plant. I had a curious proof of this in connection with my first marriage. Mr. C. A. Maish, who was to marry a Miss F. M. Crowther came to secure my services. He said: "Where will the wedding take place" and I answered in surprise, "I suppose where you say." "Well," he said, "the bride's house in the western part of the city is now surrounded by water and I shall have to row her out with her trunk this afternoon." "Come here," I announced. When they came at night we had to have the ceremony in a little room down stairs, with candles feebly burning to give us light. It was rather gruesome but the wedded pair enjoyed the novelty and spoke afterwards of its being unlike any that had ever occurred before. I was ordained to the priesthood in St. James Church, Zanesville, May 9, 1883, by Bishop Jaggar. The Bishop deliv-

ered a charge upon "The Duty of the Clergy in Relation to Modern Skepticism" from the text of I Cor. ix. 1. Rev. Dr. Bates presented me and Rev. E. M. W. Hills presented my classmate, Rev. J. H. Davet. In the chancel and assisting were Bishop Paddock of Washington, Bishop Penick of Cape Palmas, Ven. Archdeacon Kirby, Rev. Dr. Burr and Rev. I. McK. Pittenger. The service was most impressive and the Bishop even more than ordinarily eloquent. The chancel was dazzling from the Shulze (the star soap man) Memorial Window, filling the entire space, a copy of Holman Hunt's "Christ the Light of the World." Additional dignity pervaded, because of the presence of the clergy and laity at the Ninth Annual Convention. The interest in all of the proceedings was profound. Upon my return my devoted parishioner, Mrs. Sarah A. Kendrick, sister of Colonel Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, presented me with a pocket communion set and my mother added a priest ring, with a serpent head on it containing a small diamond as an eye. The ring has never been off my hand and will always stay there as a blessed token of her love. I celebrated the holy communion for the first time upon Whit Sunday, May 13. The next duty that arose was to make St. Luke's an independent church. A new organ was installed through the indefatigability of Mr. T. G. Odiorne, who became, with his devoted wife, members of our congregation upon the merging of St. Paul's with St. John's church. The old St. John's organ was sold and the proceeds put into the sweet-toned instrument from Koehnken & Grimm, a firm noted for their work upon the college organ at Gambier. In October my mother and I paid a visit to Dave and Fanny, who were living then in St. Louis. They were amused at the words of a colored maid who was setting the table and said, "Now grandpa will sit here and grandma there." Evidently she thought that I was a young husband in place of being another son. Upon December 9 I exchanged with Rev. Dr. Samuel Benedict of St. Paul's church in the morning. The service was held in the Sunday school room, for the church proper was being extensively repaired. I preached upon St. Matt. xxv, 24, "Lessons of Advent Tide," and at the close of the sermon Mrs. James Cullen and her son, James Cullen, Jr., came forward and thanked me for the sermon. In the

evening they came out to St. Luke's. Thus was formed one of the most beautiful and lasting friendships of my life. For almost immediately Mrs. Cullen was transferred to my membership and became, with her household, foundation pillars in every good work. Her name ever after was linked with notable success in the church in the western part of the city. February 24, 1884, I gave up charge of the Chapel of the Redeemer and upon May 14, at the annual convention of the Diocese, held in St. Paul's church, St. Luke's ceased to be a mission chapel and became an independent parish. The first delegates who presented the application were T. G. Odiorne, W. G. Irwin and J. B. Day.

St. Luke's church was "*sui generis*." The people were warm-hearted, congenial and alive. Everything progressed in the spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm. Our Sunday school was large and well managed. My first senior warden was Mr. Henry C. Schell, a prince of churchmen. He was brought up under the shadow of Bishop DeLancey of Western New York and knew the whole story of Hobart College. He accompanied the bishop upon his missionary tours and found zest in making the Prayer Book of household worth wherever he went. He had been crippled by rheumatism so that his blood formed chalky deposits at the joints and his hands were misshapen, but in spite of all he carried on his daily insurance business and was invariably in place upon Sunday. To show his affection for the church a single incident will suffice. When his daughter was to be married Easter week, his physician said, "You can not go to church both Easter day and Wednesday afterward, the day of the wedding, without peril." "Well," answered the stalwart churchman, "then I will go Easter day. I have never been away from church upon that blessed feast when able to go and I will not begin now." All of our senior wardens were men of like consecration. Mayor James B. Day was devoted, earnest, loyal and liberal. He and his good wife were instant in every movement for the upbuilding of the congregation. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin were also peculiarly efficient and made their religion tally with helpful deeds. Mr. John A. Cochran was never happier than in working for the interests of the Master. Affectionate and generous, he loved his church with a regard that never waned.

He and Mrs. Cochran gave themselves in unvarying sacrifice to every need that uprose. Our junior warden, Mr. Charles Stanley, kept his place untrammelled from the start and honored every demand placed upon him with alacrity.

Mrs. James Cullen was the great general. Her executive ability could not be surpassed. She stands at the head for a combination of traits that made her a miracle in work and a tower of strength. We held three downtown all-day luncheons and they brought in successively, \$1,800, \$1,200, and \$800. In all of these Mrs. Cullen's tact and energy shone with conspicuous power. We held also a musicale at her house which netted \$460. In all of this work her husband was conspicuous for generosity and kindness.

The church building was put in prime repair, renovated throughout, recarpeted and painted upon the outside. Three memorial windows were put in—Cullen, Carew and Ranney. Miss Louise Thomas carved a black walnut altar and Mrs. Cullen gave standards of light. The pulpit was given by the St. Agnes Guild in memory of May Jaggar. I held the first New Year's eve communion in 1886 and preached "The Three Hours' Agony" the first time March 30, 1888. These services subsequently became marked in their recognition throughout the entire city. The vested choir was introduced Easter day, 1888. Our music was always of a high order under the various organists, Mr. W. A. Coan, Mrs. Alla D. Gregory, Mrs. Ladd and Mr. E. C. Newlin. There was a bond of sympathy holding all together and everything done was carried with glad acknowledgment far and wide.

Mrs. George F. Ireland deserves especial mention for her constant effort by pen and deed to promote our welfare. With an activity that was perennial and a devotion that went into every possible avenue, she lent herself unsparingly to our upbuilding. She was warm-hearted and kindly. Her friends were legion and her untimely death saddened innumerable hearts.

I was present at the ordination to the priesthood of Rev. Messrs. G. E. Benedict, C. D. Williams, D. W. Cox, Lawrence Guerin, W. C. Otte, C. T. A. Pise, C. A. Quirrell and Christopher Sargent. I assisted in the laying on of hands of almost all and feel that the duty was well performed. For ten years

I was Secretary of the Cincinnati Clericus and one year President. I served upon the committee of arrangements for the consecration of Bishop Vincent and usually had an active part in all official gatherings that transpired. For five successive summers, from 1884 to 1888, I preached for Rev. Dr. John Hubbard of St. Matthew's church, Philadelphia, coming up for the purpose from Atlantic City or Cape May upon Saturdays in August and remaining until Monday morning. I formed most pleasant acquaintances in the congregation, especially Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Stone and Mr. and Mrs. Gilroy, their parents. One August I preached at the Church of the Centurion, Fortress Monroe, and had a choir composed of officers. The congregation was summoned by bugle and the flowers were from the government Conservatory. During my rectorship at St. Luke's church many overtures were made to me to go elsewhere. St. James church, Painesville, Ohio; St. John's church, Lafayette, and Trinity church, Michigan City, Ind., were all urgent in calls. Every time, however, it seemed the part of wisdom to remain and fight the battle for robust churchmanship at Findlay and Baymiller. February 12, 1886, my eldest brother's birthday, I officiated at his marriage to Miss Sue Youtsey, assisted by Rev. Lawrence Guerin. The event took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Youtsey, Central avenue, Newport. He was a widower, his former wife, Miss Ella Donaldson of Washington, having died at Wernersville, Pa. The second marriage was one of great happiness upon both sides and my nephews and nieces are very dear.

Mr. Howard Saxby, one of my esteemed vestrymen and devoted friends, was a strong supporter of St. Luke's church. He was the son of an English vicar and had a sister who "professed." He was a man of letters, versatile, witty and the life of any company. Through him many outside duties came. At the first Lodge of Sorrow ever held by the B. P. O. E. at Nixon's Hall, upon Fourth street, I made an address upon "Death, the Beacon of Life." The date was January 27, 1889. This was so favorably received that each year the order asked a repetition. Upon Saturday, June 9, 1888, I made the invocation at the complimentary dinner to the Press Club tendered by the commissioners of the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley at the Gibson



DOUGLAS ATWATER BROWN

House. It was a magnificent success. The menu was perfect, the decorations superb and the whole event matchless. I sat at the right of the president, Mr. Charles P. Taft, and on my left was Hon. Murat Halstead. Speeches were made by Halstead, Foraker, Governor Bryan, Sam Hunt and Saxby. It was as remarkable a gathering as Cincinnati has ever had. I acted as Chaplain for Hughes High School and the Normal School, delivering the first baccalaureate addresses that were ever known in connection with their Commencements and also making the customary Invo-cations. Dr. Charles A. L. Reed, a valued communicant, interest-ed us in the establishment of a Woman's Free Surgical Hospital. Of this Mrs. Cullen was president, and some of our prominent women were upon the Board of Directors. I again acted as Chap-lain and gave a series of addresses to the Nurses. Through Dr. Reed I was elected trustee of the Woman's Medical College, whose honor was to graduate the first class of the sex in medicine in the West. Since my seminary days I had been the correspond-ent of the *Standard of the Cross* from the Diocese. The Cincinnati letter became quite a feature and was the occasion of much felicitation upon the part of both clergy and laity. In addition to this I wrote many articles for the *Criterion* and was upon its editorial staff. I was elected to membership upon the Board of Trustees of the Children's Hospital upon Mt. Auburn, and was chosen Secretary. In the interest of Church Extension I held cottage meetings and opened a Sunday school upon Werner street, Mt. Adams; also in the afternoons held services at Wyom-ing. Each of these movements subsequently developed into strong centers of aggressive work. In Mid-Lent week, 1892, we held a teaching mission at St. Luke's church upon "The Church of God—Her Past History and Present Status." All of the clergy, including Bishop Vincent, took part in the addresses and the Bishop publicly commended the movement as worthy of adoption throughout the Diocese.

Through the constant migration of parishioners to the suburbs the financial burden of St. Luke's increased in heaviness. It seemed the part of wisdom to return to the fundamental idea and make the church the seat of mission work in the city, under the Bishop. Plans were consummated and the Diocesan conven-tion of 1892 endorsed the project. Believing that the design

could be best carried out under a different spiritual guide, I resigned the parish in December, 1893, and accepted a call to St. Thomas church, Battle Creek, Diocese of Western Michigan. Mother and I visited the Sanitarium there in August, 1892, and found the atmosphere delightful and the people most cordial. A subsequent renewal of hospitality in 1893 ended in a strong request to assume the rectorship. It was like tearing out heart-strings to leave Cincinnati. The parish had been so harmonious and loyal. As a proof, in 1889, upon my birthday, after some months' experience in boarding at the Denison hotel, the members completely furnished our new home at 447 Baymiller street, as a "token of love and esteem." While Mrs. W. G. Irwin and Mrs. Cullen were upon the committee, over a hundred persons united in the matured plan. Thus our intercourse had been that of a family and the various residences were like so many homes. But it seemed a providential design that change should come and so upon the first Sunday in February, 1894, after Confirmation in the morning by Bishop Vincent and a Baccalaureate sermon in the evening to the Normal School, I spoke my words of farewell with a heavy heart and the relationship as Rector and congregation was severed.

BATTLE CREEK.

Our life in Michigan was one of great happiness. We were met at the station by members of the vestry and taken to the residence of Hon. George Willard, where we were hospitably entertained until the rectory was in order. A reception was given us at night and we had warm greetings from parishioners and townspeople. The church had been without a rector for some months, but the vitality of the congregation was wonderful. The first service was upon Ash Wednesday, February 7, and the attendance was large and representative. Soon the building was taxed to the utmost and at night chairs were placed in the aisles. The first Easter service crowded the edifice, many standing, and the offering was \$800, sufficient to pay all back indebtedness to the Diocese. Sixty-four were confirmed the first year and by the time of the semi-centennial in June every organization was alive and doing splendidly. Mother made the rectory a gem. It was next to the church and the parishioners were rarely absent in the afternoons. Their kindness was proverbial. Being fine

housekeepers. Saturdays always meant gifts of eatables and in the summer flowers in profusion. They had an annual custom of stocking our pantry with canned fruit and preserves. It was all so heartily done that the pleasure lingered constantly.

Mr. Willard was a model Senior Warden. He had been Rector of the parish in the early days and gave up his ministry because of the marked pro-slavery bias of Bishop McCoskry. He became professor of Latin, member of Congress and finally editor of the Battle Creek Journal. His knowledge was prodigious and his memory accurate to an astonishing degree. He was never at a loss for fact or incident and was a public speaker of rare ability. It was a treat to listen to him upon the platform or in private converse. With all this he was modest, approachable, genial, appreciative and wonderfully cultured. He knew both ancient and modern languages. To listen to him construe was to delight in a master of translation. His English was singularly fine and his editorials made opinion all over the county. As he sat in his pew with his face lit up with approbation and encouragement, he was a picture of a noble and sympathetic friend. He was always instant in commendation and the Monday Journal told in felicitous language the excellencies in worship and sermon. He was a genuine Christian, large-minded, tolerant and optimistic.

Dr. A. T. Metcalf, junior warden, was "a hale fellow, well met." He was an active thirty-third degree A. A. S. R. and Past Most Worshipful Grand Master of Michigan. He was inimitable in his way and had a friendliness that pervaded everywhere. A ritualist by inheritance, he enjoyed a good service intensely. His wife, Mrs. Helen Noble Metcalf, was a perfect complement. Mrs. A. P. Noble, her mother, made the third member of this hospitable trio. Every Sunday evening I wended my way to their home for supper, at the close of service. The table groaned with good fare and the spirit of delightful chat made the hours memorable. Through the doctor I entered the Masonic fraternity and was knighted in the Commandery. My election as Excellent Prelate followed and the yearly pilgrimages to the church upon Ascension Sunday were most enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hinman were also very dear friends. "Ed" was on the vestry and proved himself a valued and excep-

tional member. Through him the property adjacent was secured and the grounds enlarged to the corner. He also presented the processional cross when we introduced the vested choir. In every way his aid made progress and strength possible in the parish and his counsel was of priceless worth. Mrs. Hinman was dear beyond expression and her rare consideration reached far and wide. While an invalid and constantly confined to her room, her thoughtfulness and devotion were unvarying. Her home was inexpressibly precious and to be her guest the height of satisfaction. To be the recipient of her kindness was to know all that the most perfect taste and courtesy could provide. The two daughters, Gertrude and Belle, I had the privilege of marrying—the one to John C. Garrison and the other to Arthur W. Lammers. Their beautiful friendship has been a most prized possession.

Mrs. Kate C. Holloway was another member of the parish whose presence always occasioned joy. Unswerving in loyalty, munificent, a thorough churchwoman and a considerate supporter in every possible way, she won a place in our regard that has deepened with the years. My mother loved her as a younger sister and was never happier than in her company. Her subsequent visits were looked forward to with bright anticipation and treasured up as especial privileges.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Titus and their charming family were also much esteemed. Mrs. Titus was a connection of the Schell's and the relationship afforded constant opportunity for kindly courtesies and deeds of worth.

The Diocese of Western Michigan was presided over by Rt. Rev. G. D. Gillespie, D.D., a bishop whose intrinsic worth can not be depicted in words. Sincere, earnest, faithful, unspoiled by eminence, and deeply consecrated, his home was a haven to his whole Diocese. His two daughters amply seconded his efforts and made the Episcopal residence famous throughout the country. In summer the bishop and his family went to their cottage upon Pine lake in Charlevoix. Here again everybody was welcome and the attentions that were showered upon the least visitor created a bond of affection that was perpetual. I was immediately honored with the office of Examining Chaplain in Literary Studies and also chosen to preach the Baccalaureate

sermon to the graduating class at Akeley Institute, the Diocesan school for girls, at Grand Haven. I served upon the Standing Committee and was a Deputy to the General Convention in Washington in 1898. The bishop and I represented the Diocese at the funeral of Bishop Knickerbaker of Indiana in January, 1895. The clergy were singularly brotherly and formed a band of aggressive workers. At Semi-annuals and Diocesan conventions the intercourse was always dominated by depth of courtesy. Two of the brethren and their rectories were especially enjoyed—Rev. R. H. F. Gairdner of Niles and Rev. R. R. Claiborne of Kalamazoo. I conducted two quiet days for Rev. Mr. Gairdner and found the parish uniquely appreciative. The Claibornes were genuine Southerners, never happier than when showing some delightful attention to those who were honored by their regard.

In 1896 and 1899, inspired by my devoted mother, we spent our vacations abroad. In former years we had practically surveyed the Atlantic seaboard from Old Point Comfort to Rye Beach, L. I. We knew the New Jersey coast like a book. We also had gone from Traverse City, Lake Michigan, to Buffalo by water. Georgian Bay, Owen Sound and Toronto formed another journey. So we were prepared for the Old World and found our trips peculiarly helpful. Upon the first journey we saw England, Scotland, France and Holland and upon the second we added Germany, Austria and Italy. My mother was a fine sailor and stood the hardships remarkably well for her years. Upon our return from Glasgow in 1899 we encountered an iceberg off the coast of Newfoundland and were in great peril for six hours. We weathered the storm, however, and landed safely in New York. Upon this voyage eleven persons from Battle Creek were in the party, among whom were the Willard's and Mrs. Holloway.

I went about the Diocese a great deal for especial services and lectures. I held a Quiet Day in Hastings for Rev. W. W. Taylor and conducted services in Homer and Charlotte. At the latter place I prepared a fine class for confirmation and presented the Rev. Norman Harrison, who was in charge, for the priesthood, preaching the customary sermon. I lectured at Grand Haven before the Woman's Club and at Akeley school; also in Kalamazoo and Ceresco. My duty at Ceresco was curious in that the object sought was money to put a bell in the Congregational

meeting house. I was frequently in demand for talks at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and formed an abiding friendship for Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the celebrated physician in charge. It was my pleasure besides to speak constantly to the various organizations of the city, reply to toasts at banquets and preside upon occasions of importance. Father Sadlier of the Roman Catholic church was a great co-laborer and his place of worship was opposite St. Thomas church. He always invited me to speak at the annual St. Patrick's day celebration. He went abroad in 1899 and I met him in Rome. He was to arrange for us to have an audience with Pope Pius, but the pontiff was indisposed and so it did not take place. Upon his return his congregation gave him a public reception, to which mother and I were invited. The hall was hung with the papal colors and we sat at the chief table. I was astonished to be made especially prominent by having my name linked with Father Sadlier in a rhyming address of welcome.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Gillespie and of the organization of the Diocese took place at Grand Rapids Thursday, December 7, 1899. After a most impressive celebration of the holy communion in the morning, with a notable sermon by Bishop White of Michigan City, in the evening the banquet and toasts took place in Military Hall. It was my especial charge to speak in behalf of the clergy and utter our felicitations over the happy Episcopate. Mr. Willard spoke for the laity. Mother and I were entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Gorham. During this same month a committee from St. Paul's church, Indianapolis, consisting of Judge J. M. Winters and Mr. W. J. Holliday, visited our church ostensibly to secure a rector to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. G. A. Carstensen. They were entertained at Mr. C. F. Bock's at the close of the evening service and were presented to my mother and myself. Upon New Year's eve, which came upon Sunday, I was startled by a telegram from the Indianapolis Journal asking whether I expected to accept the rectorship in Indianapolis. The next day the call came in formal shape and was the subject of careful consideration. Indianapolis was not "*terra incognita*." I had visited it years before as the guest of Mrs. Bingham, through the kindness of Bishop Knicker-

backer, to enjoy a quiet day conducted by Bishop McLaren. Again I spent the night with Bishop Knickerbacker upon my way with him to examine Michigan City as a possible incumbent. Twice I was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. George Tanner and once came down to meet Bishop White and talk over the vacancy at Christ church. My mother's life-long friend, Mrs. C. B. Lockard, lived there and that formed a link in estimate. At the request of the vestry I spent two days as the guest of Bishop Francis, looking over the field. Then I accepted the rectorship. My dear mother was rather anxious to come, because of the nearness of the city to Cincinnati and Ohio relatives. That finally cemented the conclusion. At Battle Creek the feeling of regret over the severance of relations was deep. The Vestry, Ministerial Association and Parish Aid Society all voiced their sadness. I went over to Kalamazoo to attend a notable consecration service in connection with superb memorial gifts. Both Rev. Mr. Claiborne and Judge A. J. Mills expressed their sorrow over my leave-taking. Bishop White said to me, "You are the only man who can bring order out of chaos there and make that parish a success along church lines." So, after farewell words, upon Septuagesima Sunday, February 11, and a public reception Monday, we closed our work in St. Thomas church and came to Indianapolis. A singular feature of January had been a visit to Trinity church, Bay City, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Malone, family connections. The vestry there would have given me a call had I not already accepted the one in Indiana. But the way seemed indicated and our footsteps were apparently ordered. Nevertheless, our hearts ached as we turned our faces from kindly, delightful Battle Creek.

INDIANAPOLIS.

We stopped at the Denison Hotel upon our arrival. It was kept by Mr. D. P. Irwin, a nephew of Mr. Charles Lockard of Cincinnati, our old family friend. It was managed by James Cullen. We spent the week getting settled there, occupying two adjoining rooms upon the third floor. Our household effects were stored and the books and study furniture put in order at the church. Sexagesima Sunday was ushered in with zero weather, yet the services were all well attended. In the morning I celebrated the Holy Communion and preached from St. Matt.

xi:28, "Come Unto Me." The spirit of willing co-operation was manifest and everything seemed to betoken conspicuous success. A large reception was given for us upon the following Tuesday, Bishop and Mrs. Francis receiving with us and Mr. A. Q. Jones acting as Master of Ceremonies. Upon the committees were Mesdames Jones, Perkins, Oxenford, Abbett, Stanbery, W. H. Cooper, R. O. Johnson, Barbour, Taggart, F. F. Bingham, Vail and Bender. Of the vestry, Judge Winters and Mr. J. A. Barnard were out of the city, but all of the rest came. Upon our first Sunday we were the guests of Mrs. T. O. Barbour and family to dinner. They were Cincinnati friends and related to the Cullen's. It was a delightful experience to meet and greet them again.

St. Paul's Church had been through a chequered career. Its various rectors were either in charge for a short time or compelled by stress to resign. Coming into existence at the close of the Civil War through the instrumentality of Rev. Horace Stringfellow, a Southerner of pro-slavery proclivities, a certain antagonism was generated from the start against its every movement. It had been designated as "The Rebel Church" and the statement was widely disseminated that arms for the Confederacy were housed in the basement. Of course this was all notoriously false, but the effect was produced of suspicion upon the part of the community, which cropped out at intervals in a very determined way. The former rector, Rev. G. A. Carstensen, left after the Spanish-American War and there had been no regular service since the preceding September. Everything, therefore, needed attention and re-vitalization. The building was in wretched repair—furnaces broken down, windows demolished, floor warped and carpet in rags. The pulpit had no connection with the chancel and the steps into the choir were abrupt and unsafe. There was a bonded indebtedness upon the property of \$12,000.00 and a floating shrinkage of income amounting to about \$4,000.00 more. Many of the pews were rented only in name and the liberal members of the parish had to finance the situation at large personal outlay. Our first work was renovation and by Easter the place presented a totally different appearance. Mrs. Thomas Taggart took hold of the carpeting and renovating of the pews: carpenters shored up the unsteady nave: the choir floor

was extended and the pulpit securely joined to it: even in the parish-house transformation appeared. The sacristy and room off of the vestibule were treated separately. They had been store-rooms for debris, but became devotional adjuncts for the Baptistery and Altar. In time—the whole plant was reconstructed in every possible particular.

Certain members of the congregation were known to us before we came. We renewed our intercourse with the Tanners. Judge and Mrs. Winters were most kind and my mother found the latter very congenial. Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Morss proved delightful. Our first Easter we took dinner with them informally at night. Ever after there was a peculiar bond of regard. I presented Mrs. Morss and Miss Josephine for Confirmation in my first class. Afterwards I officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Morss's mother in Ft. Wayne. Mr. Morss had a tragic death from falling out of his window at the Sentinel Building upon the stone pavement below and fracturing his skull. He was a very lovable man and an editorial writer of marked excellence. He had been Consul General to Paris under President Cleveland and was one of our celebrities. The funeral services were held at St. Paul's and the interment took place at Ft. Wayne. The attendance was notably large. A special train took us to Ft. Wayne and Mr. Taggart acted as caterer, serving both dinner and supper "en route." At Ft. Wayne Rev. Mr. Moffat, a Presbyterian minister, pastor of Mother Morss, assisted at the grave. Mrs. Morss was always a devoted friend and her kindness is a perpetual joy.

The Diocese was always much in evidence, because Indianapolis is the see city. We saw much of Bishop and Mrs. Francis and many pleasant gatherings centered at their home. Bishop Francis did much to bring the Diocese in touch with the outside Church. Prominent ecclesiastics and laymen were often his guests and we were the recipients of their inspiring messages. In this way Bishops Greer, Lloyd, Parker, Spalding, Anderson, Leonard, Seymour, Weller, Woodcock, Dudley, Graves, Partidge, Van Buren and Vincent, and Messrs. Pepper, Wood, King and Bailey appeared in our midst and left an abiding impression. The Bishop was most hospitable and was ably seconded by Mrs. Francis who, whenever her health permitted, drew about

her a circle of charming people. Her consideration and kindness made her greatly beloved. My good mother loved both the Bishop and his wife dearly and was the recipient of unvarying courtesy at their hands. I was elected to membership on the Standing Committee, was Deputy to the General Convention in Boston in 1904, Richmond in 1907 and New York in 1913. I was an alternate in 1901 at San Francisco and was appointed to fill a vacancy, going so far as to purchase reservations, when sickness at home made cancellation needful. Twice I served upon the Colored Commission of the Convention and also the Committee upon the State of the Church. My associates upon the former were Bishops Sessums, McVickar, Lines, Cheshire and Gailor: Rev. Drs. W. R. Huntington, Winchester and Clark; Messrs. Bryan and Old: Chancellor Wiggins and Judge James McConnell. Our sessions were most enjoyable and while the Commission was finally merged into that of Suffragan Bishops, the work done was highly commendable. In the various cities the social functions were greatly enjoyed. So long as the Convocation system was in vogue, I was appointed Dean of that centering at Indianapolis. Everything that we did of especial note found me sooner or later upon a working committee. There was always plenty to do. The city clergy were, generally speaking, a congenial set. Rev. J. D. Stanley and C. S. Sargent were old Cincinnati friends and we usually worked and acted together. In the Diocese Rev. Messrs. Sulger, Leffingwell and Otte were especially friendly. At the Cathedral the Deans were all attractive personalities—Peters, Granniss, Huntington, Lewis and Sloan. Rev. G. G. Burbanck, of St. George's, was also an apostle of "vim and vigor." Outside of my cure at St. Paul's, I got interested in city missions and built St. Philip's Colored Church upon West and Walnut streets. I was called upon to officiate at the funeral of Miss Huldah Abrams, which took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Henderson upon California street. Out of this event came the request for regular services and for five years these were held in St. Paul's Chapel. Then our new building was completed and there I officiated until the church was consecrated, out of debt, May 4, 1913, when steps were taken to secure a colored Vicar. My last service took place November 30, when I bade the devoted con-

gregation an affectionate farewell. I had enjoyed greatly ministering in their behalf and parted with them with genuine regret. Through a period of eleven years I had been Vicar, Treasurer and spiritual guardian of the flock and it was an ordeal for them to have my oversight terminate. A beautiful Grandfather's Clock was given me and a copy of the Bible and Prayer Book combined as a concluding token of good-will. Particular notice should be given of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Henderson, Mrs. Carr Settles, Mr. and Mrs. Lanier, Mr. W. H. Fielding and Mr. W. A. Thomas.

Masonry made me many friends and entered largely into my life. Coming as a York Mason, I found Indianapolis largely devoted to the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite. One of my first duties was to officiate at the funeral of Colonel Nicholas R. Ruckle, an Active Thirty-third, Illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the Consistory, and a man who had all of the ritual at his tongue's end. Through the energy of Mr. W. H. Cary, the degrees were financed and I was initiated in the City Class of the fall of 1902. Through the courtesy of Judge Elliott I was immediately given work in conferring the seventeenth and eighteenth degrees. I enjoyed very much meeting the brethren actively and socially. My class elected me President and presented my ring to me, as a surprise, at the customary banquet. With Mr. Harry N. Adams, I planned a Memorial Service for St. John's Day—kept upon the Sunday nearest. This has always been a marked feature and the addresses by men of note upon "St. John the Baptist" and "Immortality" have accomplished a great deal of good. I joined Ancient Landmarks Lodge No. 319 and Raper Commandery. This put me in touch with York Masonry and in May, 1913, through the kindness of Mr. Elmer F. Gay of the New York Store, Most Worshipful Master of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, I was appointed Worshipful Grand Chaplain. With him I attended many official functions and became known throughout the State. I preached an annual sermon before the Blue Lodge upon the first Sunday in January, addressed the Commandery at periodic times and officiated for the Consistory. For the Silver Jubilee of 1915 I held an introductory service and made invocations and pronounced benedictions. I became a kind of

universal Chaplain for the fraternity. One duty greatly prized has been in connection with the installation ceremonies of Pentalpha Lodge. Annually I act as Chaplain and in other capacities as needed. I buried besides Col. Ruckle, John Caven and Martin H. Rice, both Honorary 33ds.

I qualified for the Indiana Society of Sons of the Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars, coming in through my mother's lines of descent. In the former organization I have filled every prominent place and have occupied the post of Chaplain biennially. In the latter my work has been confined to that of Chaplain exclusively. I have served constantly elsewhere in making invocations and addresses. At the Woman's Prison and the Girls' Reformatory I preached constantly and for the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music annually acted as Dean. I received the degree of Ph. D. from the Northern Illinois College at Fulton, upon examination, in 1902. I attended the consecration of Bishops Brown and Williams, as an old friend, at the former's service acting as Chaplain for Bishop Vincent.

Mother became President of the Parish Aid Society upon coming to St. Paul's Church. The organization was moribund when she took hold of it, but with her usual indefatigability she infused life into it and it took high rank again. Indianapolis was not noted for zeal except at intervals. A Presbyterian pastor rather astounded me by saying that church work was out of the question save between November and May. I demurred, however, and organized the parish in every line. In benevolence, we had the Sisters of Bethany and St. Margaret's Guild; in missions, Woman's and Junior Auxiliaries; in aesthetics, the Altar Guild, Choir Chapter and St. Cecelia Guild; for men, St. Andrew's Brotherhood, and for boys, St. Christopher's Guild. We enrolled all told about 225 and the efficiency formed a great contrast to conditions which previously obtained. The choir was a continuous satisfaction under Mr. C. H. Carson and favorable comments were constant. At first we took the boys camping, but afterwards found a weekly stipend preferable. Our Easter service, with the quartette of horns, produced a marvelous impression, but all of the Church Seasons had a distinctive setting.

Many interesting men and women belonged to the parish.

Mrs. Thos. C. Hendricks, wife of former Vice-President Hendricks and a Senior Warden, was a very warm friend. We delighted in her companionship. She was always so hospitable and gracious. She made many presents and we were at her house frequently. She gave towards the church most liberally, contributing \$3,600.00 for the bonded debt. Her death was a great loss and no one ever took her place. Senator D. D. Turpie was a man of notable power and an authority upon literary, scientific and political subjects. He was an Alumnus of Kenyon College and delivered an address upon "Jonathan Edwards," epoch-making in character. He was palsied, but managed to get about with the assistance of his daughter. It was a treat to call upon him, because his knowledge was so exact and covered such a wide range. He was a great Churchman and gloried in the liturgy. His daughter had "perverted" to the Roman communion, but his loyalty could not be displaced. His funeral brought many distinguished Democrats to the church and his loss was greatly deplored. Our vestry was composed of typical citizenship. Mr. A. Q. Jones, the Senior Warden, was a man of boundless enthusiasm and generosity; Judge Thomas L. Sullivan was remarkable intellectually, of rare judgment, unvarying in liberality and unswerving in friendship; Mr. E. C. Miller was appreciative and kindly to the extreme; Mr. Peck was genial and devoted; Mr. Barnard companionable; Mr. Page faithful and untiring; Mr. Bliss dependable and responsive; Mr. Maguire good natured and helpful; Hon. J. W. Holtzman fearless and stanch; Mr. Holliday courteous and considerate; Judge Winters optimistic; Mr. Aird churchly and attentive; Mr. Hamilton informed in the faith and ready for action. Our deliberations were, as a rule, even-tempered and harmonious. While the Indiana atmosphere was not provocative of aggressiveness, it ministered to easy-going content.

Of the women of the congregation most considerate, there came first the members of the Parish Aid Society, whose annual recognition of mother's birthday was always memorable. Of these Mrs. E. A. Cooper, Mrs. Sarah R. Appleby, Mrs. C. F. Cleveland, Mrs. Ida L. Martin, Mrs. H. M. Bronson, Mrs. George Werbe, and Mlle. L. C. Metiever stand pre-eminent. Mrs. E. G. Peck was notably kind and the friendship formed at the

beginning of my rectorship never suffered change. Mlle. Meti-
ever was a weekly inmate of our house and constantly engaged in
needful offices. My mother was especially fond of Mrs. John
W. Holtzman, Mrs. G. G. Bond, Mrs. Thomas L. Sullivan, Mrs.
Rebecca King and Miss Emma and Mrs. W. J. Holliday. Out-
side the congregation her chief friend was Mrs. C. B. Lockard,
whose associations went back to the beginning of her married
life in Cincinnati and whose death unnerved her greatly. A
valued visitor was Mr. J. W. Watson of the New York Store,
an English churchman whose cheeriness and devotion knew no
bounds. His demise created a great void. Dr. Sollis Runnels
was highly esteemed both as physician and unvarying counselor.
His care was intimate and comprehensive.

My brother David's affairs assumed now a critical shape.
His marriage proved most unfortunate. His wife developed a
mania for stimulants, due to unfortunate heredity. While she
was devoted to him, her attitude brought on a nervous break-
down. Time and time again he would attempt to stem her ex-
cesses and start over with her in housekeeping, only to end in
deeper disappointment and dismay. His mind became unbal-
anced and he was consigned to a private ward of the Insane
Hospital at St. Joseph, Mo. When the news was communicated
to us, I went out and brought him to the College Hill Sani-
tarium. Here, for a while, he improved and then declined
steadily. He died April 30, 1905, and was buried in Spring
Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, May 2, Dean Paul Matthews offi-
ciating. He was a most lovable personality, full of fun, open-
hearted and generous to a fault. His friends were legion and
his business aptitude remarkable. He was quick in movement
and speech, loved company and was the soul of any social
gathering in which he took part. His infirmities were all due
to his abounding good nature. He loved his own and was never
happier than when extolling their virtues. He had pet names
for us all, as if in endearment his originality had to express
itself. He needed the guiding hand of a strong wife and was
the sad possessor of one akin to himself. He was Baptized and
Confirmed in St. John's Church, Cincinnati, Mr. Odiorne being
his witness, and loved the Episcopal service devotedly. I visited
him the day before his death and only returned to Indianapolis



DAVID MEEKER BROWN, JR.

for Sunday services. Mother and I were greatly shocked to hear of his untimely end. As I left his room in response to my question, "Do you know me?" he replied by a smile that seemed to light up the whole place. It is a satisfaction to realize that

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

For of few could it be more truly said that he had "no enemy but himself."

Upon a vacation trip East we renewed our relations with my father's family in Pennsylvania. We visited the Gill's, Hibbard's, Feldpauche's and Brown's, Cousin Anna Mary Fultz and her family and the Reed's. We spent some time at West Chester with Cousin John G. Moses and his household; also with Uncle James F. Brown in New Jersey. The old burying-ground at Great Valley Baptist Church where Grandfather and Grandmother Brown are interred was a place of interest. I preached at Holy Trinity Church, West Chester, and had many relatives present. Our intercourse was permeated with recollections of my beloved father, who had been an universal favorite. The kith and kin were all anxious to do aught in their power to make us feel "at home" and the days that we spent with them will always be precious.

A delightful event in 1910 was a visit to Circleville in connection with the Centennial. This took place the latter part of September and the first of October. We traveled by way of Columbus, stopping with the Benham's for lunch and taking quarters in the American House. Everything was suggestive to my mother and we successively visited the spots in the town coupled with her history. Atwater day she was the guest of honor. We rode in an open barouche, drawn by white horses, at the head of the procession of school children. Our vis-a-vis's were Prof. Thompson, of Ohio University, and Prof. Marzluff, of Athens. When we reached the hall where public exercises were held, mother was carried up the stairs to the platform in a chair. Col. Charles E. Groce was Master of Ceremonies and introduced her to the audience. Both of the professors spoke in honor of her father and I responded for the family. Many of her former pupils called upon her and testified to her inestimable worth in instruction. She was also greeted by officials and editors. The city seemed stirred by her presence. She visited the Expo-

sition and was given a set of historical plates. She also went to the cemetery, where her parents and family reposed. The whole visit was an esteemed reminiscence. The address that I delivered was as follows:

THE REAL CALEB ATWATER.

The Arabs have a tradition concerning a man who went forth in quest of diamonds. He traveled far and wide, returning at length to his native place baffled and discomfited. While casually up-turning the sod in front of his door, he discovered the treasure in brilliancy and abundance.

An occasion like this suggests the incident. You are keeping the centenary of this city and county. Doubtless to the prosaic, Circleville may seem a strange place in which to find a noted man. Far and wide the eyes may have turned in search of unique greatness. But here, within these very streets, and but a stone's throw from this spot, lived a man unobtrusively and quietly, whose name is the synonym of greatness, in a day when heroes were few and the nation young.

The value of this celebration to the family, which it is my honor to represent, comes from its very spontaneity. In obedience to the just conclusions of your discriminating men, Caleb Atwater emerges from the past to take his rightful place as "Circleville's Most Illustrious Son." It was Dom Pedro who said when viewing Abbotsford "that as a commodity literature might vie with the greatest." To him, and the fifty thousand others seeking that by-place, Scotland and Scott were identical. We find this truth more and more accentuated in America. In the midst of our mercantilism—our devotion to pelf and property—there dawns upon the horizon the fact that those who apparently were mere star-gazers "wrought better than they knew." For the years which buries the sordid and the venal gives them the sure pledge of a deathless fame. The homage of a multitude, glad to cherish their names and rescue their history from temporary oblivion, is sweet because upon impregnable ground.

Caleb Atwater was born of distinguished ancestry. The family name in England has its record of great achievement from the remote past. Soldiers, jurists, prelates and men of affairs have glorified the heritage. The Norman Church built

upon the estate in the Twelfth Century at Lenham, in Kent, still summons with its sweet-toned bell the faithful to prayers and the See of Lincoln records as its first Bishop a scion of the race. In America, from 1638, representatives have adorned every walk of life. New Haven, and the shadow of Yale, have ripened much of the scholarship. But our subject today, who saw the light first in 1778 at North Adams, Mass., acknowledged Williams College as his alma mater. With almost no means, he worked his way through that seat of learning, by doing chores and ringing the bell for devotions and recitations. In vacation he found employment on neighboring farms. The rigors of such toil he carried to his dying day. His hands were frozen tending sheep and kept their gnarled appearance always. He graduated with the highest honors, receiving upon commencement day both degrees of Bachelor and Master-of-Arts, a distinction unknown in the institution before or since.

His first engagement carried him to New York city, where he opened a Young Ladies' Seminary and at the same time studied theology, being ordained to the Presbyterian ministry. He married Miss Diana Lawrence of the celebrated family of that name, whose untimely death, with her child of a few days, cast a gloom over his budding career. Giving up the ministry on account of ill health, Mr. Atwater studied law and was admitted to the bar. In his journeyings about the State he met Miss Belinda Butler, of Pompey Hill, daughter of Judge Butler, a distinguished jurist of the time, and the acquaintanceship ended in his second marriage. She was a woman of unusual culture and character, noted for beauty, wit and good sense. She made him a most capable help-mate and supplied by her thrift and economy the very elements that he lacked. Mrs. Atwater's sisters had married lawyers of note in Columbus, Chillicothe and Lancaster in the then new and remote State of Ohio. Their glowing accounts of this western country produced their result and Mr. Atwater gave up business, in which he had temporarily embarked and for which he had no fitness, and established himself in Circleville in 1815.

After getting settled here he resumed the practice of law, a vocation poorly remunerated and of exacting detail. He was sent to the Ohio Legislature, where his literary bent showed

itself in devising educational advantages. He saw the State without any provision for the teaching and training of the young. He at once championed the cause of the Common School against virulent opposition and framed the first statute upon the subject passed by the commonwealth. As a sign of the misappreciation of those days, while he published pamphlets, wrote letters and spent days in accomplishing this vital object, his recompense consisted of the grudging paltry sum of a few dollars for postage. Even the ordinary charges for clerical help and mileage were denied. When we think of the outcome of such legislation, the magnificent public school system, the princely buildings, the thousands of teachers and the multitude of children reared to adorn the Republic, the ingratitude cries to Heaven for speedy and adequate adjustment.

Mr. Atwater was also one of the original minority to advocate the introduction of canals and when finally the first one was opened he accompanied Governor DeWitt Clinton, of New York, upon a triumphal tour throughout the State, in token of gratitude to the man who is responsible for the primary movement in such direction in this country. At the close of his legislative duties he was sent by President Jackson as Commissioner to the Winnebago Indians and other tribes at Galena, Ill., and Prairie du Chien. His volume of experiences is strikingly valuable, and is prophetic in scope, as he presages the growth of American institutions. His powers of discernment were always remarkable and every horoscope he drew has been verified. He was from May to October accomplishing the mission and then went to Washington, where he spent as many months making his report.

As an author Mr. Atwater occupied enviable ground. His first book grew out of his citizenship in this town, built in a circle and laid out by the mound builders. They had arranged their dwellings around it as a nucleus, put their Temple of Justice—that is, the Pickaway County Court House—in the centre, and radiated their streets from the circumference. Old prints preserve this original foundation. While change has come through these subsequent years, we cannot but sigh over that visible. What was an occasion of comment from its very dissimilarity has ceased to be and the traveler gets no idea from

the present appearance of the apposite meaning of the name "Circleville." His initial volume was known as "Archaeologia Americana upon Western Antiquities." It attracted great attention from foreign savants and Mr. Atwater was elected to membership in the principal scientific societies of Europe. He held degrees from the Archaeological Society of Denmark, the French Academy, and the Royal Academies of Great Britain and Belgium. His fame also as an original investigator upon such lines was widely conceded in the United States. Through the press and in publications there was constant reference to his preeminence. Later he published "A Tour to Prairie du Chien," "Washington," "An Essay on Education," "Writings of Caleb Atwater" and, in 1838, his celebrated "History of Ohio." We have no conception today of the self-sacrifice represented in such labors. Subscribers were few and at remote distances, book-making was costly and months intervened between the manuscript and the finished production. Straited circumstances attended those in such endeavor and only devotion to literature made the attempt possible. Too much honor can hardly be given to these pioneers of American letters who kept the divine fire burning amid such pressing obstacles. Almost always the charge was made of being visionary and impracticable. But such a comment has been unvarying from the remotest past. A Homer, a Shakespeare and a Johnson faced such epithets and fought against such odds. Well is it for us today that these dreamers put their conclusions in tangible form. The marble of the present comes from this apparently unsubstantiated ground-work and glorifies such singleness of aim and unlimited consecration.

Caleb Atwater was a man of marked physique. Heavily moulded, with dark eyes and complexion and a Roman nose, he walked with a dignity of carriage that impressed all beholders. Weighing over two hundred pounds and standing six feet in his stockings, each word that he uttered came with convincing power. He was a wonderful talker and had an encyclopaedic mind. Men like Judge Andrews of Columbus, Judge Jones of Delaware, Judge Granger of Zanesville, Judge Douglas of Chillicothe, and Alexander McGuffey of Cincinnati were never chary in relating striking comments that he made. He was said to be informed

to the last detail upon every known topic and was never consulted in vain by the many who thronged his door. He was the associate of the first men of the country: Stephen Girard, Albert Gallatin and Duncan McArthur rejoiced in his friendship. His companionship was eagerly sought and his excellence in epigrammatic speech universally acknowledged. No man could equal him in invective when shams or deceit occasioned rebuke. A theme upon which he often dilated was his visits to President Jackson, both at the Hermitage and also at the White House. His influence upon the thought of his time was immeasurable.

He died in Circleville March 16, 1867, aged 89 years. For months his great mind had been beclouded and he sat motionless as if in meditation over the past. His tongue had lost its cunning and he was like a captive awaiting deliverance from bondage. According to previous request, the Masonic fraternity took charge of his funeral, he being then the oldest Mason in the State. He lies buried in Forest Cemetery amid those who knew and honored him in years ago. Of his large family, who represented his traits of versatility and accurate scholarship in many walks of life, but one survives,— his youngest daughter, Mrs. Lucy Atwater Brown, who lives with her son, Rev. Doctor Lewis Brown, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Indianapolis. She was his companion and amanuensis in his days of growing fame. As a linguist and literateur she won high regard in the 40's. Now, in her eighty-second year, she returns to her native home, proud of the distinction so generously awarded and happy that this celebration permits her renewal of associations that surround her as a cloud but brighten her period of sunset.

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

Parish life in Indianapolis was always strenuous. Few ever realized what a tremendous strain was invariably involved. As the city was a railroad center, so the population was migratory to the extreme. We were always building against the tide. Re-

movals and deaths reached the hundreds. Then, there being no parochial bounds, parishes stretched everywhere. Weekly every part of the city seemed to summon and receive attention. The weakness of the diocese and its financial demand kept us from having assistance in the individual cures. Money had to go for missions and missionaries that otherwise could have applied to necessities at home. As the years of my rectorship increased and I became more generally known, naturally outside duties were enhanced. Still, there is really no limit to consecrated service and happiness should always consist in unlimited work. Inspired by the example of the Bishop of London and his visit to Richmond, I started, in 1908, outdoor services in summer. These were held upon the esplanade of the postoffice upon New York street, facing University Park. The attendance was always reverent and cosmopolitan. The after-testimonies were gratifying. Other features peculiarly prominent were Midnight Communion Christmas and New Year's eve, Organ Recitals upon the Saturday before Palm Sunday, Good-Friday night musical services, Hospital Flower Sundays and periodical Masonic services. Variety, which keeps away dead rot, was always encouraged. Mr. Charles E. Williams, a teacher of elocution at the Conservatory of Music, proved most valuable at St. Paul's, and I had the privilege and pleasure of presenting him for ordination to the Diaconate, having previously married him to Miss Grace Cummings. His success has given me the greatest delight.

My dear mother's health now became very precarious. For a while after reaching Indianapolis she improved. Martinsville was most helpful for rheumatism and Dr. Green, of the Sanitarium, was very skillful. We successively occupied the Savoy, Blacherne, Meridian and Rink apartment houses. Her wonderful aptitude in making places attractive gave all of these the touch which she alone could convey. The infirmities of age encompassed her and yet her indomitable spirit kept her on the move. She inherited a predilection for early rising and was up and dressed long before she called me. Her tender care came out at night, for at every change of the weather she came in to see that I was properly clothed. She had few hours free from pain and bore with fortitude what an ordinary person would

consider occasion for continuous complaint. She was precise in her interpretation of life, and the words that she applied and that came out in her last hours were indicative: "Just perfect." She could not excuse indolence or waste. Whatever she did showed painstaking thoroughness. In garb, thought and action there was always evident consecration of purpose. She had an incisive speech that went to the core of things and put matters with exactitude. Those who could not appreciate transparent truth rebelled at her conclusions. But she was the delight of sincere natures and the friends who possessed her affection through years were linked to her "with bands of steel." She was absolutely honest in all of her endeavors and despised affectation or assumption. She was always genuine and her children had no occasion to blush for indiscretions or excuse unfortunate lapses. At first disease attacked her limbs. Then, in the exercise of too profuse hospitality, she had a stroke of paralysis. From this she partially recovered, although her literary power in expression was seriously impaired. Thereafter the letters and postals, for which she was famed, ceased to gladden her correspondents. Her attendance at church became possible only through an invalid chair and her calls could be made alone by conveyance. Then her remembrance of faces was dimmed and she could not recall the past. During the summer of 1914 we moved from the fifth floor of the Rink to the third. As the apartments were identical in size, the change was not apparent. She became like a little child and was perfectly satisfied with everything done in her behalf. Sometimes she was averse to the maid or the night nurse, but whenever I appeared she grew tranquil and accepted everything without demur. At times she seemed to realize the uncertain tenure of existence and said: "I shall not be here long." But she passed her eighty-fifth milestone in serenity and happiness. While her sight failed completely, she knew my step and voice, and would press my hand to her lips or gather it close to her side in a warm embrace. In her last sudden illness, when I came home from church after the Good-Friday night service, she groaned as if in pain, but as I patted her arms she grew quiet. Her death upon Easter even was a great shock and while no time could be more beautiful, the fact of the separation so long dreaded as a



MOTHER AND SON

likelihood, being now a reality, could scarcely be credited. Yet behind all was the certainty of the translation of a true Christian to an imperishable reward. In all of her conversation concerning faith in Christ and immortality she was singularly free from cant. She always acknowledged human imperfection and committed herself in trust to her Saviour. Justice, which was an unvarying element of her character, kept her free from any self-adulation. With the sacred words of the Liturgy, she was laid away to rest. By the side of her husband, whom she had daily spoken of for almost half a century, she found final release from pain and suffering and perfect peace in God.

As I close these pages, I am conscious that all that I am I owe to her. She was my all and every act performed worthy of regard has been due to her devoted oversight. No son ever had a better guide. Her counsel was timely and good. She never erred in indulgence or unwise laudation. When she was pleased outside criticism was superfluous. As she taught me religion in childhood, so today the thought of it is never separated from her. The consolation possible finds its deepest comfort in belief in reunion by and by. For the love of God in Christ has its real corollary in the affection which we show for one another. As mother-love is the mystery of life, so its recovery and priceless enjoyment will be the mystery of Eternity. When I go the way of all mankind, I rest confidently in the assurance that the first to greet me on the other side will be my mother, whose companionship was the treasure of Earth and whose renewed ministrations will be the glory of Heaven.

“One face above all others,
Must with peerless lustre glow—
Yea, a sweeter, nobler vision
On this earth I ne’er shall know!

Round that face like clustering jewels,
All bright memories are masked,
For my mother was the princess
Of my palace of the past.”

To crystalize impressions and give her friends some detailed

account of her life. I prepared, on behalf of the family, the following sketch:

OUR MOTHER — LUCY ATWATER BROWN — 1829-1915

“This to her memory
Who revered her conscience as her King ; -
Who spake no slander—no, nor listened to it ;
Who loved one only and who claved to him.
We have lost her ; she is gone.
We see her as she moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise,
Through all this tract of years wearing the
white flower of a blameless life.”

To bring to recollection the events of a sacred past is always a privilege. Memory is the sole realm from which we can never be debarred. We live in reminiscence and reflection and our aims oft spring from actions set in motion there. Today our thoughts compass almost a century.

Years ago, in Circleville, Ohio, there was born a child named Lucy, of parentage above the average. Her father, Hon. Caleb Atwater, was a man of versatile gifts and wide intellectual attainments. Her mother, Belinda Butler, was the daughter of a revolutionary hero and a jurist of note in New York. She matured when her father acquired fame for public service and literary and scientific research. Graduated with both degrees at Williams College and ordained to the Congregational ministry, he gave up theology and became successively author, advocate, diplomat, legislator and antiquarian. He had an encyclopaedic mind and seemed an authority on everything.

An early recollection of the child's life was the gift of a pair of beautifully beaded moccasins, brought by her father from Prairie du Chien, where he had made a treaty for the United States with the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi river. Another memory was in connection with the orders and diplomas conferred upon him from abroad as the most distinguished archaeologist of his day. She remembered playing with these seals and noticing with wonder the inscriptions in various languages. As she grew older her father's literary work was of

absorbing interest. The books of the great writers across the sea came in packages to her home and she told with pride how much she valued the first perusal of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron and "Christopher North." She was early noted for literary skill. Her power in marshalling words was conceded and her aptness in quotation and repartee unquestioned. When she reached womanhood her father had become celebrated as the first historian of Ohio. He had also fought a great battle in the General Assembly for Common School education against tremendous odds and personal impoverishment. Through him, financial support was made possible by the gift of public lands and thus he won as a proud title—"Father of the Public Schools." His essay upon "Education" is a classic of the period. His most noted publication is the "Archæologia Americana," suggested by the prehistoric labors of the mound builders, who reared their dwellings in a circle, thus indicating the subsequent name of the town, Circleville. In all of his labors his daughter was a source of inspiration, suggestion and helpful comment. She was alike valued critic and defender.

All these years were anxious and strenuous. The cultured output was large, but the income and recognition small. Still, leaders in the nation came to the Atwater door, among whom were De Witt Clinton, Albert Gallatin and Edward Livingston, while the best minds in the commonwealth were in constant consultation. On her part, Lucy Atwater had become known as an educator. She had a flourishing Academy for young people and her scholars in after years gave her praise not only for teaching them the rudiments of knowledge, but also imparting zeal, devotion and character. She wrote much and had won distinction as a brilliant essayist. Her three aunts had married prominent lawyers in Columbus, Lancaster and Chillicothe. These places were familiar spots and everywhere she went her beauty of face and person, astonishing knowledge of books and purity of diction made her a prized guest. She visited Washington in the forties, was presented at the White House and received much social attention.

In 1853 she was married to David M. Brown, a merchant of Cincinnati. The union was ideal. No people ever loved each other more fondly. He idolized her and lived simply, to afford

her blessing and comfort. Five sons were born, two of whom, William and Fred, died early in life. The other three were Douglas Atwater, named after two branches of her family; Lewis, named after one branch of her husband's family, and David Meeker, his father's namesake. Of these survive, today, Douglas Atwater Brown of Cincinnati and Rev. Dr. Lewis Brown of Indianapolis. After living some years in Cincinnati Mr. Brown went into business for himself, in the sixties, in Ottawa, Kansas. Here he conducted the Government agency for the Sauk and Fox Indians. Up to the time of the "Grasshopper Plague" he was very successful, but when that broke out property and other values declined. He attempted to begin anew in real estate lines in Denison, Texas, but was stricken with pneumonia and died.

Mrs. Brown returned with her family to Cincinnati, the scene of her former wedded life, where relatives and friends still lived. Here she established her home and two of her sons took positions in the First National Bank. When her second son entered Kenyon College to prepare for the Episcopal ministry she went to live with her eldest son in Washington. At this time Col. William K. Rogers, her favorite cousin, with whom she had been brought up as a sister, was Private Secretary to President Hayes. When Rutherford B. Hayes was nominated for the Presidency, he turned to Mr. Rogers, who was his law partner, and said: "I will accept provided you promise to go with me to Washington, if elected." So he went, and Mrs. Brown was a cherished inmate of his home, attending, in the President's carriage, many notable functions and meeting the best official life of the Capitol.

When her son, Lewis, was ordered a Deacon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, Gambier, by Bishop Bedell of Ohio, she resumed her life with him and for forty-two years was his blessed companion, adviser and supporter. Words can not convey the priceless nature of this oversight. It was so intimate and comprehensive that it never waned. She renewed her Church ties, such a beautiful feature of her girlhood, when she sang in the choir and taught a Sunday School class. In Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, where parishes were held, as long as strength permitted, she was active in social, literary and religious

work. She was President of the different Aid Societies and only resigned effort to be placed upon the honorary list. Her marvelous memory, grace of speech and charm of manner continued to the last. Five years ago she was the guest of honor upon Atwater day, at the Circleville Centennial. Her father's unique labors as the foremost citizen was recognized by especial tributes. Prominent educators, among whom were President Thompson of Ohio State University and Professor Marzluff of Athens, vied in extolling his invaluable services. In the procession of school children, which was a notable feature of the occasion, comprising those in attendance in the city and county, even the Roman Parochial schools took part. She rode at the head through the principal streets, between lines of spectators, and was the recipient of marked attention. A prominent place upon the platform was reserved for her and she listened with delight as her son acknowledged the courtesy for the family.

In Indianapolis she enjoyed greatly the meetings of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter of the D. A. R., of which she was the oldest member, and was rarely absent when able to attend. She was eligible for membership to the Society of Colonial Dames, but never qualified. During these latter years age came on apace. Yet she still had the old ambition and was as particular concerning her appearance as in her halcyon days. Always dressed in exquisite taste, she greeted her friends with that warmth of appreciation whose genuineness is unmistakable. Upon her recent birthday, February 23, she was taken from her bed where she had lain for almost a year, to fitly acknowledge the courtesies of those who called. Though impaired in mind and broken in body, her sweet smile and tender recognition were a continuous benediction.

She was stricken with La Grippe March 27, and it seemed for awhile that her indomitable spirit and great vitality would prevail over this insidious disease. It is curious to reflect that a similar malady took her husband away, as if in death they were not divided even in this particular. She passed tranquilly through Good Friday, but upon Easter eve, as a little child going to sleep, she closed her eyes upon earth and "walked in Paradise." The mystery that had been the subject of comment with her so

often and had been accepted by serene faith was a problem no longer. Years before she had written:

“I do not know, nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold;
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed
Until ‘The End’ I read.”

For her the light of the eternal morning had dawned and she was at length “Forever with the Lord.” At her bedside as she breathed her last, besides her son, were Bishop Francis, Judge and Mrs. Sullivan and Miss Metiever. As she sank to rest the Creed and Prayers of the Church echoed with sublime consolation. Later, when she lay in state upon her couch, all signs of suffering were effaced and her past had returned in peaceful beauty. Her room became a glorious mortuary chapel with Crucifix, lights and innumerable flowers.

Upon the morning of April 6th the funeral rites were held. First brief prayers in her bed-chamber, then public services of exceptional dignity and solace in St. Paul’s Church, of which her son is Rector. These were conducted by Bishop Francis and Rev. James D. Stanley, Rector of Christ Church, and consisted of the Burial Service and the Holy Communion. Her favorite hymns, “Hark, Hark, My Soul” and “Tarry with Me, Oh, My Savior,” were sung by the vested Choir. All of the city Clergy were in the Chancel. The unusually large congregation comprised, besides parishioners, representatives of every walk in life. The interment was upon the same afternoon, in the family lot in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati. Bishop Francis, who showed his great devotion by accompanying the remains from Indianapolis, read the customary Committal service. Relatives and parishioners of St. Luke’s Church there, of which her son was Rector from 1883 to 1894, gathered at the grave. With the priestly benediction, the obsequies ended.

The lessons of such a life are priceless. The distinctive traits marked depth of culture. She was frank and fearless in expression, incapable of littleness or untruth, appreciative, sympathetic and the soul of honor. She could not tolerate deceit

or pretense. Wherever she appeared her influence won by unswerving rectitude. Refinement, with her, meant the cultivation of every virtue. There was no alloy in her affection. She loved with intensity and had the unvarying grace of humor. Her intuitions were remarkable. When she passed judgment upon individual or circumstance, revision seemed impossible. Whatever she did was accomplished with a thoroughness that won instant praise. She had no excuse for imperfection and held it was due to shiftlessness or negligence. As her early days were steeped in the best literature, so her interpretation was critically just. To hear her read from a favorite author was to experience an artistic delight. Such perfect modulation and intelligent appreciation placed the effort upon the highest imaginative plane.

Her religion was unaffected and positive. She knew her Bible by heart and had its precepts at instant command. Her church gave her daily help and she never wearied in extolling its merits. She was a churchwoman by inheritance. An early ancestor was consecrated first Bishop of Lincoln. The chapel built upon the estate in England still stands, close to the manor, where the family have worshiped for almost a thousand years. Upon her mother's side, the Butlers of Ireland have been always famed in church and state. She spoke of herself in the humblest accents and magnified Christ as her Redeemer and Guide. The last words that fell from her lips were upon Good Friday night, when she stretched out her arms to her Lord and asked to be taken home. Thus she lived and died; thus bids us live and die. Like her, "after life's fitful fever is over" may we know the peace which passeth all understanding and be clothed in the fullness of God. Years ago she adopted these words from Dean Alford as crystallizing her belief. They form a fitting close.

"My bark is wafted to the strand by breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand other than mine;
One who has known in storms to sail, I have on board.
Above the raging of the gale I hear my Lord.
He holds me when the billows smite; I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light; He tempers all.
Safe to the land! Safe to the land! The end is this!
And then with Him go hand in hand, far into bliss."

BF



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